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HORACE'S ODES.

HORACE'S ODES.

HORACE'S ODES

ENGLISHED AND IMITATED

BY

VARIOUS HANDS.

SELECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

CHARLES W. F. COOPER.

"Horace reigns supreme as the lyrical singer most enthroned in the affections, most congenial to the taste, of the complex multitude of students in every land and in every age."—EDWARD, LORD LYTON.



LONDON:

GEORGE BELL AND SONS, YORK STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.

1880.

298. f. 49.

CHISWICK PRESS:—C. WHITTINGHAM AND CO. TOOKS COURT,
CHANCERY LANE.

PREFACE.

THE popularity of the poet whose writings have taken such a hold upon English literary taste as to have exercised the imitative talent of writers so diverse in their genius as Surrey and Cowper, Marvel and Hood, Dryden and Johnson, Milton and Horace Smith, is sufficiently well established to necessitate but few words of introduction to this collection, which aims at illustrating, in a necessarily partial degree, the influence of Horace upon three centuries of English poets and scholars.

I have thought it not undesirable, at a time when each succeeding year witnesses the advent of at least one new Horatian translator, to rescue from their comparative oblivion the labours of the earlier workers in the same inexhaustible field, by giving due prominence in my selection to the better specimens of the translated odes in the once standard versions of Barton Holyday, Fanshawe, Hawkins, and Creech. A comparison of these with the later work of Francis and Duncombe, Boscawen, Mitford, and others, will not be without interest to the Horatian scholar as illustrating

the variations of treatment and interpretation, and the diverse views as to the obligations of the poetical translator that have prevailed at different periods of our literary history.

Prior to the publication of Sir Thomas Hawkins's Odes in 1625, the "fashion" for translating Horace which has been paramount for the last two hundred and fifty years, had made little way. The critical acumen of an age that had not long been educated out of an excessive admiration of Lucan and Statius into an equally exaggerated estimate of Virgil and Ovid,—inclining with Richard Stanyhurst, the eccentric translator of the "*Æneid*," to rank the two latter as the "most considerable" of the Latin poets, while classing Horace with Ennius as "mere rabblement,"—could hardly be sufficiently cultivated to permit of any wide appreciation of our poet's delicacy and refinement, or his humour, urbanity, and good sense, qualities which appeal more especially to the keener critical insight of more generally cultured generations.

Thomas Drant, Prebendary of St. Paul's, who published the Epistles, Satires, and Art of Poetry in 1567 (the first serious attempt at rendering any considerable portion of the works of Horace into English verse), appears to have undertaken his task solely as a labour of love. He was impressed with the conviction that the standard of public taste in his day was hardly equal to a just appreciation of the beauties of his favourite author. "I feare me," he says, in his address

to the reader, "a number do so thincke of thys booke as I was aunswered by a printer not long agone; though, sayth he, your boke be wyse and ful of learnyng, yet peradventure it wyl not be saleable; signifying indeed that flimflames and gwegawes be they never so sleight and slender are sooner rapte up thenne those which be lettered and clarkly makings."

Drant's translations are uneven in merit, and often harsh and paraphrastic, the most successful being perhaps the Epistle to Tibullus (lib. i. Epis. iv.), which is worth quoting, especially as—not having translated any of the odes—he is not represented in the following selections:—

"Tybullus, frend and gentle judge
Of all that I do clatter,
What dost thou all this while abroad,
How might I learne the matter?
Dost thou invent such worthy workes
As Cassus' poemmes passe?
Or doste thou closelie creeping lurcke
Amid the wholesome grasse?
Addicted to philosophie,
Contemning not a whitte
That's seemlie for an honest man
And for a man of witte;
Not thou a body without breast;
The Goddes made thee t'excell
In shape; the Goddes have lent thee goodes
And art to use them well.
What better thinge unto her childe
Can wishe the mother kinde,
Than wisdom, and in fyled frame
To utter oute his minde;

To have fayre favore, fame enoughe
And perfect staye and health
Things trim at will, and not to feele
The emptie ebb of wealth.
Twixt hope to have, and care to kepe
Twixt feare and wrathe awaye
Consumes the time : eche daye that cummes
Thinke it the latter daye.
The hower that cummes unloked for
Shall cum more welcum aye.
Thou shalt me fynde fat and well fed
As pubble as may be ;
And, when thou wilt, a merrie mate
To laughe and chat with thee."

A scrupulous verbal accuracy was the prevailing characteristic of the earlier school of translators, who consistently resisted the temptation to adorn their work with any original poetic graces, aiming at the presentation with a rigorous fidelity, not only of their author's ideas, but of the actual turn of his expressions ; a theory of the duty of a translator which, however laudable in the honesty of its intention, obviously presents, from the difference of idiom, serious obstacles to a graceful and perspicuous rendering, and results frequently, even with writers of such eminence as Marlowe and Ben Jonson, in compositions distinguished for little but inelegance and obscurity. Milton's verbal rendering of the Ode to Pyrrha and Surrey's spirited translation of the second and fourth books of the "*Æneid*" are pre-eminent among the honourable exceptions to this rule. Paraphrase, although practised, found no consistent advocate until

George Chapman, the translator of Homer, advancing the legitimacy of a more free rendering than was allowed by his contemporaries, urged that "it is the part of every knowing and judicious interpreter, not to follow the number and order of words but the material things themselves, and sentences to weigh diligently, and to clothe and adorne them with words, and such a stile and form of oration as are most apt for the language into which they are converted."

Chapman's precepts and example, and the influence of Cowley and Sir John Denham—exerted, later on, in the same direction—opened the door to a considerable amount of licence, exemplified in the loose imitations and paraphrases of Cowley and Dryden, which in their turn, set an example of freedom of treatment to succeeding writers. From the middle of the seventeenth century, "there is scarcely," to quote the late Lord Lytton, "a man of letters who has not at one time or other translated or imitated some of the odes." From the large amount of material thus brought to my hand, I have made my selections to the best of my judgment, giving due weight in my choice both to the merit of the translation and the reputation of the translator. The difficulty, however, has often consisted in determining what to reject, rather than what to select; where two or three versions of a popular ode are given, as many dozens were easily obtainable, and the "*Carmen Amabœum*," the most often translated and imitated of any poem, ancient or modern, might almost

have alone supplied material for a moderate-sized volume.

In the second part of the book are included numerous burlesques, political and social satires, poems owing a beauty of thought or a felicity of expression to the direct inspiration of an ode of Horace, and compositions which, written in imitation of his style and manner, are occasionally, as in the case of Marvel's magnificent Ode to Cromwell, more distinctly Horatian than most of the professed translations.

These selections are limited to the writers of the earlier part of the present century, the latest, in point of date (with the exception of an ode by Barry Cornwall), being those of Leigh Hunt and the Rev. John Mitford.

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PART I.
TRANSLATIONS.

THE ODES OF HORACE.

BOOK I.

ODE I.

TO MÆCENAS.

Mæcenas atavis edite regibus.

MÆCENAS, whose high lineage springs
From a long race of ancient kings,
Patron and friend! thy honour'd name
At once is my defence and fame.
There are, who with fond transport praise
The chariot thundering in the race;
Where conquest won, and palms bestow'd,
Lift the proud mortal to a god.
The man who counts the people's voice,
Or doats on offices and noise;
Or they who till the peaceful fields,
And reap what bounteous Nature yields,
Unmoved the merchant's wealth behold,
Nor hazard happiness for gold,
Untempted by whole worlds of gain
To stem the billows of the main.
The merchant, when the storm invades,
Envies the quiet of the shades;

But soon re-launches from the shore,
Dreading the crime of being poor.
Some, careless, waste the mirthful day
With generous wines and wanton play,
Indulgent of the genial hour,
By spring, or rill, or shady bower.
Some hear with joy the clanging jar
Of trumpets that alarm to war,
While matrons tremble at the breath
That calls their sons to arms and death.
The sportsman, train'd in storms, defies
The chilling blast and freezing skies ;
Unmindful of his bride, in vain
Soft beauty pleads ! along the plain
The stag he chases, or beguiles
The furious boar into his toils.
For you the blooming ivy grows,
Proud to adorn your learn'd brows ;
Patron of letters you arise,
Grow to a god, and mount the skies.
Humbly in breezy shades I stray,
Where sylvans dance and satyrs play :
Contented to advance my claim
Only o'er men without a name ;
Transcribing what the Muses sing,
Harmonious to the pipe or string.
But if, indulgently, you deign
To rank me with the lyric train,
Aloft the towering muse shall rise
On bolder wings, and gain the skies.

DR. BROOME.¹

¹ William Broome died 1745. He assisted Pope in his translations from Homer. See Henley's Epigram :

"Pope came off clean with Homer ; but they say
Broome went before and kindly swept the way."

ODE II.

TO AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

Jam satis terris nivis atque diræ.

Argument.

*What dreadful tempests Rome inthrall
To vindicate great Cæsar's fall!
The empire prosperous remains
While blest Augustus safely reigns.*

NOW Father Jove doth earth assail
With store of snow and vengeful hail;
His glittering hand high turrets smites,
And city frights;

Affrights the world, lest Pyrrha's reign
Return with uncouth shapes again:
When Proteus chasèd all his flocks
To hills and rocks;

And shoales of fish clung to each tree,
Where ring-doves pearchèd wont to be,
And tim'rous hindes did plunging keep
I' th' broadspread deep.

We yellow Tiber have beheld,
With waves from Tyrrhen shores repell'd,
Hurl down kings' palaces on the plains
And Vesta's fanes:

Pope refers disparagingly to him in "The Dunciad," and in the "Art of Sinking in Poetry" describes him as one of those "parrots who repeat another's words in such a hoarse odd tone as to make them seem their own."

While he to plaintfull Ilia boasts
 Revenge: and on sinister coasts
 (Maugre Jove) wandringly doth glide
 Th' indulgent tide.

Of friends that swords in friends did stain,
 Which better had the Persian slain:
 Of fights, shall hear (by parents' sin)
 Successors thin.

On what God shall the people call
 To stay the wayning Empire's fall?
 With what prayer shall the virgin quire
 Deaf Vesta tire?

To whom shall great Jove delegate
 Our sins' atonement? Come, though late,
 Who, in white clouds invested be'st,
 Apollo's priest!

Or rather come, blith Ericine,
 Whom Mirth and Cupid doe enshrine:
 Or, if thy offspring in neglect,
 Thou Mars respect,

Who sated art with warlike play,
 Whom cryes, nor burnisht helmes affray,
 Nor More's fierce lookes, who grimly show
 'Gainst bloody foe.

Or in Augustus' shape array'd,
 Bright Maia's son, with wings display'd,
 O come, and vengeance deign to send
 As Cæsar's friend.

Late may'st thou unto Heav'n attain,
 And long among glad Romans reign;
 Nor, wrathfull at our crimes, may Death
 With rapid breath

Sweep thee hence. Rather triumph here,
Love style of Prince and Father dear,
Nor, Cæsar, spare t' avenge the Mede,
While thou dost lead.
BARTON HOLYDAY.¹

ODE III.
TO VIRGIL.

Sic te Diva potens Cypri.

INSCRIBED TO THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON ON HIS INTENDED
VOYAGE TO IRELAND.

S O may the auspicious Queen of Love,
And the twin stars (the seed of Jove),
And he who rules the raging wind,
To thee, O sacred ship! be kind,
And gentle breezes fill thy sails,
Supplying soft Etesian gales,
As thou, to whom the Muse commends
The best of poets and of friends,
Dost thy committed pledge restore,
And land him safely on the shore ;
And save the better part of me
From perishing with him at sea.
Sure he who first the passage tried,
In harden'd oak his heart did hide,
And ribs of iron arm'd his side !
Or his, at least, in hollow wood
Who tempted first the briny flood ;
Nor fear'd the winds' contending roar,
Nor billows beating on the shore ;
Nor Hyades portending rain ;
Nor all the tyrants of the main.

¹ Barton Holyday, divine and poet, was one of the earliest translators of the Odes. (1624.)

What form of death could him affright,
Who, unconcern'd, with steadfast sight,
Could view the surges mounting steep,
And monsters rolling in the deep ?
Could through the ranks of ruin go,
With storms above, and rocks below ?
In vain did Nature's wise command
Divide the waters from the land,
If daring ships, and men profane,
Invade th' inviolable main,
Th' eternal fences overleap,
And pass at will the boundless deep.
No toil, no hardship can restrain
Ambitious man, inured to pain ;
The more confin'd, the more he tries,
And at forbidden quarry flies.
Thus bold Prometheus did aspire,
And stole from Heav'n the reed of fire ;
A train of ills, a ghastly crew,
The robber's blazing trace pursue :
Fierce Famine with her meagre face,
And fevers of the fiery race
In swarms th' offending wretch surround,
All brooding on the blasted ground :
And limping Death, lash'd on by Fate,
Comes up to shorten half our date.
This made not Dædalus beware
With borrow'd wings to sail in air ;
To Hell Alcides forced his way,
Plunged through the lake and snatch'd the prey.
Nay, scarce the gods, or heavenly climes
Are safe from our audacious crimes ;
We reach at Jove's imperial crown,
And pull th' unwilling thunder down.

DEYDEN.

ODE IV.

TO LUCIUS SEXTIUS.

Solvitur acris hiems grata vice veris et Favoni.

BY spring and Zephyr's gladsome sway
Unloosed, stern Winter hastes away.
Again the vessel tempts the sea ;
The herds again bound o'er the lea ;
His ingle-nook the hind forsakes,
And frosts no longer bleach the brakes.
Beneath the moon, o'er grassy meads
The sprightly dance soft Venus leads ;
And link'd, the nymphs' and graces' train
With foot alternate beat the plain ;
While Mulciber, with kindling fires,
The Cyclops toilsome forge inspires.

Now round the brow be myrtle twined
In verdant braid ; now chaplets bind
Of flowers, from earth's freed bosom thrown :
The sacrifice now lead to Faun,
Lambkin, or kid, whiche'er he claim,
In grove deep-hallow'd with his name.

Pale Death knocks with impartial foot
At prince's hall and peasant's hut :
Warn'd, Sestius, by life's brief amount,
Forbear on distant bliss to count :
Soon, soon to realms of night away,
Hurried, where fabled spectres play,
Thou shalt 'neath Pluto's shadowy dome,
Thyself a shadow, thither come ;

No more shall dice allot to thee
 The banquet's jovial sovereignty ;
 Nor Chloe more shalt thou admire,
 The virgin's pride, the youth's desire.

ARCHDEACON WRANGHAM.¹

ODE V.

TO PYRRHA.

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosâ.

TO whom now, Pyrrha, art thou kind ?
 To what heart-ravisht lover
 Dost thou thy golden locks unbind,
 Thy hidden sweets discover,
 And with large bounty open set
 All the bright stores of thy rich cabinet ?

Ah, simple youth, how oft will he
 Of thy chang'd faith complain ?
 And his own fortunes find to be
 So airy and so vain,
 Of so cameleon-like an hue,
 That still their colour changes with it too ?

How oft, alas ! will he admire
 The blackness of the skies ?
 Trembling to hear the winds sound higher,
 And see the billows rise ;
 Poor unexperienc'd he
 Who ne'er, alas ! before had been at sea.

He enjoys the calmy sunshine now,
 And no breath stirring hears,

¹ Archdeacon Wrangham published a translation of the four books of Odes in 1821.

In the clear heaven of thy brow
 No smallest cloud appears.
 He sees thee gentle, fair, and gay,
 And trusts the faithless April of thy May.

Unhappy! thrice unhappy he,
 T' whom thou untried dost shine!
 But there's no danger now for me,
 Since o'er Loretto's shrine,
 In witness of the shipwreck past,
 My consecrated vessel hangs at last.

COWLEY.

THE SAME.

WHAT slender youth, bedew'd with liquid odours,
 Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
 Pyrrha? For whom bind'st thou
 In wreaths thy golden hair?

Plain in thy neatness? O, how oft shall he
 On faith and changèd gods complain, and seas
 Rough with black winds and storms,
 Unwonted shall admire!

Who now enjoys thee, credulous, all gold,
 Who, always vacant, always amiable,
 Hopes thee, of flattering gales
 Unmindful! Hapless they

To whom thou, untried, seemst fair. Me in my vow'd
 Picture, the sacred wall declares to have hung
 My dank and dropping weeds
 To the stern god of sea.

MILTON.

THE SAME.

PYRRHA! What ardent stripling now,
 In one of thy embower'd retreats,
 Would press thee to indulge his vow,
 Amidst a world of flowers and sweets?
 For whom are bound thy tresses bright,
 With unconcern so exquisite?
 Alas! how oft shall he bewail
 His fickle stars and faithless gale,
 And stare, with unaccustom'd eyes,
 When the black winds and waters rise;
 Though now the sunshine hour beguiles
 His bark along thy golden smiles;
 Trusting to see thee, for his play
 For ever keep smooth holiday!
 Poor dazzled fools who bask beside thee,
 And trust, because they never tried thee!
 For me, and for my dangers past,
 The grateful picture hangs at last
 Within the mighty Neptune's fane,
 Who snatch'd me, dripping, from the main.

LEIGH HUNT.

THE SAME.

TO GOLDENHAIR.

AH, Pyrrha, tell me, whose the happy lot
 To woo thee on a couch of lavish roses,
 Who, bathed in odorous dews, in his fond arms encloses
 Thee, in some happy grot?

For whom those nets of golden-gloried hair
 Dost thou entwine in cunning carelessnesses?
 Alas, poor boy! who thee, in fond belief, caresses,
 Deeming thee wholly fair!

How oft shall he thy fickleness bemoan,
 When fair to foul shall change; and he unskilful
 In pilotage, beholds, with tempests wildly wilful,
 The happy calm o'erthrown!

He who now hopes that thou wilt ever prove
 All void of care, and full of fond endearing,
 Knows not that varies more than Zephyrs ever-veering,
 The fickle breath of love.

Ah, hapless he to whom, like seas untried,
 Thou seemest fair! That my sea-going's ended
 My votive tablet proves, to those dark gods suspended,
 Who o'er the waves preside.

THOMAS HOOD.

ODE VI.

TO AGRIPPA.

Scriberis Varis fortis et hostium.

IN strains majestic, Varius, bard sublime!
 The glories of thy conquering arm shall sing,
 Thy feats on every wave, in every clime,
 Borne on the plumes of the Mæonian wing.

These high exploits, or fierce Achilles' rage,
 Daunt the faint warbling of my feeble lyre,
 Daunt the long labours of the pilgrim sage:
 Far humbler themes my humbler Muse inspire.

She, all unconscious of th' enraptur'd lays,
 That swell the loudly sounding strings along;
 Nor thine presumes, nor Cæsar's peerless praise,
 With genius cold and unimpassion'd song.

What bard shall paint, unblest'd with Homer's strains,
 In mail of adamant, the son of Jove ?
 Merion, embrown'd with dust on Trojan plains ?
 Tydides, rival to the powers above ?

Convivial joys, my sportive Muse requires,
 The ravish'd kiss, the virgin's playful strife :
 While, now at ease, now scorch'd with am'rous fires—
 Transition sweet ! glides on my chequer'd life.

GILBERT WAKEMIELD.

ODE VII.

TO MUNATIUS PLANCUS.

Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon, aut Mitylenen.

LET other poets, in harmonious lays,
 Immortal Rhodes or Mitylene praise,
 Or Ephesus, or Corinth's towery pride,
 Girt by the rolling main on either side ;
 Or Thebes or Delphos, for their gods renown'd,
 Or Tempé's plains with flowery honors crown'd.
 There are, who sing in everlasting strains,
 The towers, where wisdom's virgin-goddess reigns ;
 And, ceaseless toiling, court the trite reward
 Of olive, pluck'd by every vulgar bard.
 For Juno's fame, th' unnumber'd tuneful throng,
 With rich Mycenæ grace their favorite song,
 And Argos boast, of pregnant glebe to feed
 The warlike horse, and animate the breed ;
 But me, nor patient Lacedæmon charms,
 Nor fair Larissa with such transport warms,
 As pure Albunea's far-resounding source,
 And rapid Anio, headlong in his course,
 Or Tibur, fenced by groves from solar beams,
 And fruitful orchards, bath'd by ductile streams.

As Notus often, when the welkin lowers,
 Sweeps off the clouds, nor teems perpetual showers ;
 So let thy wisdom, free from anxious strife,
 In mellow wine dissolve the cares of life.
 Whether the camp, with banners bright-display'd,
 On Tibur holds thee, in its thick-wrought shade.
 When Tencer from his sire and country fled,
 With poplar wreaths the hero crown'd his head.
 Reeking with wine, and thus his friends address'd :
 Deep sorrow brooding in each anxious breast.
 Bold let us follow through the foamy tides,
 Where fortune, better than a father, guides :
 Avaunt despair, when Tencer calls to fame,
 The same your augur, and your guide the same.
 Another Salamis, in foreign clime
 With rival pride shall raise her head sublime.
 So Phœbus nods ; ye sons of valour true,
 Full often tried in deeds of deadlier hue,
 To-day with wine drive every care away,
 To-morrow tempt again the boundless sea.

DR. FRANCIS.¹

ODE VIII.

TO LYDIA.

Lydia, dic, per omnes.

LYDIA, I conjure you, say,
 Why haste you so to make away
 Poor Sybaris with love ?
 Why hates he now the open air ?
 Why heat, and clouds of dust to bear,
 Does he no more approve ?

¹ Philip Francis, D.D., the father of the reputed author of *Junius*, is best known as the translator of Horace's complete works. His work achieved considerable popularity, and was re-edited by Pyle, the laureat.

Why leaves he off his martial pride?
 Why is he now afraid to ride
 Upon his Gallic steed?
 Why swims he not the Tibur o'er?
 Or wrestles as he did before?
 Whence do his fears proceed?

Why boasts he not his limbs grown black
 With bearing arms, or his strong back
 With which he threw the bar?
 Is he like Thetis' son conceal'd,
 And from all manly sports withheld,
 To keep him safe from war?

JOHN EVELYN.

ODE IX.

TO THALIARCHUS (*paraphrase*).

Vides, ut alta stet nive candidum.

BEHOLD yon mountain's hoary height,
 Made higher with new mounts of snow;
 Again, behold the winter weight
 Oppress the labouring woods below;
 And streams with icy fetters bound
 Benumb'd and cramp'd to solid ground.

With well-heap'd logs dissolve the cold,
 And feed the genial hearth with fires;
 Produce the wine that makes us bold,
 And love of sprightly wit inspires.
 For what hereafter shall betide,
 God, if 'tis worth His care, provide.

Let Him alone, with what he made,
 To toss and turn the world below :
 At his command the storms invade ;
 The winds by his commission blow,
 Till, with a nod, he bids them cease,
 And calm returns, and all is peace.

To-morrow and her works defy,¹
 Lay hold upon the present hour,
 And snatch the pleasures passing by,
 To put them out of Fortune's power.
 Nor Love, nor Love's delights, disdain ;
 Whate'er thou gett'st to-day is gain.

Secure those golden, early joys,
 That youth, unsour'd by sorrow bears,
 Ere withering Time the taste destroys
 With sickness and unwieldy years.
 For active sports, for pleasing rest,
 This is the time to be possest ;
 The best is but in season best.

Th' appointed hour of promis'd bliss,
 The pleasing whisper in the dark,
 The half-unwilling, willing kiss,
 The laugh that guides thee to the mark,
 When the kind nymph would coyness feign,
 And hides but to be found again :
 These, these are joys, the gods for youth ordain.

DRYDEN.

¹ Quid sit futurum cras, fuge querere.

For what to-morrow shall disclose,
 May spoil what you to-night propose :
 England may change ; or Chloe stray ;
 Love and life are for to-day.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

THE SAME.

SEE'ST thou yon mountain laden with deep snow,
 The groves beneath their fleecy burdens bow,
 The streams, congeal'd, forget to flow,
 Come, thaw the cold, and lay a cheerful pile
 Of fuel on the hearth;
 Broach the best cask, and make old winter smile
 With seasonable mirth.

This be our part—let Heaven dispose the rest;
 If Jove command, the winds shall sleep
 That now wage war upon the foamy deep,
 And gentle gales spring from the balmy west.

E'en let us shift to-morrow as we may,
 When to-morrow's pass'd away,
 We at least shall have to say,
 We have liv'd another day;
 Your auburn locks will soon be silver'd o'er,
 Old age is at our heels, and youth returns no more.
 COWPER.

ODE X.

TO MERCURY.

Mercuri facunde nepos Atlantis.

SWEET-tongu'd Cyllenius, son of May,
 Who man's first rudeness didst allay
 With eloquence and graceful parts
 Of wrastling arts;
 I'll sing of thee, Heavn's messenger,
 By whom crookt lyres invented were;
 Crafty to hide whatere's bereft
 By sportive theft.

While thee (O youth) his threats affray,
 Except thou his stol'n beef repay ;
 With no shaft-bearing quiver fraught,
 Apollo laught.

Rich Priam too deserting Troy,
 Th' Atreids escap'd with thy convoy,
 Thessalian watches, and each tent
 'Gainst Trojans bent.

Thou in bless'd mansions ghosts unbowers,
 And thy Caducean rod o'erpowers
 Th' exiles tribe ; whom gods above,
 And lower love.

ALEXANDER BROME.¹

ODE XI.

TO LEUCONOE.

Tu ne quæsieris, scire nefas, quem mihi, quem tibi.

STRIVE not, Leuconoe ! to know what end
 The gods above to me, or thee, will send ;
 Nor with astrologers consult at all,
 That thou may'st better know what can befall ;—
 Whether thou liv'st more winters, or thy last
 Be this, which Tyrrhen waves 'gainst rocks do cast ;
 Be wise ! drink free, and, in so short a space,
 Do not protracted hopes of life embrace.
 Whilst we are talking, envious time doth slide ;
 This day's thine own, the next may be deny'd.

SIR THOMAS HAWKINS.²

¹ Alexander Brome edited a translation of Horace (1666) which includes all the Odes previously translated by Fanshawe, Hawkins, and Barton Holyday, the omissions being supplied by the editor and his friends. This was the first complete translation published.

² Sir Thomas Hawkins published (1625) "selected and translated Odes of Horace, the best of lyrick poets, contayning much morallity and sweetnesse."

ODE XII.

TO AUGUSTUS.

Quem virum aut heroa, lyra, vel acri.

WHAT man, what hero, will you raise,
By the shrill pipe or deeper lyre ?
What god, O Clio, will you praise,
And teach the echoes to admire ?

Amidst the shades of Helicon,
Cold Hæmus top, or Pindus' head
Whence the glad forests hasten'd down,
And danced as tuneful Orpheus played.

Taught by the Muse he stopp'd the fall
Of rapid floods, and charm'd the wind :
The listening oaks obey'd the call,
And left the wondering hills behind.

Whom should I first record but Jove,
Whose sway extends o'er sea and land,
The king of men and gods above,
Who holds the seasons in command ?

To rival Jove, shall none aspire ;
None shall to equal glory rise ;
But Pallas claims, beneath her sire
The second honours of the skies.

To thee, O Bacchus, great in war,
To Dian will I strike the string,
Of Phœbus wounding from afar,
In numbers like his own I'll sing.

The Muse, Alcides shall resound ;
The twins of Leda shall succeed ;

This for the standing fight renown'd,
And that for managing the steed.

Whose star shines innocently still :
The clouds disperse: the tempests cease ;
The waves, obedient to their will,
Sink down, and hush their rage to peace.

Next shall I Numa's pious reign,
Or thine, O Romulus, relate ;
Or Rome by Brutus freed again ;
Or haughty Cato's glorious fate ?

Or dwell on noble Paulus fame,
Too lavish of the patriot's blood ?
Or Regulus' immortal name
Too obstinately just and good ?

These with Camillus brave and bold
And other chiefs of matchless might,
Rome's virtuous poverty of old
Severely season'd to the fight.

Like trees Marcellus' glory grows
With an insensible advance ;
The Julian star like Cynthia glows,
Who leads the planetary dance.

The Fates, O sire of human race,
Intrust great Cæsar to thy care ;
Give him to hold thy second place
And reign thy sole vicegerent here.

And whether India he shall tame
Or to his chains the Seres doom ;
Or mighty Parthia dreads his name,
And bows her haughty neck to Rome ;

The sport of wild winds ; late my sorrowful care,
 And now my fondest wish, beware
 Of the changeable shoals where the Rhine meets the
 main.

ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE.¹
 (*From Dodsley's Collection.*)

ODE XV.

THE PROPHECY OF NEREUS.

Pastor quum traheret per freta navibus.

FROM Sparta's hospitable shore,
 His prize when faithless Paris bore,
 While guilt impatient crowds his sail,
 Prophetic Nereus checks the gale,
 By force the flying robber holds,
 And thus the wrath of Heaven unfolds :
 In vain thy fleet transports the dame,
 Whom injured Greece shall soon reclaim,
 Prepared to break thy lawless tie,
 And Priam's ancient realm destroy.
 Behold the troops the foaming steed
 To labors doom'd and doom'd to bleed !
 See ! victim to thy lewd desires,
 Thy country blaze with funeral fires !
 See ! Pallas, eager to engage,
 Prepares her car and martial rage :
 She waves her ægis, nods her plumes,
 And all the pomp of war assumes !
 In vain, devoted to thy side,
 Shall Cytherea swell thy pride ;

¹ Author of "Design and Beauty," and other forgotten poems.

In vain thy graceful locks express
The studied elegance of dress ;
Thy languid harp, with amorous air,
In vain shall charm the listening fair ;
The palace screen thy conscious heart
In vain against the Cretan dart,
And Ajax nimble to pursue.
What though, conceal'd from public view,
The chamber guards thy nicer ear
From all the horrid din of war ?
At length, adulterer ! fall thou must,
And trail those beauteous locks in dust !
See ! author of thy country's fate,
Ulysses, practised in deceit.
Behold the hoary Pylia sage
Against her forfeit towers engage.
Teucer and Sthenelus unite
With various skill, in various fight.
Tydides greater than his sire,
To find thee, burns with martial fire.
But as a grazing stag, who spies
The distant wolf, with terror flies ;
So shalt thou fly with panting breath,
And faltering limbs, the approach of death.
Where is thy boasted courage ? Where
Thy promise plighted to the fair ?
Though fierce Achilles' sullen hate
Awhile protracts the City's fate,
Heaven shall its righteous doom require,
And Troy in Grecian flames expire.

ELIZABETH CARTER.¹

¹ Poetess and scholar, b. 1717, d. 1806.

ODE XVI.

PALINODIA.

O matre pulchra, filia pulchrior.

NYMPH! of a beauteous mother born,
 Whom still superior charms adorn,
 My slanderous verses, as you please,
 Destroy, by flames, or in the seas.
 Not Phœbus could his prophets fire,
 Nor Bacchus to extremes so dire;
 Nor Corybantian cymbals wound
 The ear, with such a clattering sound,
 As baleful rage, which neither flame,
 Nor steel, nor tempest can reclaim;
 And Jove, its madness to restrain,
 Would hurl his triple bolt in vain.
 'Tis said when Japhet's son began
 To mould the clay, and fashion man,
 He stole from every beast a part,
 And fix'd the lion in his heart.
 From rage the tragic ills arose
 That crush'd Thyestes; hence the woes
 Of cities, with the ground laid even,
 And ploughshares o'er their ruins driven.
 Then curb your anger; heat of youth,
 (I, now, with shame, confess the truth,)
 Prompted alone my guilty muse,
 In rapid numbers to abuse
 Your blameless name—forgiven by you
 I will a softer theme pursue.

W. DUNCOMBE.¹

¹ Author, in conjunction with his son, the Rev. John Duncombe, of a translation of the Odes published in 1766.

ODE XVII.

TO TYNDARIS.

Velox amœnum sæpe Lucretilem.

OF T Faunus leaves Arcadia's plain,
And to the Sabine hill retreats ;
He guards my flocks from rushing rain,
From piercing winds and scorching heats.

Where lurks the thyme, or shrubs appear,
My wanton kids securely play ;
My goats no poisonous serpent fear,
Safe wandering through the woodland way.

No hostile wolf the fold invades ;
Usticus pendant rocks rebound
My song ; and all the sylvan shades
By Echo taught, return the sound.

The Gods my verse propitious hear,
My head from every danger shield :
For you, o'erflows the beauteous year,
And Plenty's horn hath heap'd my field.

Responsive to the Teian string,
Within the sun-defended vale,
Here, softly warbling, you shall sing
Each tender, tuneful amorous tale.

No rival here shall burst the bands
That wreathe my charmer's beauteous hair,
Nor seize her weakly struggling hands ;
But love and Horace guard the fair.

SIR JAMES MARRIOTT.

ODE XVIII.

TO VARUS.

Nullam, Vare, sacra vite prius severis arborem.

OF all the trees plant me the sacred vine
 In Tibur's mellow fields, and let it climb
 Cathyllus walls: for Jove doth cares propound
 To sober heads, which in full cups are drown'd.
 Of want, or war, who cries out after wine?
 Thee father Bacchus, thee fair Erycine,
 Who doth not sing? But through intemp'rate use,
 Lest Liber's gifts you turn into abuse,
 Think of the Centaures brawle fought in their cans
 With Lapithes; and to Sithonians
 Heavy Evöus when their heated blood
 Makes little difference between what's good,
 And what is not. No gentle Bassaren
 I will not force thee: nor betray to view
 Thy vine-clad parts: suppress thy Thracian hollow,
 And dismall dynn, which blind self love doth follow,
 And glory puffing heads with empty worth,
 And a glasse bosome pouring secrets forth.

SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE.¹

¹ Sir Richard Fanshawe was among the earliest translators of any considerable portion of the Odes. His "selected Parts of Horace, prince of lyricks, and of all the Latin poets the fullest fraught with excellent morality, now newly put into English," was published in 1652. The same volume contains other translations from various Latin poets, notably a charming poetical rendering of the *Roses of Ausonius*, the concluding lines of which would seem to contain the suggestion of one of Herrick's most popular lyrics:

"Nature, why mad'st thou fading flow'rs so gay?
 Why shewd'st us gifts, to snatch them straight away?
 A day's a rose's age. How neere do meet
 Poore bloome! thy cradle and thy winding sheet!

ODE XIX.

TO GLYCERA (*paraphrase*).*Mater sæva Cupidinum.*

THE tyrant Queen of soft desires,
 With the resistless aid of sprightly wine,
 And wanton ease, conspires
 To make my heart its peace resign,
 And re-admit Love's long rejected fires.
 For beauteous Glycera I burn,
 The flames so long repell'd, with double force return;
 Matchless her face appears, and shines more bright
 Than polished marble, when reflecting light;
 Her very coyness warms,
 And, with a graceful sullenness she charms;
 Each look darts forth a thousand rays,
 Whose lustre an unwary sight betrays;
 My eyeballs swim, and I grow giddy while I gaze.

She comes! she comes! she rushes in my veins;
 At once all Venus enters, and at large she reigns;
 Cyprus no more with her abode is blest:
 I am her palace and her throne my breast.
 Of savage Scythian arms no more I write
 Or Parthian archers, who, in flying, fight,
 And make rough war their sport,
 Such idle themes no more can move,

He whom the rising sun saw newly born,
 He sees a wither'd corps at his return.
 Yet well with them; who though they quickly dye,
 Survive themselves in their posterity;
 Gather your roses, virgins, whilst they new:
 For, being past, no spring returns to you."

Nor anything but what's of high import;
 And what of high import, but love?
 Vervain and gums and the green turf prepare;
 With wine of two years old your cups be fill'd:
 After our sacrifice and prayer,
 The goddess may incline her heart to yield.

CONGREVE.

ODE XX.

TO MÆCENAS.

Vile potabis modicis Sabinum.

I N sober cups, Mæcenas dear,
 Partaker of my humble cheer
 Thin Sabine draughts you'll taste:
 Which I, in modest Grecian jar,
 Stored on that happy day, when far
 In playful echoes cast,

The crowded theatre's acclaim
 So hail'd you, that old Tibur's stream
 From your paternal shore,
 And Vatican's green hill around
 Catching the high triumphant sound
 Threw back the joyous roar.

At home bright Cæcuban, your lip
 And Cales' luscious growth, shall sip,
 Campania's costly wines:
 Alas! the slope of Formiæ's hills
 For me no generous juice distils,
 Nor rich Falernian wines.

WRANGHAM.

ODE XXI.

OF DIANA AND APOLLO.

Dianam, teneræ dicite virgines.

SING, tender maids, Diana's praise.
 Ye boys, to youthful Phœbus raise
 The hymn ; Latona both approve—
 Latona, dear to father Jove.
 Ye, Dian, fond of stream and bower,
 And woods on Algidus which tower
 O'er Erymanthus darkening spread,
 Or wave on Cragus' verdant head ;
 Ye boys, resound with rival strain
 Tempe and Delos, of the main
 Green gem, whence quiver'd Phœbus sprung,
 With Hermes' lyre his shoulder hung.
 He, far from Rome, from Cæsar far
 Gaunt Famine, Pestilence and War
 (Moved by your prayers) shall turn, and pour
 On Persia's or on Britain's shore.

WRANGHAM.

ODE XXII.

TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS (*paraphrase*).*Integer vitæ scelerisque purus.*

VIRTUE, dear friend, needs no defence.
 The surest guard is innocence.
 None knew, till guilt created fear,
 What darts or poison'd arrows were.
 Integrity undaunted goes,
 Through Libyan sands or Scythian snows,

Or where Hydaspes wealthy side
 Pays tribute to the Persian pride.
 For as (by amorous thoughts betray'd)
 Careless in Sabine woods I stray'd,
 A grisly foaming wolf, unfed,
 Met me unarm'd, yet trembling fled.
 No beast of more portentous size,
 In the Hercinian Forest lies;
 None fiercer, in Numidia bred,
 With Carthage were in triumph led.
 Set me in the remotest place,
 That Neptune's frozen arms embrace,
 Where angry Jove did never spare
 One breath of kind and temp'rate air.
 Set me, where on some pathless plain
 The swarthy Africans complain,
 To see the char'ot of the sun
 So near the scorching country run;
 The burning zone, the frozen Isles,
 Shall hear me sing of Celia's smiles,
 All cold but in her breast, I will despise,
 And dare all heat but that of Celia's eyes.¹

ROSCOMMON.

¹ Compare Sir Ed. Sherburne's Epigram, "Ice and Fire."

"Naked Love did to thine eye,
 Chloris once, to warm him, fly;
 But its subtle flame and light
 Scorch'd his wings, and spoil'd his sight.
 Forc'd from thence he went to rest
 In the soft couch of thy breast:
 But there met a frost so great
 As his torch extinguish'd straight.
 When poor Cupid thus (constrain'd
 His cold bed to leave) complain'd,
 'Alas! what lodging's here for me,
 If all ice and fire she be.'"

THE SAME.

THE man, my friend, whose conscious heart
With virtue's sacred ardour glows,
Nor taints with death th' envenom'd dart,
Nor needs the guard of Moorish bows.

O'er icy Caucasus he treads,
O'er torrid Afric's faithless sands ;
Or where the fam'd Hydaspes spreads
His liquid wealth, through barbarous lands.

For while in Sabine forests charm'd
By Lalage, too far I stray'd,
Me singing, careless and unarm'd,
A furious wolf approach'd and fled.

No beast more dreadful ever stain'd
Apulia's spacious wilds with gore ;
No beast more fierce Numidia's land,
The lion's thirsty parent, bore.

Place me where no soft summer gale
Among the quivering branches sighs,
Where clouds, condens'd, for ever veil,
With horrid gloom, the frowning skies ;

Place me beneath the burning zone,
A clime denied to human race ;
My flame for Lalage I'll own ;
Her voice, her smiles, my song shall grace.

DR. JOHNSON.

ODE XXIII.

TO CHLOE.

Vitas hinnuleo me similis, Chloe.

AS flies the fawn, who strives to find
 On pathless hills,¹ the trembling hind,
 You, gentle Chloe, fly from me.
 Timid fawn ! whose idle fear
 Tells her still of dangers near,
 In every breeze, in every tree.

Her courage fails, her strength declines,
 If Zephyr stir the rustling vines,
 Or lizards green the brambles shake ;
 But, ripe for pleasure, cease to blush ;
 No tiger I, your limbs to crush ;
 For man your mother's arms forsake.

LORD GLENBERVIE.²

ODE XXV.

TO LYDIA.

Parcius junctas quatunt fenestras.

THE amorous youths with heated breast
 Thy windows rarely now molest ;
 Their songs thy rest disturb no more,
 And quiet hangs thy silent door.

¹ " Like as a hind—
 Yet flies away, of her own feet affear'd ;
 And every leaf that shaketh with the least
 Murmur of wind, her terror hath encreas'd."

SPENSER.

² Sylvester Douglas, created Baron Glenbervie 1800, was Governor of the Cape of Good Hope in that year.

Now less and less each hour thy ear
 These plaintive strains of love shall hear,
 "Lydia! while slumbers close thine eye,
 "We freeze beneath the midnight sky!"
 But thou, in turn when time's decay
 Bids all thy beauties fade away,
 In the dark streets the wanton crew
 With trembling voice shalt shameless woo.
 While rage for unappeas'd desires,
 And slighted love thy bosom fires,
 The amorous train for younger brows
 Shall twine the myrtle's verdant boughs,
 And all thy wither'd garlands lave
 With scorn in Hebra's wintry wave.

H. J. PYE.¹

ODE XXVI.

TO ÆLIUS LAMIA.

Musis amicus tristitiam et metus.

WHILE in the Muse's friendship blest,
 Nor fears nor grief disturb my breast;
 Bear them, ye vagrant winds, away,
 And drown them in the Cretan sea.
 Careless am I, or who shall reign
 The tyrant of the frozen plain,
 Or with what anxious fear oppress
 Heaves Tiridates' panting breast.
 Sweet Muse, who lov'st the virgin spring,
 Hither thy sunny flow'rets bring,
 And let thy richest chaplet shed
 Its fragrance round my Lamia's head;

¹ Poet-laureat, d. 1813. He re-edited Francis's Horace.

For nought avails the poet's praise,
 Unless the Muse inspire his lays.
 Now string the tuneful lyre again,
 Let all thy sisters raise the strain,
 And consecrate to deathless fame
 My lov'd, my Lamia's honor'd name.

DR. FRANCIS.

ODE XXVII.

TO HIS COMPANIONS.

Natis in usum lætitiæ scyphis.

WITH goblets made for mirth, to fight,
 'Tis barbarous! leave that Thracian rite,
 Nor mix the bashful blushing God
 Of wine with quarrels and with blood.
 A cand-stick and quart pot, how far,
 They differ from the cymitar!
 Your wicked noise, companions, cease!
 And on your elbows lean in peace.
 Would you have me to share th' austere
 Falernian liquor: Let me hear,
 Megilla's brother, by what eyes,
 Of what blest wound and shaft he dies.
 No! then will I not drink: whatever
 Venus tames thee, she toasts thy liver
 With fires thou hast no cause to cover,
 Still sinning an ungenerous lover.
 Come! thou may'st lay it whatso'ere
 It is, securely in my ear.
 Ah, wretch! in what a whirlpool ta'en!
 Boy worthy of a better flame!

What witch with her Thessalian rod
 Can loose thee from those charmes? What God?
 Scarce Pegasus himself can thee
 From this three-shap'd Chimæra free.

SIR R. FANSHAWE.

ODE XXIX.

TO ICCIUS.

Icci, beatis nunc Arabum invides.

ICCIUS, th' Arabian's wealth thou dost envy,
 And to the wars dost now thyself apply.
 Thou for th' unconquer'd Medes, and Sabæes king,
 Dost wreath strong chaines in triumph them to bring.
 What wife of barbarous husband, being slaine,
 To serve thy lust wilt thou force to retaine?
 What courtly page, with haire perfum'd shall stand
 To waite on thee, with quaffing cup in's hand?
 Skilfull enough his father's bow to bend,
 Or Parthian arrowes with true aime to send.
 Who'le not believe that rivers readily,
 And Tyber's streams may back to mountains flee,
 When for books bought, which promis'd better far
 Thou get'st a coat of mail and goest to war.

JOHN SMITH.¹

ODE XXX.

TO VENUS.

O Venus, regina Gnidi Paphique.

QUEEN of beauty, queen of smiles,
 Leave! oh! leave thy favourite isles;
 A temple rises to thy fame,

¹ "The Lyrick Poet," Odes and Satyres translated out of Horace into English verse by J. S.—1649.

Where Glycera invokes thy name,
And bids the fragrant incense flame.

With thee bring thy love-warm son,
The Graces bring with flowing zone,
The Nymphs and jocund Mercury,
And sprightly Youth, who, without thee,
Is nought but savage Liberty.

DR. FRANCIS.

ODE XXXI.

TO APOLLO.

Quid dedicatum poscit Apollinem.

WHILE humbly offering at thy shrine,
I pour the consecrated wine ;
Of thee, bright God of verse and day !
What shall thy suppliant poet pray ?

I ask not all the golden stores,
That wave on rich Sardinia's shores ;
Nor yet the flocks, a countless train !
That tread Calabria's verdant plain.

I ask no heap of glitt'ring coin,
Nor diamonds brought from India's mine ;
Nor yet the plenty Heav'n bestows,
Where softly winding Lyris flows :

Let the toil'd merchant yearly stray
Through every land and every sea ;
And, led by fate in search of gain,
Explore the earth and tempt the main.

Grant me this wish—a country farm,
Where all is fair, and clean, and warm ;
The neighb'ring woods shall yield me fire,
My garden food, my flocks attire.

And Phœbus ! to confirm me bless'd,
Still grant me health those joys to taste !
And still with health, let there be join'd
An honest heart, and cheerful mind.

Then to complete thy bard's desire,
Give me to touch thy sacred lyre !
Still let the Muse inspire my lay,
And help to sooth all care away !

Untroubled thus, serenely clear,
The evening of my life shall wear ;
Till death, unfear'd, unheeded come,
And lay me peaceful in the tomb.

SAMUEL BOYSE.¹

ODE XXXII.

TO HIS LYRE.

Poscimus :—si quid vacui sub umbrâ.

M ELODIOUS Lyre ! if e'er reclined at ease
Thy warbling notes, or my soft verse could
please,
In this retreat, let not their musick cease,
But let a just applause reward thy song.

¹ Author of the "Deity," of which Fielding remarks : " A poem long since buried in oblivion, a proof that good books no more than good men do always survive the bad."—"Tom Jones," book vii. chap. 1. Boyse, who lived a degraded and abject life, died 1749.

First from fair Lesbos' ever famous shore,
 Thro' wars harsh toils, and where loud billows roar,
 The solace of his cares ! Alcæus bore
 Thy sweetly sounding shell along.

To thee he sung—warm'd by the tuneful Nine—
 The praise of Venus, the free joys of wine,
 And gay Lycea's sparkling eyes that shine
 Black, as the tresses o'er her neck of snow.

Thou, grace of Phœbus ! Thou delight of Jove !
 Who, o'er thy strings whene'er my fingers move,
 Dost by thy soft, thy melting sweetness prove
 The kind dispeller of intruding woe.

Gentleman's Magazine, July, 1731.

ODE XXXIII.

TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

Albi, ne doleas plus nimio memor.

COME dry thine eyes, and cease to mourn,
 Think not too much on Glycera's scorn :
 Let no complaining songs proclaim,
 That she regardless of her vows
 Her wanton smiles bestows
 Upon a later and a meaner flame.

Lycoris fair for Cyrus burns,
 She loves, but meets no kind returns :
 Ill natur'd Pholoe Cyrus charms,
 But sooner shall the lambs agree
 With cruel wolves than she
 Shall take so base a wanton in her arms.

Thus Venus sports, the rich, the base,
 Unlike in fortune and in face,
 To disagreeing love provokes :
 When cruelly jocose,
 She ties the fatal noose,
 And binds unequals to the brazen yokes.

This is the fate that all must prove,
 The sure unhappiness of love ;
 Whilst fairer virgins did adore
 And courted me, I Myrtal woo'd
 As rough as Adria's flood,
 That bends the creeks of the Calabrian shore.
 THOMAS CREECH.¹

ODE XXXIV.

TO HIMSELF.

Parcus Deorum cultor et infrequens.

I THAT have seldom worshipt Heaven,
 As to a mad sect too much given,
 My former ways am forced to balk,
 And after the old light to walk.
 For cloud-dividing-lightning Jove,
 Through a clear firmament late drove
 His thund'ring horses, and swift wheels :
 With which, supporting Atlas reels :
 With which Earth, seas, the Stygian Lake,
 And Hell, with all her Furies, quake.
 It shook me too. God pulls the proud
 From his high seat, and from their cloud

¹ Creech's translation of Horace, long regarded as a standard work, was published in 1684.

Draws the obscure: levels the hills,
 And with their earth the valleys fills.
 'Tis all he does, he does it all:
 Yet this, blind mortals Fortune call.

SIR R. FANSHAWE.

ODE XXXV.

TO FORTUNE.

O Diva, gratum quæ regis Antium.

FAIR Antium's goddess! whose sweet smile or
 frown
 Can raise weak mortals from the depths of woe,
 Or bring the lofty pride of triumph down,
 And bid the bitter tear of funeral grief to flow!

Thee the poor farmer courts with anxious prayer:
 Thee, sovereign of the seas! does he implore,
 Who in Bithynian bark will boldly steer,
 Where wild Carpathia's waves in vex'd commotion
 roar.

The Dacian fierce, rude Scythia's wandering bands,
 And towns and nations, warlike Italy,
 Mother of kings who reign in barbarous lands,
 And purpled tyrants fear and trembling kneel to
 thee.

Let not thy wrath with scornful foot o'erthrow
 The column firm on which we rest our fate;
 Nor let wild discord work anew our woe
 Or rouse to arms again, and overturn the state.

Before thee stalks stern Fate, who joys to bear
In iron hand the wedge—the spikes so dire;
Nor wants the hook, to torture and to tear;
Nor molten lead that rolls its streams of liquid fire.

Thee, Hope, and white-rob'd Faith, so seldom found,
Attend to cheer; nor from thy presence fly,
When those proud halls, for splendor long renown'd,
Thou leavest in angry haste and garb of poverty.

But that false crew, which flatters to betray—
The perjur'd partner of Love's wanton bower—
Will drain the lowest dregs; then shrink away
Nor bear the equal yoke in Friendship's trying hour.

O Goddess! let great Cæsar be thy care,
Whose daring sail seeks Britain's distant coast.
Return his new-rais'd bands again to bear
Our arms beyond the East—a gallant conquering host.

But ah! what crimes are ours! what deeds of shame!
Dishonest scars and blood by brothers spilt.
Our iron age, well worthy of that name,
What has it left undar'd? when made a pause in
guilt?

Whose altar spared, by piety restrain'd?
But, oh dread Goddess! let thy powerful hand
Our blunted swords, by kindred blood distain'd,
New whet against our foes of Scythia's barbarous
land,

T. BOURNE.

ODE XXXVI.

TO PLOTIUS NUMIDA.

*Et ture et fidibus juvat.**Argument.**Our Lyric joy'd, exults amain
For Numida's return from Spain.*

WITH frankincense and lyric lay
 And bullocks justly slaughter'd, let's allay
 Great Numid's tutelary Gods ;
 Who, safe arriv'd from Spain's remot'st abodes,
 Gave's dear friends many a kiss-salute,
 But to sweet Lamia most did distribute :
 Rememb'ring how both served all
 Their youthfull days under one Generall.
 And both their gowns together quit.
 This beauteous day sign with a chalky smit :
 Let vast wine runlets freely spout,
 And Salian like incessant skip about,
 No more let soaking Dam'lis bouze,
 Than Bassus in a Thracian carouse.
 Let roses, parsley, evergreen,
 And fading lilies much at feasts be seen.
 All shall their eyes with lust infested
 On Dam'lis cast, nor Dam'lis be wrested
 From her new paramour, who combine
 Closer than any amorous ivy's twine.

BARTON HOLYDAY.

ODE XXXVIII.

TO HIS SERVANT.

Persicos odi, puer, adparatus.

BOY ! I detest all Persian fopperies ;
 Fillet-bound garlands are to me disgusting ;
 Task not thyself with any search, I charge thee,
 Where latest roses linger,

Bring me alone (for thou wilt find that readily)
Plain myrtle. Myrtle neither will disparage
Thee occupied to serve me, or me drinking
Beneath my vine's cool shelter.

COWPER.

THE SAME.

NAY, nay, my boy—'tis not for me,
This studious pomp of Eastern luxury;
Give me no various garlands—fine
With linden twine,
Nor seek, where latest lingering blows
The solitary rose.

Earnest I beg—add not—with toilsome pain,
One far-sought blossom to the myrtle plain,
For sure, the fragrant myrtle bough
Looks seemliest on thy brow ;
Nor me mis-seems, while, underneath the vine,
Close interweaved, I quaff the rosy wine.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

BOOK II.

ODE II.

TO CRISPUS SALLUSTIUS.

Nullus argento color est avaris.

YES, you deservedly despise
The wealth, that use ne'er taught to shine,
That rusting in the coffer lies
Like ore yet buried in the mine ;
For gold, my friend ! no lustre knows,
But what a wise well-temper'd use bestows.

Thee, Proculeius ! distant days
Will bless, and make thy virtues known ;
Conspiring tongues will sound thy praise,
A father's love to brethren shewn,
Transcendent worth, like thine, will fly
On Fame's unflagging pinions thro' the sky.

A monarch far more potent he,
Who subject keeps his wayward soul,
Who lives from sordid avarice free,
And dares each fiercer lust controul,
Than he whose universal sway
Wide Earth's extremes, her East and West, obey.

That sensual self-indulgent wretch,
Whose skin the panting dropsy strains,
Still must the watery languor stretch,
And only Temperance ease his veins :

So growing wealth prompts new desire,
And Fortune's breeze but fans the wasting fire.

That Persian hails the public voice

Deck'd with the crown that Cyrus wore :
But virtue sanctions not the choice ;

She calls Phraates bless'd no more :
Can tyrant hands, defil'd with sin,
The fair, the spotless meed of virtue win ?

Virtue, their rule perverse, shall own
Which bliss to wealth and grandeur leaves.
From virtue he, and he alone,

The wreath and diadem receives,
Who dares the glittering heap pass by,
With steadfast mien and unreverted eye.

GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

ODE III.

TO DELLIUS.

Æquam memento rebus in arduis.

WHEN dangers press, a mind sustain
Unshaken by the storms of Fate ;
And when delight succeeds to pain
With no glad insolence elate :
For death will end the various toys
Of hopes, and fears, and cares, and joys.

Mortal alike, if sadly grave
You pass life's melancholy day ;
Or in some green, retired cave,
Wearing the idle hours away,
Give to the Muses all your soul,
And pledge them in the flowing bowl ;

Where the broad pine, and poplar white,
To join their hospitable shade,
With intertwined boughs delight ;
And, o'er its pebbly bed convey'd,
Labours the winding stream to run
Trembling and glittering to the sun.

Thy generous wine, and rich perfume,
And fragrant roses hither bring,
That with the early zephyrs bloom,
And wither with declining spring,
While joy and youth not yet have fled,
And Fate still holds the uncertain thread.

You soon must leave your verdant bowers,
And groves, yourself had taught to grow,
Your soft retreats from sultry hours,
Where Tiber's gentle waters flow,
Soon leave ; and all you call your own
Be squander'd by an heir unknown.

Whether of wealth and lineage proud,
A high patrician name you bear,
Or pass ignoble in the crowd,
Unshelter'd from the midnight air,
'Tis all alike ; no age or state
Is spared by unrelenting Fate.

To the same port our barks are bound ;
One final doom is fix'd for all ;
The universal wheel goes round,
And, soon or late, each lot must fall,
When all together shall be sent
To one eternal banishment.

JOHN HERMAN MERIVALE.¹

¹ Poet and translator. Published "*Orlando in Roncesvalles*," 1814, and assisted Bland in his "*Collections from the Greek Anthology*," besides publishing other works.

ODE IV.

TO XANTHIAS PHOCEUS.

Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori.

BLUSH not, my friend, to own the love
Which thy fair captive's eyes do move :
Achilles once, the fierce, the brave,
Stoop'd to the beauties of a slave ;
Tecmessa's charms could overpower
Ajax her lord and conqueror ;
Great Agamemnon when success
Did all his arms with conquest bless,
When Hector's fall had gain'd him more
Than ten long rolling years before,
By a bright captive virgin's eyes
Ev'n in the midst of triumph dies.
You know not to what mighty line
The lovely maid may make you join ;
See but the charm her sorrow wears,
No common cause could draw such tears :
Those streams, sure, that adorn her so,
For loss of royal kindred flow :
Oh ! think not so divine a thing
Could from the bed of Commons spring ;
Whose faith could so unmov'd remain,
And so averse to sordid gain,
Was never born of any race
That might the noblest love disgrace.
Her blooming face, her snowy arms,
Her well-shap'd legs, and all her charms
Of her body and her face
I, poor I, may safely praise.

Suspect not love, the youthful rage,
 From Horace's declining age;
 But think remov'd by forty years,
 All his flames and all thy fears.

RICHARD DUKE.¹

ODE V.

Nondum subacta ferre jugum valet.

THY heifer, friend, is hardly broke,
 Her neck uneasy to the yoke;
 She cannot draw the plough, nor bear
 The weight of the obliging steer:
 In flow'ry meads is her delight,
 Those claim her taste, and please her sight:
 Or else she flies the burning beams,
 To quench her thirst in cooler streams;
 Or with the calves through pastures plays,
 And wantons all her easy days:
 Forbear! design no hasty rape
 On such a green, untimely grape:
 Soon ruddy Autumn will produce
 Plump clusters, ripe, and fit for use:
 She, that now flies, shall then pursue;
 She, that's now courted, doat on you:
 For age whirls on and every year,
 It takes from thee, it adds to her:
 Soon, Lalage, shall soon proclaim
 Her love, nor blush to own her flame.
 Lov'd more, for she more kindly warms
 Than Pholœ coy, or Chloris' charms:

¹ "His poems are not below mediocrity; nor have I found in them much to be praised."—DR. JOHNSON.

So pure her breast, so fair a white,
 As in a clear and smiling night,
 In quiet floods, the silver moon,
 On Cretan Gyges never shone;
 Who, plac'd among the maids, defies
 A skilful stranger's prying eyes:
 So smooth his doubtful looks appear,
 So loose to womankind, his hair.

CREECH.

ODE VI.

TO SEPTIMIUS.

Septimi, Gades aditure mecum, et.

COME friend! with me to Gades' remotest shores,
 Where fierce Cantabrians spurn the Roman chain;
 To climes barbaric, where unceasing roars
 Thro' boiling sands the Mauritanian main.

May I, in Tybur, rais'd by Argive bands,
 Close the calm scene of life's eventful stage:
 There find these limbs, long toss'd on seas and lands,
 A bed of comfort for reposing age!

Should Fate, unkind, deny that blissful seat,
 Thy wave, Galesus! and thou, rural reign
 Of bold Phalantus! rest my pilgrim feet,
 Where snow-white fleeces brighten all the plain.

Ye streams delicious, and enchanting fields!
 Oh! may that spot of all the globe be mine!
 Hymettus' self not purer honey yields;
 Venafrian olives dare but rival thine.

There from soft Zephyr of encroaching Springs,
 Stern Winter's transient rigours melt away;
 There grapes, mount Aulon from his full lap flings,
 Like thine, Falern : matures a warmer ray.

There every grace that Nature's hand can lend,
 Invite our steps, and all the clime endear :
 There pay the last sad office to thy friend.
 And quench his glowing ashes with a tear.

GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

ODE VIII.

TO BARINE.

Ulla si juris tibi pejerati.

DID any punishment attend
 Thy former perjuries,
 I should believe, a second time,
 Thy charming flatteries :
 Did but one wrinkle mark thy face,
 Or hadst thou lost one single grace.
 No sooner hast thou, with false vows,
 Provok'd the powers above ;
 But thou art fairer than before,
 And we are more in love.
 Thus Heaven and Earth seem to declare
 They pardon falsehood in the fair.
 Sure 'tis no crime vainly to swear
 By every power on high,
 And call our bury'd mother's ghost,
 A witness to the lie :
 Heaven at such perjury connives,
 And Venus, with a smile, forgives.

The nymphs and cruel Cupid too,
 Sharp'ning his pointed dart
 On an old hone, besmear'd with blood,
 Forbear thy perjur'd heart.
 Fresh youth grows up to wear thy chains,
 And the old slave no freedom gains.

Thee, mothers, for their eldest sons,
 Thee, wretched misers fear,
 Lest thy prevailing beauty should
 Seduce the hopeful heir ;
 New marry'd virgins fear thy charms
 Should keep their bridegrooms from their arms.
 SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

ODE IX.

TO VALGIUS.

Non semper imbres nubibus hispidos.

CLOUDS do not always veil the skies,
 Nor showers immerse the verdant plain ;
 Nor do the billows always rise,
 Or storms afflict the troubled main.

Nor, Valgius, on the Armenian shores,
 Do the chain'd waters always freeze ;
 Not always furious Boreas roars,
 Or bends with violent force the trees.

But you are ever drowned in tears,
 For Mystes dead, you ever mourn ;
 No setting Sol can ease your cares,
 But finds you sad at his return.

The wise experienc'd Grecian sage
 Mourn'd not Antilochus so long :
 Nor did King Priam's hoary age
 So much lament his slaughter'd son.

Leave off, at length, these woman's sighs,
 Augustus' number'd trophies sing ;
 Repeat that prince's victories,
 To whom all nations tribute bring.

Niphates rolls an humbler wave ;
 At length th' undaunted Scythian yields,
 Content to live the Roman's slave,
 And scarce forsakes his native fields.

DR. JOHNSON.

ODE X.

TO LICINIUS.

*Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum.
 Praise of meane and constant estate.*

OF thy lyfe, Thomas, this compasse well mark.
 Not aye with full sayles the hye seas to beat :
 Ne by coward dred, in shonning stormes dark,
 On shalow shores thy keel in perill freat.
 Who so gladly halseth the golden meane,
 Voyde of dangers advisdly hath his home
 Not with lothsom muck, as a den uncleane :
 Nor palacelyke, wherat disdayn may glome.
 The lofty pyne the great winde often rives :
 With violenter swey falle turrets stepe :
 Lightninges assault the hye mountains and clives.
 A hart well stayd, in overthwartes depe,

Hopeth amendes : in swete, doth feare the sowre.
 God, that sendeth, withdraweth winter sharp.
 Now ill, not aye thus : once Phebus to lowre
 With bow unbent shall cesse, and frame to harp
 His voyce. In strait estate appere thou stout :
 And so wisely, when lucky gale of winde
 All thy puft sailes shall fil, loke well about :
 Take in a ryft : hast is wast, profe doth finde.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.¹

THE SAME.

The meane estate is to be accompted the best.

WHO craftly castes to sterc his boate
 and safely skoures the flattering flood :
 He cutteth not the greatest waves
 for why, that way were nothing good.
 Ne fleteth on the crooked shore
 lest harme him happe awayting lest.
 But wines away between them both,
 as who would say, the meane is best.
 Who waiteth on the golden meane,
 he put in point of sickernes :
 Hides not his head in sluttishe coates,
 ne shroudes himself in filthines.
 Ne sittes aloft in hye estate,
 where hatefull hartes envie his chance :
 But wisely walkes betwixt them twaine,
 ne proudly doth himself avance.

¹ This and the two following versions of the same Ode by "Uncertain Authors" occur in Tottel's "Miscellany" (1557). They are all here inserted as being the earliest specimens of English verse translations from Horace that I have been able to discover.

The highest tree in all the woode
is rifest rent with blustering windes :
The heigher hall the greater fall.
such chance have proud and lofty mindes,
When Jupiter from hie doth threat
with mortall mace and dint of thunder,
The highest hilles ben batrid eft
when they stand still that stoden under.
The man whose head with wit is fraught
in welth will feare a worsere tide,
When fortune failes dispaireth nought
but constantly doth stil abide.
For he that sendeth grisely stormes
with whisking windes and bitter blastes
And fowlth with hail the winter's face
and frotes the soile with hory frostes,
Even he adawth the force of colde,
the spring in sendes with somer hote.
The same full oft to stormy hartes
is cause of bale : of joye the roote.
Not always il though so be now
when cloudes ben driven then rides the racke.
Phebus the fresh ne shoteth still
sometime he harpes his Muse to wake.
Stand stif therfore ! pluck up thy hart !
lose not thy port though fortune faile :
Againe when winde doth serve at will,
take hede to hye to hoyse thy saile.

*From Tottel's Miscellany, "Songs and Sonettes
of Uncertain Authors."*

THE SAME.

Of the golden meane.

THE wisest way, thy bote, in wave and winde to
 guie,
 Is neither still the trade of middle streame to trie;
 Ne (warely shunning wrecke by wether) aye to nie,
 To presse upon the perillous shore.

Both clenely flees he filthe: ne wonnes a wretched
 wight,
 In carlish coate: and carefull court aie thrall to spite,
 With port of proud astate he leues: who doth delight,
 Of golden meane to hold the lore.

Stormes rifest rende the sturdy stout pine apple tre.
 Of lofty rising towers the fals the feller be,
 Most sers doth lightenying light, where furthest we do see
 The hilles the valey to forsake.

Well furnisht brest to bide eche chanches changing chear,
 In woe hath chearfull hope, in weal hath warefull fear,
 One self Jove winter makes with lothfull lokes appear,
 That can by course the same aslake.

What if into mishap the case now casten be?
 It forceth not such forme of luck to last to thee.
 Not alway bent is Phebus bow: his harpe and he
 Ceast silver sound sometime doth raise.

In hardest hap use helpe of hardy hopefull hart,
 Seme bold to bear the brunt of fortune overthwart.
 Eke wisely when forewinde to full breathes on thy part,
 Swage swellying saile, and doubt decayes.

From Tottel's Miscellany, 2nd Edition:

"Songs and Sonettes by uncertain Authors."

THE SAME.

YOU better sure shall live, not evermore
 Trying high seas ; nor, while sea's rage you flee,
 Pressing too much upon ill-harbour'd shore.

The golden meane who loves, lives safely free
 From filth of foreworne house, and quiet lives,
 Releast from court, where envie needes must be.

The winde most oft the highest pine tree greeves ;
 The stately towers come downe with greater fall ;
 The highest hills the bolt of thunder cleeves ;
 Evill happes do fill with hope, good happes appal,
 With feare of change, the courage well preparte :
 Fowle winters as they come, away they shall.

Though present times and past with ills be snar'd,
 They shall not last ; with citherne, silent Muse
 Apollo wakes, and bowe hath sometime sparde.
 In hard estate, with stout shew valour use !
 The same man still, in whom wisdom prevails
 In too full winde, draw in thy swelling sailes.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

THE SAME.

RECEIVE, dear friend, the truths I teach,
 So shalt thou live beyond the reach
 Of adverse fortune's power ;
 Not always tempt the distant deep,
 Nor always timorously creep
 Along the treacherous shore.

He that holds fast the golden mean,
 And lives contentedly between
 The little and the great,

Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
Imbittering all his state.

The tallest pines feel most the power
Of wintry blasts ; the loftiest tower
Comes heaviest to the ground ;
The bolts that spare the mountain's side,
His cloud-capt eminence divide,
And spread the ruin round.

The well-inform'd philosopher
Rejoices, with a wholesome fear,
And hopes in spite of pain ;
If Winter bellow from the North,
Soon the sweet Spring comes dancing forth,
And nature laughs again.

What if thine Heaven be overcast ?
The dark appearance will not last ;
Expect a brighter sky !
The God that strings the silver bow
Awakes sometimes the Muses too,
And lays his arrows by.

If hindrances obstruct thy way,
Thy magnanimity display,
And let thy strength be seen ;
But, O ! if Fortune fill thy sail,
With more than a propitious gale,
Take half thy canvass in.

COWPER.¹

¹ A Reflection on the foregoing Ode :—

“ And is this all ? Can Reason do no more
Than bid me shun the deep and dread the shore ?
Sweet moralist ! Afloat on life's rough sea
The Christian has an art unknown to thee.
He holds no parley with unmanly fears ;
Where duty bids, he confidently steers,
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
And trusting in his God, surmounts them all.”

COWPER.

ODE XII.

TO MÆCENAS.

Nolis longa feræ bella Numantiæ.

DIRE Hannibal, the Roman dread,
Numantian wars, which raged so long,
And seas with Punic slaughter red,
Suit not the softer lyric song ;

Nor savage Centaurs, mad with wine ;
Nor Earth's enormous rebel brood,
Who shook with fear the Powers divine,
Till by Alcides' arms subdued.

Better, Mæcenas, thou in prose
Shalt Cæsar's glorious battles tell ;
With what bold heat the victor glows,
What captive kings his triumphs swell.

Thy mistress, all my Muse employs ;
Licinia's voice, her sprightly turns,
The fire that sparkles in her eyes,
And in her faithful bosom burns.

When she adores Diana's day,
And all the beauteous choirs advance,
With sweetest airs, divinely gay,
She shines, distinguish'd in the dance !

Not all Arabia's spicy fields
Can with Licinia's breath compare ;
Nor India's self a treasure yields,
To purchase one bright flowing hair :

When she with bending neck complies
 To meet the lover's eager kiss,
 With gentle cruelty denies,
 Or snatches first the fragrant bliss.

SIR JEFFREY GILBERT.¹

ODE XIII.

TO A TREE.

Ille et nefasto te posuit die.

SHAME of thy mother soyle ! ill nurtur'd tree !
 Sett, to the mischief of posteritie !
 That hand (whate're it were) that was thy nurse,
 Was sacrilegious, sure, or something worse.
 Black, as the day was dismall, in whose sight
 Thy rising top first stain'd the bashfull light.
 That man—I thinke—wrested the feeble life
 From his old father ; that man's barbarous knife
 Conspir'd with darkness 'gainst the stranger's throate ;
 (Whereof the blushing walles tooke bloody note).
 Huge high-floune poysons, ev'n of Colchis breed,
 And whatsoe're wild sinnes black thoughts doe feed,
 His hands have paddled in ; his hands, that found
 Thy traiterous root a dwelling in my ground.
 Perfidious totterer ! longing for the staines
 Of thy kind master's well-deserving braines.
 Man's daintiest care and caution cannot spy
 The subtile point of his coy destiny,
 Which way it threatens. With feare the merchant's mind
 Is plough'd as deepe, as is the sea with wind,
 Rows'd in an angry tempest. Oh ! the sea !
 Oh ! that's his feare ; there flotes his destiny :

¹ Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, 1725-26.

While from another, unseene, corner blowes
The storme of fate, to which his life he owes.
By Parthian's bow the soldier lookes to die,
(Whose hands are fighting, while their feet doe flie.)
The Parthian starts at Rome's imperiall name,
Fledg'd with her eagle's wing ; the very shame
Of his captivity rings in his eares.
Thus, O, thus fondly doe we pitch our feares
Farre distant from our fates, our fates that mocke
Our giddy feares with an unlook't for shocke.
A little more, and I had surely seene
Thy greisly majesty, Hell's blackest Queene ;
And Æacus on his tribunall too,
Sifting the soules of guilt ; and you, oh ! you,
You ever blushing meads, where doe the blest
Farre from darke horrors home appeale to rest.
There amorous Sappho plaines upon her lute,
Her love's cross fortune, that the sad dispute
Runnes murmuring on the strings. Alcæus there,
In high built numbers wakes his golden lyre,
To tell the world, how hard the matter went,
How hard by sea, by warre, by banishment.
There these brave soules deale to each wond'ring eare
Such words, soe precious, as they may not weare
Without religious silence ; above all
Warre's rattling tumults or some tyrant's fall,
The thronging clotted multitude doth feast :
What wonder ? when the hundred-headed beast
Hangs his black lugges, stroakt with those heavenly
lines ;
The Furies curl'd snakes meet in gentle twines,
And stretch their cold limbes in a pleasing fire.
Prometheus selfe, and Pelops stervéd sire
Are cheated of their paines : Orion thinkes
Of lions now no more, or spotted lynx.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

ODE XIV.

TO POSTHUMUS.

Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume.

SWIFT fly the rolling years, my friend !
Nor can your anxious prayers extend
The fleeting joys of youth ;
The trembling hand, the wrinkled cheek,
Too plainly life's decay bespeak,
With sad but silent truth.

What though your daily offerings rise,
In fragrant clouds of sacrifice,
To Jove's immortal seat ;
You cannot fly death's cold embrace,
Where peasants—chiefs of kingly race—
An equal welcome meet.

In vain, from battle fields afar,
You gently dream of raging war,
Secure in peace and wealth ;
In vain you shun the stormy wave,
The scorching breeze, that others brave,
Profuse of vigorous health.

Though zealous friends your portals throng,
They cannot still your life prolong
By one short lingering hour.
Whate'er our plans, whate'er our state,
We mortals own one common fate,
One stern unbending power.

When your parch'd lips shall faintly press,
On your fond wife, their last caress,
And farewell murmurs breathe,

Your wandering eyes shall feebly rove
O'er each loved wood, and well train'd grove,
To seek a funeral wreath.

The purple vineyard's luscious stores,
Secured by trebly bolted doors,
Excite, in vain, your care ;
Soon shall the rich and sparkling hoard
Flow largely o'er the festive board
Of your unsparing heir.

RALPH BERNAL.¹

ODE XV.

Jam pauca aratro jugera regiae.

GLEAMING on Baiæ's golden shore,
Yon marble domes their sunny wings expand :
And glittering villas crown the yellow strand :

But ah ! its wealthy harvests wave no more,
The faithful ploughshare quits the encumber'd land.

Mark yon broad lakes their glittering bosoms spread,
Wide, as the Lucrine wave, their waters sheen ;
And lo ! the solitary plane is seen,
Spreading its broad and fruitless boughs of green,
Where erst above the maple's social head,
Laden with grapes the tendrils wont to twine ;
And thou thy purple clusters shed,
Oh ! Italy's beloved vine !

How rich the balm Favonius breathes,
From banks, with rose and spicy myrtle set !
How fair his fragrant blossoms wreathes
Of the dark-eyed violet.

But ah ! the sons of joy forget,

¹ The eminent virtuoso, died 1852.

(Who the fierce splendours of the summer sky,
In the green depth of laurel-groves defy;)

How autumn's ripening hand was wont to pour
The orchard fruits from every golden tree,
And o'er the ruddy fallows smiled to see
The olive drop its fat and mellow shower.

How stern old Cato's shaggy brows would bend;
How darkly glare our founder's angry look;
For ill could they the conscript fathers brook
To see yon marble porticos extend
Wooing the North his breezy shades to lend
From many a mountain nook.

The green turf was their humble bed,
Their costliest canopy the wild-wood tree;
While its rich breast the marble quarry spread,
And high the temple rear'd its stately head
In honour of the deity.

J. MITFORD.¹

ODE XVI.

TO POMPEIUS GROSAPHUS.

Otium Divos rogat in patenti.

EASE is the weary merchant's prayer,
Who ploughs by night the Ægean flood,
When neither moon nor stars appear,
Or faintly glimmer through the cloud.

For ease, the Mede, with quiver graced,
For ease, the Thracian hero sighs,
Delightful ease all pant to taste,
A blessing which no treasure buys.

¹ Rev. John Mitford, clergyman, poet, and critic. He was editor of the "Gentleman's Magazine" from 1834 to 1850.

For neither gold can lull to rest,
Nor all a consul's guard beat off
The tumults of a troubled breast,
The cares that haunt a gilded roof.

Happy the man whose table shows
A few clean ounces of old plate,
No fear intrudes on his repose,
No sordid wishes to be great.

Poor short-lived things, what plans we lay !
Ah ! why forsake our native home ?
To distant climates speed away ;
For self sticks close where'er we roam.

Care follows hard, and soon o'ertakes
The well-rigg'd ship, the warlike steed,
Her destined quarry ne'er forsakes,
Not the wind flies with half her speed.

From anxious fears of future ill,
Guard well the cheerful, happy now ;
Gild e'en your sorrows with a smile,
No blessing is unmix'd below.

Thy neighing steeds and lowing herds,
Thy numerous flocks around thee graze,
And the best purple Tyre affords
Thy robe magnificent displays.

On me indulgent Heaven bestow'd
A rural mansion, neat and small ;
This lyre :—and, as for yonder crowd,
The happiness to hate them all.

COWPER.

ODE XVIII.

*Non ebur neque aureum.**That he's content with his small rent ;**When richer still doe crave,**And for more look by hook or crook,**Though one foot in the grave.*

NO ivory ceeling, nor rooffe adorned
 With light out-streaming gold in my house
 shineth ;

No beames from Hymet press pillars formed
 Where the sky-touching hill Affrick confineth.
 No wealth by ill meanes doe I win,
 Nor for mee clyents purple spin.

But of trust and wit some store have I :
 To me but poor, come men rais'd high by fortune :
 More of the Gods themselves ne'r crave I,
 Nor greater things of my great friend importune :
 I wish not for more land or rent,
 Sabine alone yeelds me content.

One day another day expelleth,
 New moons soon die: thou marble-trimmers hyrest,
 Ready to go where Pluto dwelleth ;
 And, building, vainely to long life aspirest.
 From Neptune thou the shore dost steale away,
 Incroaching on the angry sea.

What should I tell, how 'gainst all order,
 Thy neighbour's land-marks alwaies thou removest,
 And from thy tenants that upon thee border,
 Ground pilfers ; thou from house and home out-
 shovest

Both man and wife, that wailing beare
 Their household gods and children deare.

Yet hast thou (rich Lord) no assurance
 So great of any house where thou remained,
 As that thou shalt be kept in durance
 Of all-devouring hell, and there restrained.
 What wilt thou ? none the grave can shun :
 It takes the king, and the king's sonne.

Nor was hell's catch-pole with gold bribed
 Wily Prometheus backward to bring againe :
 He boasting Tantalus derided,
 And his proud off-spring though they cry'd out amaine.
 He easeth men cast down with woe,
 Whether they call on him or no.

J. ASHMORE.¹

ODE XIX.

TO BACCHUS.

Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus.

BACCHUS on far rocks his lays
 Teaching—trust me, future days—
 Listening nymphs, and hush'd by awe
 Satyrs with pricked ears I saw.
 Evoe ! flutters still my soul :
 Through my god-thrill'd bosom roll
 Tumults ! Spare me, Bacchus, hear
 Dreadful with thine ivy spear !
 Grant me Bacchantes wild to sing,
 Wines and milk's o'erflowing spring,
 And the treasures of the bee,
 Trickling from the hollow tree :

¹ Translator of "Certain (16) selected Odes of Horace Englished, and their arguments annexed (1621)."

Grant me, tuneful, to declare
 Ariadne's circlet star.
 And with agony of pain,
 Pentheus and Lycurgus slain.
 Rivers thou, and barbarous sea
 Sway'st; on mountains tipsily,
 Thou with harmless vipers twined
 Dost the Thracians' tresses bind.
 Thou, when impious Titans strove
 To invade the realms of Jove,
 Cheek'd and paw'd as lion fell,
 Didst their giant-chief repel;
 Thou for dancing form'd and wit,
 Thou for war was deem'd unfit:
 Yet in battle, and in peace,
 Equal were thine energies.
 Thee with golden horn array'd,
 Calm, the three tongued Dog survey'd;
 And to honour thy retreat,
 Wagg'd his tail, and lick'd thy feet.

WRANGHAM.

ODE XX.

TO MÆCENAS. -

Non usitatu, non tenui ferar.

BORNE on no weak or vulgar wing,
 Upward through air, two form'd I'll spring;
 Nor longer grovel here, but soar
 Where envy shall pursue no more.
 Not I, from humble lineage sprung,
 Not I, dear Patron, whom thy tongue
 Summons to fame, will fear to die,
 Or bound by Styx's fetters lie.

A rougher skin my legs assume ;
My upward limbs the cygnets' plume
Invests ; my shoulders, fingers feel
The feathery softness o'er them steal.

Fleeter than Icarus now I'll haste,
A tuneful swan, to Libya's waste
And heaving sands, where Bospor's wave
Tosses, or Arctic tempests rave.
Me Colchis, Dacia me shall learn,
Who hides her fear of Marsian stern ;
Me Scythia's hordes, the well-trained son
Of Spain, and he who quaffs the Rhone.

From my mock bier be far away
The loud lament, the funeral lay ;
And, tribute to my fancied doom,
Far the vain honours of the tomb.

WEANGHAM.

BOOK III.

ODE I. (Paraphrased.)

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.

HENCE, ye profane ! I hate you all ;
 Both the great vulgar and the small.
 To virgin minds, which yet their native whiteness hold,
 Not yet discoloured with the love of gold,
 That jaundice of the soul,
 (Which makes it look so gilded and so foul,)
 To you, ye very few, these truths I tell ;
 The Muse inspires my song ; hark and observe it well.
 We look on men and wonder at such odds
 'Twixt things that were the same by birth ;
 We look on kings, as giants of the earth,
 Those giants are but pigmies to the gods.
 The humblest bush and proudest oak
 Are but of equal proof against the thunder-stroke,
 Beauty and strength, and wit, and wealth, and power,
 Have their short flourishing hour ;
 And love to see themselves, and smile,
 And joy in their pre-eminence awhile ;
 Ev'n so in the same land
 Poor weeds, rich corn, gay flowers, together stand ;
 Alas ! death mows down all with an impartial hand ;
 And all ye men, whom greatness does so please,
 Ye feast, I fear, like Damocles :
 If ye, your eyes, could upwards move,
 (But ye, I fear, think nothing is above,)
 Ye would perceive by what a little thread,
 The sword still hangs over your head :

No tide of wine would drown your cares ;
No mirth or music over-noise your fears :
The fear of death would you so watchful keep,
As not t'admit the image of it, Sleep.
Sleep is a god too proud to wait in palaces,
And yet so humble too, as not to scorn
The meanest country cottages :
His poppy grows among the corn.
The halcyon Sleep will never build his nest
In any stormy breast.
'Tis not enough that he does find
Clouds and darkness in their mind ;
Darkness but half his work will do :
'Tis not enough : he must find quiet too.
The man, who in all wishes he does make,
Does only Nature's counsel take,
That wise and happy man will never fear
The evil aspects of the year ;
Nor tremble, though two comets should appear ;
He does not look in almanacks to see
Whether he fortunate shall be :
Let Mars and Saturn in the heavens conjoin,
And what they please against the world design,
So Jupiter within him shine.
If of your pleasures and desires no end be found,
God to your cares and fears will set no bound.
What would content you ? who can tell ?
Ye fear so much to lose what ye have got,
As if ye liked it well ;
Ye strive for more, as if ye liked it not.
Go level hills, and fill up seas,
Spare nought that may your wanton fancy please ;
But, trust me, when you have done all this,
Much will be missing still, and much will be amiss.

COWLEY

ODE II. (Part.)¹*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*

HOW bless'd is he, who for his country dies,
 Since death pursues the coward as he flies !
 The youth in vain would fly from fate's attack,
 With trembling knees, and terror at his back :
 Though fear should lend him pinions like the wind,
 Yet swifter fate will seize him from behind.
 Virtue repulsed, yet knows not to repine,
 But shall with unattainted honour shine ;
 Nor stoops to take the staff, nor lays it down,
 Just as the rabble please to smile or frown.
 Virtue, to crown her favourites, loves to try
 Some new untrodden passage to the sky :
 Where Jove a seat among the gods will give
 To those who die, for meriting to live.
 Next faithful silence hath a sure reward ;
 Within our breast be every secret barred !
 He who betrays his friend shall never be
 Under one roof, or in one ship with me ;
 For who with traitors would his safety trust
 Lest, with the wicked, Heaven involve the just ?
 And though the villain 'scape awhile, he feels
 Slow vengeance, like a bloodhound, at his heels.²

SWIFT.

¹ To the Earl of Oxford, late Lord Treasurer, sent to him when in the Tower, 1716.

² "Seldom the villain though much haste he make
 Lame-footed vengeance fails to overtake."

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

ODE III.

Justum ac tenacem propositi virum.

THE man resolv'd and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to all and obstinately just,
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
Their senseless clamours, and tumultuous cries :
The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
And the stern brow, and the harsh voice defies,
And with superior greatness smiles.

Not the rough whirlwind that deforms
Adria's black gulf and vexes it with storms,
The stubborn virtue of his soul can move ;
Not the red arm of angry Jove,
That flings the thunder from the sky,
And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly.

Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruin, and confusion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure, amidst a falling world.

Such were the god-like arts that led
Bright Pollux to the blest abodes ;
Such did for great Alcides plead,
And gain'd a place among the gods ;
Where now Augustus, mix'd with heroes, lies
And to his lips, the nectar bowl applies ;
His ruddy lips, the purple tincture show,
And with immortal stains, divinely glow.

By arts like these, did young Lyæus rise :
His tigers drew him to the skies,

Wild from the desert and unbroke ;
In vain they foam'd, in vain they star'd,
In vain their eyes with fury glar'd ;
He tam'd 'em to the lash, and bent 'em to the yoke.

Such were the paths that Rome's great founder trod,
When in a whirlwind snatch'd on high,
He shook off dull mortality,
And lost the monarch in the God.
Bright Juno then her awful silence broke,
And thus th' assembled deities bespoke,

"Troy," says the Goddess, "perjur'd Troy has felt
The dire effects of her proud tyrant's guilt :
The towering pile and soft abodes,
Wall'd by the hands of servile Gods,
Now spreads its ruins all around,
And lies inglorious on the ground ;
An umpire, partial and unjust,
And a lewd woman's impious lust
Lay heavy on her head, and sunk her to the dust.

Since false Laomedon's tyrannic sway,
That durst defraud th' Immortals of their pay,
Her guardian Gods renounc'd their patronage,
Nor would the fierce invading foe repel :
To my resentments, and Minerva's rage,
The guilty king and the whole people fell.

And now the long protracted wars are o'er,
The soft adult'rer shines no more ;
No more does Hector's force the Trojans shield,
That drove whole armies back, and singly clear'd the
field.

My vengeance sated, I, at length, resign
To Mars his offspring of the Trojan line :

Advanc'd to Godhead, let him rise
And take his station in the skies ;
There entertain his ravish'd sight,
With scenes of glory, fields of light ;
Quaff with the Gods immortal wine,
And see adoring nations crowd his shrine :

The thin remains of Troy's afflicted host,
In distant realms may seats unenvied find,
And flourish on a foreign coast ;
But far be Rome from Troy disjoin'd,
Remov'd by seas from the disastrous shore,
May endless billows rise between, and storms unnum-
ber'd roar.

Still let the curs'd detested place,
Where Priam lies, and Priam's faithless race,
Be cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in grass.
There let the wanton flocks, unguarded, stray ;
Or while the lonely shepherd sings,
Amidst the mighty ruins play,
And frisk upon the tombs of kings.

May tigers there, and all the savage kind,
Sad solitary haunts, and silent deserts find :
In gloomy vaults, and nooks of palaces,
May th' unmolested lioness
Her brindled whelps securely lay,
Or, couch'd in dreadful slumbers, waste the day.

While Troy, in heaps of ruins, lies,
Rome and the Roman Capitol shall rise ;
Th' illustrious exiles, unconfin'd,
Shall triumph far and near, and rule mankind.

In vain the sea's intruding tide
Europe from Afric shall divide,

And part the sever'd world in two,
Through Afric's sands their triumphs they shall
spread ;
And the long train of victories pursue
To Nile's yet undiscover'd head.

Riches the hardy soldier shall despise,
And look on gold with undesiring eyes,
Nor the disbowell'd earth explore,
In search of the forbidden ore :
Those glitt'ring ills, conceal'd within the mine,
Shall lie untouch'd, and innocently shine.
To the last bounds that nature sets,
The piercing colds and sultry heats,
The god-like race shall spread their arms :
Now fill the polar circle with alarms,
Till storms and tempests their pursuits confine :
Now sweat for conquest, underneath the line.

This only law the victor shall restrain,
On these conditions shall he reign :
If none his guilty hand employ,
To build again a second Troy,
If none the rash design pursue
Nor tempt the vengeance of the Gods anew.

A curse there cleaves to the devoted place,
That shall the new foundations raze.
Greece shall in mutual leagues conspire
To storm the rising town, with fire,
And, at their army's head, myself will show
What Juno, urged to all her rage, can do.

Thrice, should Apollo's self the city raise,
And line it round with walls of brass,

Thrice, should my fav'rite Greeks his works confound,
 And hew the shining fabric to the ground;
 Thrice, should her captive dames to Greece return,
 And their dead sons, and slaughter'd husbands mourn."

But, hold! my Muse, forbear thy towering flight,
 Nor bring the secrets of the Gods to light:
 In vain would thy presumptuous verse
 Th' immortal rhetoric rehearse;
 The mighty strains, in lyric numbers bound,
 Forget their majesty, and lose their sound.

ADDISON.

THE SAME. (Fragment.)

THE man of firm and noble soul
 No factious clamours can control:
 No threat'ning tyrant's darkling brow
 Can swerve him from his just intent:
 Gales, the warring waves which plough
 By Auster on the billows spent,
 To curb the Adriatic main,
 Would awe his fix'd determined mind in vain.

Ay, and the red right arm of Jove,
 Hurling his lightnings from above,
 With all his terrors there unfurl'd,
 He would, unmoved, unawed behold.
 The flames of an expiring world,
 Again in crashing chaos roll'd,
 In vast promiscuous ruin hurl'd,
 Might light his glorious funeral pile;
 Still dauntless 'midst the wreck of earth he'd smile.

BYRON.¹

¹ The above fragment was Byron's solitary attempt at a poetic rendering of any one of the Horatian odes. "He was," says Moore,

ODE IV.

TO CALLIOPE.

Descende cælo, et dic age tibia.

DESCEND from heaven, and in a lengthen'd
 strain,
 Queen of melodious sounds, the song maintain,
 Or on the voice high-rais'd, the breathing flute,
 The lyre of golden tone, or sweet Phœbean lute.

Hark! the celestial voice I raptur'd hear!
 Or does a pleasing frenzy charm my ear?
 Thro' hallow'd groves I stray, where streams beneath
 From lucid fountains flow, and zephyrs balmy breathe.

Fatigu'd with sleep, and youthful toil of play,
 When on a mountain's brow reclin'd I lay,
 Near to my natal soil, around my head
 The fabled woodland doves a verdant foliage spread;

Matter, be sure, of wonder most profound
 To all the gazing habitants around,
 Who dwell in Acherontias airy glades,
 Amid the Bantian woods, or low Ferentum's meads.

By snakes of poison black, and beasts of prey,
 That thus, in dewy sleep, unharm'd I lay;
 Laurels and myrtle were around me pil'd,
 Not without guardian gods an animated child.

"to the last unable to vanquish a prepossession, with which school
 association had inoculated him, against Horace."

"Then farewell Horace: whom I hated so
 Not for thy faults but mine: it is a curse
 To understand, not feel thy lyric flow,
 To comprehend, but never love thy verse."

Childe Harold.

Yours I am ever, harmonious Nine,
 Whether I joy in Tibur's vale supine;
 Whether I climb the Sabine mountain's height,
 Or in Præneste's groves or Baiæan streams delight.

Nor tree devoted, nor tempestuous main,
 Nor flying hosts, that swept Philippi's plain
 In fearful rout, your filial bard destroy'd,
 While in your springs divine, and choral sports he joy'd.

When by the Muses faithful guidance led,
 On Lybia's thirsty sands I'll fearless tread,
 Or climb the venturous bark, and launch from shore,
 Tho' Bosphorus arous'd with madding horrors roar.

Nor Britons of inhospitable strain,
 Nor quiver'd Scythians, nor the Caspian main,
 Nor he who joyous quaffs the thirsty bowl,
 Streaming with horse's blood, shall shake my dauntless
 soul.

When Cæsar by your forming arts inspir'd,
 Cheerful disbands his troops, of conquest tir'd;
 And yields to willing peace his laurel'd spoils,
 In the Pierian cave you charm the hero's toils;

Gracious from you the lenient counsels flow,
 Which bid the hero spare his prostrate foe:
 For Cæsar rules like Jove, whose equal sway
 The ponderous mass of earth, and stormy seas obey:¹

¹ "Who rules the duller earth, the wind-swollen streams,
 The civil cities and the infernal realms,
 Who the host of heaven and the mortal band
 Alone doth govern by his just command."

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

These fragmentary poetical translations occur in the "History of the World."

O'er gods and mortals, o'er the dreary plains,
And shadowy ghosts, supremely just he reigns,
But, dreadful in his wrath, to hell pursu'd,
With falling thunders dire, the fierce Titanian brood,

Whose horrid youth, elate with impious pride,
Unnumber'd, on their sinewy force relied;
Mountain on mountain pil'd, they rais'd in air,
And shook the throne of Jove, and bade the Thunderer
fear.

But what could Mimas, of enormous might,
Typhœus or Porphyryon's threat'ning height,
Or bold Enceladus fierce-darting far
The trunks of trees uptorn, dire archer of the war,

To sage Minerva's elashing shield oppose,
Altho' with headlong rage inspir'd they rose?
While Vulcan here in flames devour'd his way,
There matron Juno stood, and there the God of Day,

Resolv'd, till he had quell'd th' aspiring foe,
Never to lay aside the unerring bow;
Who the pure dews of fair Castalia loves,
There bathes his flowing hair, and haunts his natal
groves.

Ill-counsell'd force, by its own native weight,
Headlong to ruin falls; with happier fate
While the good gods upraise the just design,
But bold, unhallow'd schemes pursue with wrath
divine.

This truth shall hundred-handed Gyas prove,
And warm Orion, who, with impious love
Tempting the goddess of the sylvan scene,
Was by her virgin darts, gigantic victim! slain.

On her own monsters hurl'd with hideous weight,
 Fond mother Earth deplores her offspring's fate,
 By thunders dire to livid Orcus doom'd,
 Nor fire can force its way thro' *Ætna* unconsum'd.

Such are the pains to lawless lust decreed;
 On *Tityos*' growing liver vultures feed
 With rage ungorg'd, while *Pluto* stern detains
 His amorous rival bound in thrice an hundred chains.

FRANCIS.

ODE V.

Cælo tonantem credidimus Jovem.

JOVE'S power the thunder peal proclaims :
 Britain's and Parthia's hated names,
 Inscrib'd mid *Cæsar*'s victories
 Exalt the hero to the skies.
 And has thy soldier, *Crassus*, wived
 With a barbarian, meanly lived ?
 Beneath a Median standard ranged,
 (O Senate shamed ! O manners changed !)
 Mail'd in a foreign sire's array,
 Has the stern *Marsian*'s brow grown grey—
Vesta, race, robe, and rites forgot,
 As if great *Rome*, *Rome*'s *Jove* were not ?
 This, patriot *Regulus* foreknew ;
 And spurn'd, to home and honour true,
 The terms whose chronicled disgrace
 Would paralyze each rising race,
 If they, who bore to live in chains,
 Pined not unwept. “ In *Punic* fanes
Rome's captive banner hung (he cried,)
 These eyes have witness'd ; from a side
 Gash'd by no wound the sword resign'd,
 And cords round *Roman* arms entwined ;

Carthage flung open, and her field
(Erst our rich spoil) securely till'd !
Hope ye more brave a ransom'd race ?
Ye couple damage with disgrace.
Alas ! once tinctur'd for the loom,
Ne'er will the fleece its snow resume ;
Nor valour sullied by a stain
Renew its fire, and glow again.
If stag released will brave the fight,
Then count upon that soldier's might,
Who once has trusted treacherous foe :
Then deem he'll strike heroic blow,
Who once has felt the hostile cord,
And quiver'd at a Punic sword.
'Twas his, in wild despair of life,
To crouch for peace 'mid battle's strife
O mighty Carthage, rear'd to fame,
On ruin of the Roman name ! "

And thus, his wife's chaste kiss declined,
His infants clinging arms untwined,
With eyes cast down, in sternest mood,
The self-attainted warrior stood :
Till he the wavering Senate bent
With counsel beyond precedent.
And midst his weeping friends' dismay,
Illustrious exile ! hied away.
Though well, alas ! he knew what woes
Were meant him by his savage foes ;
Through kin, through crowds before him cast,
With foot as firm the hero past
As if each client's petty broil
Duly composed, from civil toil
He turn'd to some Venaran dome
Or far Tarentum's quiet home.

WRANGHAM.

ODE VI.

TO THE ROMANS.

Delicta majorum immeritus lues.

THOSE ills your ancestors have done,
Romans! are now become your own :
And they will cost you dear,
Unless you soon repair
The falling temples, which the gods provoke,
And statues, sullied yet with sacrilegious smoke.
Propitious Heaven, that raised your fathers high
For humble grateful piety,
(As it rewarded their respect)
Hath sharply punish'd your neglect.
All empires on the gods depend,
Begun by their command, at their command they end.
Let Crassus' ghost and Labienus tell
How twice, by Jove's revenge, our legions fell,
And with insulting pride,
Shining in Roman spoils, the Parthian victors ride.
The Scythian and Egyptian scum
Had almost ruined Rome,
While our seditions took their part,
Fill'd each Egyptian sail, and wing'd each Scythian dart.
First these flagitious times
(Pregnant with unknown crimes)
Conspire to violate the nuptial bed,
From which polluted head
Infectious streams of crowding sins began,
And through the spurious breed and guilty nation ran.
Behold a fair and melting maid
Bound 'prentice to a common trade :

Ionian artists, at a mighty price,
 Instruct her in the mysteries of vice,
 What nets to spread, where subtle baits to lay,
 And, with an early hand, they form the temper'd clay.
 'Tis not the spawn of such as these,
 That dy'd with Punic blood the conquer'd seas,
 And quash'd the stern *Æacides*;
 Made the proud Asian monarch feel
 How weak his gold was 'gainst Europe's steel:
 Forc'd e'en dire Hannibal to yield,
 And won the long disputed world, at Zama's fatal field.
 But soldiers of a rustic mould,
 Rough, hardy, season'd, manly, bold;
 Either they dug the stubborn ground,
 Or, through hewn woods, their weighty strokes did
 sound;
 And after the declining sun
 Had chang'd the shadows, and their task was done,
 Home with their weary team they took their way,
 And drown'd in friendly bowls the labour of the day.
 Time sensibly all things impairs;
 Our fathers have been worse than theirs;
 And we than ours; next age will see
 A race more profligate than we,
 With all the pains we take, have skill enough to be.

ROSCOMMON.

ODE VII.

TO ASTERIE.

Quid fles, Asterie, quem tibi candidi.

WHY weepest Asterie? when in the first spring,
 The western winds thy Gyges home will bring,
 Rich with Bithynian wars, whose constant love
 In him being young, from thee shall ne're remove.

Who with strong gales, and tempests great from heaven,
 Against his will, now into Greece is driven;
 Where the cold nights with watching he doth spend,
 And from his eyes with sorrow tears doth send.
 When as a subtile messenger is sent
 From Chloe, who doth many ways invent
 Her loves to tell, like that perfidious wife
 Who did deprive Bellerophon of life,
 Then tells of Peleus being almost slaine,
 Whilst from Hippolite's love he did refraine,
 Yet cunningly more stories doth relate
 Teaching in vain those sins which he did hate;
 But he being sound, those words with deafer ear
 Than the Icarian rocks, from him did hear.
 So take you heed, least that Enipius vile
 With his lascivious lusts doth thee beguile.
 Though none can manage a horse like to him,
 Or any swifter through the Tiber swim.
 When night comes shut thy doors, nor do look out
 When his shrill sounding pipe doth come about:
 And though he often doth thee cruel name,
 Yet be thou constant, and alwayes the same.

JOHN SMITH.

ODE VIII.

TO MÆCENAS.

Martiis cœlebs quid agam Calendis.

LEARNED Mæcenas, wonder not that I,
 (A batchelor) invoke that deity,
 Which at this feast the married rout adore,
 And yearly do implore.

They pray the gods to make their burden light,
And that their yokefellows may never fight:
I praise them, not for giving me a wife,
But saving of my life.

By heav'n redeem'd, I 'scap'd a falling tree,
And yearly own that strange delivery.
Yearly rejoyce, and drink the briskest wine,
Nor spill it at their shrine.

Come (my Mæcenus) let us drink, and thus
Cherish that life, those powers have given us:
A thousand cups to midwife this new birth
With inoffensive mirth.

No state affairs near my Mæcenus come,
Since all are faln that fought victorious Rome.
By civil broils the Medes, our foes, will fall
The weakest to the wall.

Our fierce and ancient enemy of Spain
Is now subdu'd, and tamely bears our chain.
The savage Scythian too begins to yield,
About to quit the field!

Bear they the load of government that can;
Thou, since a private, and good-natur'd man,
Enjoy th' advantage of the present hour,
For why should'st thou look sour?
THOMAS FLATMAN.¹

¹ Author of some forgotten poems, and of one "On Marriage," which survives in Locker's "Lyra Elegantiarum." He died 1688.

ODE IX.

CARMEN AMŒBÆUM.

*Donec gratus eram tibi.**Horace.*

WHILE, Lydia, I was loved of thee,
Nor any was preferr'd 'fore me
To hug thy whitest neck, than I
The Persian king lived not more happily.

Lydia.

While thou no other didst affect,
Nor Chloe was of more respect,
Than Lydia, far fam'd Lydia,
I flourish'd more than Roman Ilia.

Horace.

Now Thracian Chloe governs me,
Skilful in harp and melody,
For whose affection, Lydia, I,
So fate spares her, am well content to die.

Lydia.

My heart now set on fire is,
By Ornithes' son, young Calais;
For whose commutual flames here I,
To save his life, twice am content to die.

Horace.

Say, our first loves we should revoke
And, severed, join in brazen yoke—
Admit I, Chloe, put away,
And love, again love cast-off Lydia?

Lydia.

Though mine be brighter than the star ;
Thou lighter than the cork by far,
Rough as the Adriatic sea, yet I
Will live with thee, or else for thee will die.

HERRICK.

THE SAME.

Horace.

WHILST I was fond, and you were kind,
Nor any dearer youth, reclined
On your soft bosom sought to rest,
Phraates was not half so bless'd.

Lydia.

Whilst you adored no other face,
Nor loved me in the second place,
My happy, celebrated fame
Outshone e'en Ilia's envied name.

Horace.

Me, Chloe now possesses whole,
Her voice and lyre command my soul ;
Nor would I death itself decline,
Could her life ransom'd be with mine.

Lydia.

For me the lovely Calais burns,
And, warmth for warmth, my heart returns,
Twice would I life with joy resign,
Could his be ransom'd once with mine.

ODE XI.

TO MERCURY.

Mercuri, nam te docilis magistro.

O MERCURY ! (for taught by you
Deaf stones by th' ears Amphion drew)
And shell, whose hollow belly rings
With seven strings :

Once mute and graceless, now the tongue
Of feasts and temples : lend a song
To thrid the maze of Lyde's prayre-
Resisting care.

Who like a three years' colt doth fetch
A hundred rings, and 's hard to catch :
Free from a husband, and not fit
For backing yet.

Thou mak'st stiff forests march, retreat
Prone rivers : Cerberus the great
Porter of Hell, to thee gave way
Stroak'd with a lay,

Though with a hundred snakes he curle
His head, and from his nostrils hurle
A filthy stream, which all bedrops
His triple chops.

Ixion too with a forct smile
Did grin. The tubs stood dry awhile :
Whilst with thy musick thou didst please
The Belides.

Tell Lyde that : that virgin-slaughter,
And famous torment, the vain water
Coozing their urnes through thousand draines :
And posthume pains

For cruel maides laid up in store.
Cruel ! for what could they do more,
That could with unrelenting steel
Their lovers kill ?

One only worthy Hymen's flame,
And worthy of immortal fame,
Her perjur'd father (pious child !)
Bravely beguil'd :

Who said to her young husband : Wake !
Least an eternal sleep thou take
When least thou lookest : deceive my sire
And sisters dire,

Who like so many tigers tear
(Alas !) the prey : I (tenderer)
Will neither slay, nor keep thee thus
I'th' slaughter-house.

Me let my savage father chain,
Because my husband is unslain,
Or into farthest Africa,
Ship me away.

By land or sea, take thou thy flight,
Cover'd with wings of love and night :
Go, go, and write when thou art safe,
My epitaph !
SIR R. FANSHAWE.

ODE XII.

TO NEOBULE.

Miserarum est, neque Amori dare ludum, neque dulci.

'TIS hard to be deny'd to prove
The soft delights of pleasing love,
'Tis hard to be deny'd to play,
And with sweet wine wash cares away ;
Still to be tost with doubting fear,
Lest angry friends should prove severe,
And with sharp chidings wound our ear.
Young wanton Cupid's darts and bow
Have forc't thy spindle from thee now,
Thy wool, and all Minerva's toyls
Are charming Hebrus' beauties' spoils ;
He lives thy mind's continual theme,
And you can think on nought but him ;
Hebrus, a youth of manly force,
None sits so well the manag'd horse ;
Bellerophon would strive in vain
To guide with so gentile a rein :
In all he shows a manly grace,
In cuffing stout, and swift in race :
When his oyl'd arms have cut the flood,
In swimming strong ; he takes the wood,
Through plains pursues the flying doe,
And shoots with an unerring bow ;
Or else for boars his toyls he sets,
And takes them foaming in his nets.

CREECH.

ODE XIII.

TO THE FOUNTAIN OF BANDUSIA.

O fons Bandusiae, splendidior vitro.

YE waves, that gushing fall with purest stream,
 Bandusian fount! to whom the products sweet
 Of richest wines belong,
 And fairest flowers of spring;
 To thee a chosen victim will I slay,
 A kid, who glowing in lascivious youth,
 Just blooms with budding horn,
 And, in vain thought elate,
 Yet destines future war: but ah! too soon
 His reeking blood with crimson shall enrich
 Thy pure translucent flood,
 And tinge thy crystal clear.
 Thy sweet recess the sun in mid-day hour
 Can ne'er invade; thy streams the labour'd ox
 Refresh with cooling draught,
 And glad the wand'ring herds.
 Thy name shall shine, with endless honours graced,
 While on my shell I sing, the nodding oak,
 That o'er thy cavern deep
 Waves his embowering head.

J. WARTON.¹

¹ Rev. Joseph Warton, the editor of Pope, brother to Thos. Warton the laureat.

THE SAME.

BANDUSIA! more than crystal clear!
Whose soothing murmurs charm the ear!
Whose margin soft, with flow'rets crown'd,
Invites the festive band around,
Their careless limbs diffused, supine,
To quaff the soul-enlivening wine.

To thee a tender kid I vow,
That aims for light his budding brow,
In thought, the wrathful combat proves,
Or wantons with his little loves:
But vain are all his purposed schemes,
Delusive all his flattering dreams;
To-morrow shall his fervent blood
Stain the pure silver of thy flood.

When fiery Sirius blasts the plain,
Untouch'd thy gelid streams remain.
To thee the fainting flocks repair
To taste thy cool reviving air;
To thee, the ox, with toil oppress'd,
And lays his languid limbs at rest.

As springs of old renown'd, thy name,
Bless'd fountain! I devote to fame,
Thus, while I sing in deathless lays
The verdant holm, whose waving sprays,
The sweet retirement to defend,
High o'er the moss-grown rock impend,
Whence prattling in loquacious play,
Thy sprightly waters leap away.

JAMES BEATTIE.¹

¹ The author of "The Minstrel."

ODE XVI.

TO MÆCENAS.

Inclusam Danaen turris aenea.

THE lone gray tower on Argo's mountain shore,
 The faithful watch-dog at the midnight door ;
 Safe in their guard, imprison'd love had slept,
 Her baffled suitors youthful Danae wept.
 But, with rich bribes, the laughing gods betray'd
 The yielding guardian, and the enamour'd maid,
 Through armed satellites and walls of stone,
 Gold wings its flight, resistless though alone.¹

Ah! who the wiles of womankind hath tried ?
 By gold, the priest, the blameless augur died.
 Mark Philip's march ! the obedient cities fall,
 Ope the wide gates, and yields the embattled wall.²
 To gold each petty tyrant sank a prey,
 King after king confess'd its powerful sway ;

¹ The brazen tower with doors close barred,
 And watchful bandogs frightful guard,
 Kept safe the maidenhead
 Of Danae from secret love,
 'Till smiling Venus and wise Jove
 Beguiled her father's dread :
 For, changed into a golden shower,
 The god into her lap did pour
 Himself and took his pleasure.
 Through guards and stony walls to break,
 The thunderbolt is far more weak
 Than is a golden treasure.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

² By gifts the Macedon clave gates asunder,
 The kings, envying his estate, brought under.

Ibid.

On wisdom's patriot voice the siren hung,
And stay'd the thunders of the Athenian tongue;
The war-worn veteran oft his trophies sold;
And venal navies own'd the power of gold.

Enlarging wealth increasing wishes share,
The Gods have curs'd the miser's hoard with care;
To modest worth are choicest blessings sent;
Heaven loves the humble virtues of content.
Far from the rich thy poet loves to dwell,
And share the silence of the hermit's cell.

The wild brook, babbling down the mountain's side;
The chesnut copse that spreads its leafy pride;
The garden plot that asks but little room;
The ripening cornfield, and the orchard's bloom;
These simple pleasures, trust me, are unknown
To the rich palace, or the jewell'd throne;
The wealthy lords of Afric's wide domain
Would spurn my lowly roof, and bounded plain.

Cold are the Sabine hills! hives not for me
Its hoarded nectar, the Calabrian bee.
Here no rich vines their amber clusters rain,
Not mine the fleece that decks Gallicia's plain.
Yet want, for once, avoids a poet's door,
Content and grateful, can I ask for more?
But should thy bard seek ampler means to live,
Patron and friend! thy liberal hand would give.

What if increasing wealth with-holds its shower?
If the rich widow guards her jealous dower?
Then, wiser, learn the effect is still the same,
From humbler wishes, and contracted aim.
More wealthy thou, than if thy lands could join
All Phrygia's harvests, to the Lydian mine:

Not want alone surrounds the opening door,
 For pride and avarice are ever poor ;
 Delusive hope, and wild desire combined,
 Feed with vain thoughts the hunger of the mind.
 But bless'd is he to whom indulgent Heaven,
 Man's happiest state, enough, not more, has given.

J. MITFORD.

ODE XVII.

TO ÆLIUS LAMIA.

Æli, vetusto nobilis ab Lamo.

Argument.

*He Lamia's rega stem displays
 Forth in encomiastic layes ;
 Wills him his genius to cheer
 Against the presag'd storm appear.*

○ ÆLIUS, sprung from Lamia's ancient name,
 From whose stem all precedent Lamias came,
 And the family and tribe
 Which noting registers describe :

Thou from his loyns drawst thine original,
 Who reigned first within the Formian wall,
 And whose amply-spread command
 Raught Liris, laving Maric's strand.

An eastern tempest shall with furious roar
 Fling leaves in woods, and weeds upon the shore,
 If the aged crow descry
 A true presaging augury.

Lay while thou canst, dry faggots on the fire :
 With luscious wine to-morrow feed desire,
 A pig, fat, and tender slay,
 And let thy hindees keep holy-day.
 BARTON HOLYDAY.

ODE XVIII.¹

TO FAUNUS.

Faune, Nympharum fugientum amator.

FAUNUS, who lov'st to chase the light-foot nymphs,
 Propitious guard my fields and sunny farm,
 And nurse, with kindly care,
 The promise of my flock !

So, to thy powers, a kid shall yearly bleed,
 And the full bowl to genial Venus flow :
 And on thy rustic shrine,
 Rich odours incense breathe :

So through the vale the wanton herds shall bound,
 When thy December comes, and on the green
 The steer in traces loose
 With the free village sport ;

No more the lamb shall fly the insidious wolf.
 The woods shall shed their leaves, and the glad hind
 The ground, where once he dug,
 Shall beat in sprightly dance.

J. WARTON.

¹ Written in imitation of the style of Milton's "Ode to Pyrrha."

ODE XX.

TO PYRRHUS.

Non vides, quanto moveas periclo.

Argument.

*How dangerous a thing 'twould prove
T' abstract Nearchus from his love.*

PYRRHUS, how dang'rous 'tis, confess,
To take whelps from a lyones :
Straight thou 'scarr'd ravisher wilt run,
When battel's done.

When she through crowds of youthful men
Shall to Nearchus turn agen,
Great question 'tis who bears away
The greater prey.

As thou prepar'st thy speedy piles,
She whets her dreadful tusks the whiles :
He (th' umpire) trampled down (they say),
The victor's bay,

And wafted his sweet 'shiveled hair
With gentle blasts : like Nireus fair,
Or Ganymede snatcht up from fount-
full Ida's mount.

BABTON HOLYDAY.

ODE XXI.

TO A CASK (*paraphrase*).*O nata mecum consule Manlio.*

HAIL gentle Cask! whose venerable head
With hoary down and ancient dust o'erspread,
Proclaims that since the vine first brought thee forth
Old age has added to thy worth.

Whether the sprightly juice thou dost contain,
Thy votarys will to wit and love,
Or senseless noise and lewdness move,
Or sleep, the cure of these and every other pain.

Since to some day propitious and great,
Justly at first thou wast design'd by fate:
This day, the happiest of thy many years,
With thee I will forget my cares:
To my Corvinus' health thou shalt go round,
(Since thou art ripen'd for to-day,
And longer age would bring decay,)
Till every anxious thought in the rich stream be drown'd.

To thee my friend his roughness shall submit,
And Socrates himself awhile forget:
Thus when old Cato would sometimes unbend
The rugged stiffness of his mind,
Stern and severe, the Stoic quaff'd his bowl,
His frozen virtue felt the charm,
And soon grew pleased, and soon grew warm,
And bless'd the sprightly power that cheer'd his gloomy
soul.

With kind constraint ill-nature dost thou bend,
And mould the snarling cynic to a friend.

The sage reserved, and famed for gravity,
Finds all he knows summ'd up in thee,
And by thy power unlock'd, grows easy, gay, and free.
The swain, who did some credulous nymph persuade

To grant him all, inspired by thee,
Devotes her to his vanity,
And to his fellow fops toasts the abandon'd maid.

The wretch, who, press'd beneath a load of cares,
And labouring with continual woes, despairs,
If thy kind warmth does his chill'd sense invade,
From earth he rears his drooping head :
Revived by thee, he ceases now to mourn ;
His flying cares give way to haste,
And to the god resigns his breast,
Where hopes of better days and better things return.

The laboring hind, who with hard toil and pains,
Amidst his wants, a wretched life maintains ;
If thy rich juice his homely supper crown,
Hot with thy fires, and bolder grown,
Of kings, and of their arbitrary power,

And how by impious arms they reign,
Fiercely he talks, with rude disdain,
And vows to be a slave, to be a wretch no more.

Fair queen of love ! and thou, great god of wine !
Hear every Grace, and all ye Powers Divine,
All that to mirth and friendship do incline,
Crown this auspicious Cask, and happy night,
With all things that can give delight ;
Be every care and anxious thought away ;
Ye tapers, still be bright and clear,
Rival the moon, and each pale star ;
Your beams shall yield to none but his who brings the
day.

NICHOLAS ROWE.

ODE XXII.

TO DIANA.

Montium custos nemorumque Virgo.

CHASTE goddess of the radiant night,
 Who lov'st the airy mountain's height,
 And guardst the sylvan bower ;
 Who, thrice invoked with pious prayers,
 Reliev'st the teeming matron's cares,
 Sav'd by thy triple power :

Accept this vow ! henceforth the pine
 That shades my humble roof is thine :
 Where, menacing the sight,
 Slain by my hand, a boar shall stain,
 Each year, thy consecrated fane,
 On this returning light.

WILLIAM BOSCAWEN.

ODE XXIII.

TO PHIDYLE.

Cælo supinas si tuleris manus.

IF, rural Phidile, at the moon's arise,
 To Heaven thou lift thy hands in humble wise :
 If thou with sacrifice thy Lars wilt please,
 Or with new fruit or greedie swine appease,
 Thy fertile vineyard shall not suffer blast
 From pest'lent south, nor parching dew be cast
 Upon thy corn, nor shall thy children dear,
 Feel sickly fits in autumn of the year.

It is the long vow'd victime, which is fed
 'Mongst holmes, and okes on snowy Algid's head,
 Or which in fat Albanian pastures grew,
 That shall the priest's sharp axe with blood imbrue.
 To thee, who petty Gods dost magnifie,
 With mirtle branch, and sprig of rosemary,
 It nothing appertains their feasts to keep
 With frequent slaughters of the fattest sheep.
 If thy hand, free from ill, the altar touch,
 Thou shalt th' offended Gods appease as much
 With gift of sparkling salt and pious meal,
 As if thou vows with costly victim's seal.

SIR THOMAS HAWKINS.

ODE XXV.

TO BACCHUS.

Quo me, Bacche, rapis tui.

W HITHER dost thou drag me, son of Semele !
 Me, who am lost in wine ?
 Through what lone groves, through what wild haunts
 of thine,
 Am I, in this strange frenzy, forced to flee ?
 From what deep cavern, (as I meditate
 On peerless Cæsar's fame, and deathless fate,)
 Shall I be heard, when my exulting cries
 Proclaim him, friend of Jove, and star in yon bright
 skies ?
 Something I'll shout—new—strange—as yet unsung
 By any other human tongue !
 Thus, stung by thee, the sleepless Bacchanals ever
 Grow mad, whilst gazing on the Hebrus river,

On snow-white Thrace, and Rhodope, whose crown
Barbarian footsteps trample down :

And oh ! like them it joys my soul

To wander where the rivers roll,

To gaze upon the dark and desert groves.

O thou great Power, whom the Naiad loves,

And Bacchant women worship, (who overthrow

The mighty ash-trees, as they go)

Nothing little, nothing low,

Nothing mortal, will I sing !

'Tis risk, but pleasant risk, O King !

To follow thus, a God who loves to twine

His temples with the green and curling vine.

BARRY CORNWALL.

ODE XXVI.

TO VENUS.

Vixi puellis nuper idoneus.

I LATELY with young virgins did comply,
And was in Cupid's camp renowned high ;
Now my engines (wars at end)

And lute I'll on this wall suspend,

Bord'ring on sea-born Venus's left hand

Here, here let my enlightening tapour stand,

With my leavers and my bow,

That barr'd up doors can open throw.

Thou who dost o'er blest Cyprus Isle preside,

And Memphis where no Thracian snow can bide,

O Queen ! with far-fetched stroke

Once haughty Chloe's ire revoke.

ALEXANDER BROME.

ODE XXVII.

TO GALATEA.

Impios parvæ recinentis omen.

LET ill presages guide the ill,
A screeching owle, or from a hill
A she-wolf mad upon the flocks
Or pregnant fox.

And a snake shaft-like shot athwart
Their horses way to make them start,
Their journey stop. What place is here
For provident fear?

Before the tempest-bidding fowl
Descend into the standing pool,
My prayre shall from the orient steer
The kings-fisher.

Be blest, wherever thou wouldst be,
And Galatea think of me;
No ominous pye thy steps revoakes,
No raven croakes.

Yet pale Orion sad descends:
I know too well what it portends
When black I see the Adriatick,
Or white th' Iäpick.

Let our foes wives, and all they love
The rising kid's blind anger prove,
And the vext ocean when it roares
Lashing the shores.

Europa so, trusting her soft
Side to the 'ticing Bull, skreekt oft,
The rocks and monsters to behold,
Though she was bold.

She that late pickt sweet flowers in medes,
And wove meet garlands for nymph's heads,
In a clear night could nothing spy
But sea and sky.

In populous Crete arriv'd soon after,
O sire (quoth she) left by thy daughter,
And duty in my feeble breast
By love opprest.

Whence, whether rapt ? one death's too small
To expiate a virgin's fall.
Do I (awake) true crimes lament,
Or (innocent)

Doth some false dream put me in pain ?
Was't better through the horrid main
To rove, far off : or with my Father
Fresh flowers to gather ?

Had I that naughty bull now here,
How with my nailes I could him teare,
And break the horns about that pate,
So lov'd of late !

Shameless I left my sire's aboads :
Shameless I pawse on death : ye Gods,
(If any hear) show me the way
Where lions stray,

Ere my fair skin grow tann'd and loose,
And of the tender prey the juice
Run out ; whilst I am plump I would
Be tigers' food.

Die base Europa (whispers me
My sire) behold yon beck'ning tree !
The zone from thy chaste waste unknit
To thy neck fit.

Or if sharpe rocks delight for speed,
This hanging cliff will do the deed :
Unless (being come of royal kin)
Th'adst rather spin,

And be a barb'rous mistress' thrall,
Her husband's trull. Venus heard all
And Cupid falsely laughing now
With unbent bow :

At length she said, this rage forbear ;
That naughty bull thou shalt have here :
Prepare thyself 'gainst he returns
To break his horns.

Jove is thy bull. These fountains dry ;
Learn to use greatness moderately.
Thy thirds o' th' world shall called be
Europe from thee.

SIR R. FANSHAWE.

ODE XXVIII.

TO LYDE.

Festo quid potius die.

WHAT doe we else on Neptune's feast ?
Be therefore (Lyde) ready prest
To broach Cæcubian wines, enclos'd ;
And let strong wisdom be oppos'd.
Thou seest 'tis mid time of the day,
And yet, as if swift time did stay,

A butt, thou spar'st, was cellar stall'd,
 When Bibulus was consul call'd.
 With mutuell songs, we'll Neptune please,
 And the greene-hayr'd Nereides.
 On crooked lyre, sing thou with art,
 Latona, and swift Cynthia's dart :
 Whilst our last straine, her praise unfolds,
 Who Cnidos, and bright Cyclads holds :
 And Paphos with payr'd swans doth view ;
 Yet (Night!) we'll pay thee verses due.
 SIR THOMAS HAWKINS.

ODE XXIX.

TO MÆCENAS.

Tyrrhena regum progenies, tibi.

MÆCENAS,—sprung from Tuscan kings,—for thee,
 Milde wine in vessels never toucht, I keepe :
 Here roses, and sweete odours be,
 Whose dew thy haire shall steepe ;
 O stay not, let moyst Tibur be disdain'd,
 And Æsulæ's declining fields, and hills
 Where once Telegonus remain'd,
 Whose hand his father kills ;
 Forsake that height where lothsome plenty cloyes,
 And towres, which to the lofty clouds aspire ;
 The smoke of Rome, her wealth and noyse
 Thou wilt not here admire.
 In pleasing change the rich man takes delight,
 And frugal meales in homely seates allowes,
 Where hangings want, and purple bright
 He cleares his carefull browes.

Now Cepheus plainly shewes his hidden fire,
The Dog-star now his furious heate displayes,
The Lion spreads his raging ire,
The sun brings parching dayes.

The Shepherd now his sickly flock restores,
With shades, and rivers, and the thickets finds
Of rough Silvanus : silent shores
Are free from playing winds.

To keepe the State in order is the care,
Sollicitous for Rome, thou fear'st the warres,
Which barb'rous Eastern troops prepare,
And Tanais us'd to jarres.

The wise Creator from our knowledge hides
The end of future times in darksome night ;
False thoughts of mortals he derides,
When them vaine toyes affright.

With mindfull temper present houres compose,
The rest are like a river, which with ease,
Sometimes within his channell flowes,
Into Etrurian seas.

Oft stones, trees, flocks and houses it devoures,
With echoes from the hills, and neighb'ring woods,
When some fierce deluge, rais'd by showres,
Turnes quiet brookes to floods.

He, master of himselfe, in mirth may live,
Who saith, I rest well pleas'd with former dayes ;
Let God from heaven to-morrow give
Blacke clouds, or sunny rayes.

No force can make that voide, which once is past,
Those things are never alter'd or undone.
Which from the instant rolling fast,
With flying moments run.

Proud Fortune joyfull sad affaires to finde,
 Insulting in her sport, delights to change
 Uncertaine honours; quickly kinde
 And straight againe as strange.

I prayse her stay, but if she stirre her wings,
 Her gifts I leave, and to myself retire,
 Wrapt in my vertue: honest things
 In want no dowre require.

When Lybian stormes, the mast in pieces shake,
 I never God with pray'rs and vowes implore,
 Lest precious waves addition make
 To greedy Neptune's store.

Then I contented, with a little bote,
 Am through Ægean waves, by winds convay'd,
 Where Pollux makes me safely flote,
 And Castor's friendly aide.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT.¹

THE SAME (*paraphrased*).²

DESCENDED of an ancient line,
 That long the Tuscan sceptre sway'd,
 Make haste to meet the generous wine,
 Whose piercing is for thee delay'd:
 The rosy wreath is made;
 And artful hands prepare
 The fragrant Syrian oil, that shall perfume thy hair.
 When the wine sparkles from afar,
 And the well-natur'd friend cries, come away!
 Make haste, and leave thy business, and thy care,
 No mortal interest can be worth thy stay.

¹ Brother to Francis Beaumont, the dramatist.

² Inscribed to the Right Honorable Lawrence, Earl of Rochester.

Leave for awhile, thy costly country seat!
And to be great indeed, forget
The nauseous pleasures of the great.

Make haste and come!
Come and forsake thy cloying store!
Thy turret that surveys from high,
The smoke, and wealth, and noise of Rome,
And all the busy pageantry,
That wise men scorn, and fools adore.
Come give thy soul a loose, and taste the pleasures of
the poor!

Sometimes 'tis grateful for the rich to try
A short vicissitude, and fit of poverty:
A savoury dish, a homely treat
Where all is plain, where all is neat,
Without the stately spacious room,
The Persian carpet, or the Tyrian loom,
Clear up the cloudy foreheads of the great.
The sun is in the Lion mounted high,
The Syrian star barks from afar,
And, with his sultry breath, infects the sky;
The ground below is parch'd, the heavens above us fry;
The shepherd drives his fainting flock
Beneath the covert of a rock,
And seeks refreshing rivulets nigh:
The sylvans to their shades retire,
Those very shades and streams, new shades and streams
require,
And want a cooling breeze of wind to fan the raging fire.
Thou, what befits the new Lord Mayor,
And what the City factions dare,
And what the Gallic arms will do,
And what the quiver-bearing foe,
Art anxiously inquisitive to know:

But God has wisely hid, from human sight,
The dark decrees of future fate,
And sown their seeds in depths of night.
He laughs at all the giddy turns of State,
Where mortals search too soon, and fear too late.

Enjoy the present smiling hour,
And put it out of Fortune's power ;
The tide of business, like the running stream,
Is sometimes high and sometimes low,
A quiet ebb, or a tempestuous flow,
And always in extreme.

Now with a noiseless gentle course,
It keeps within the middle bed ;
Anon it lifts aloft its head,
And bears down all before it, with impetuous force :
And trunks of trees come rolling down,
Sheep and their folds together drown ;
Both house and homestead into seas are borne,
And rocks are from their old foundations torn,
And woods, made thin with winds, their scatter'd
honours mourn.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He, who can call to-day his own :
He who, secure within, can say
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day !
Be fair or foul, or rain or shine,
The joys I have possess'd, in spite of fate, are mine.
Not Heaven itself, upon the past has power,
And what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

Fortune that, with malicious joy,
Does man, her slave, oppress,
Proud of her office to destroy,
Is seldom pleased to bless ;

Still various, and inconstant still,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
And makes a lottery of life.

I can enjoy her while she is kind ;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes her wings, and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away :

The little or the much she gave is quietly resign'd,
Content with poverty my soul I arm,
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

What is't to me,
Who never sail in her unfaithful sea,
If storms arise, and clouds grow black ;
If the mast split, and threaten wreck ?
Then let the greedy merchant fear
For his ill-gotten gain,
And pray to gods, that will not hear,
While the debating winds and billows bear
His wealth unto the main.

For me, secure from Fortune's blows,
Secure of what I cannot lose,
In my small pinnace, I can sail,
Contemning all the blustering roar ;
And, running with a merry gale,
With friendly stars my safety seek,
Within some little winding creek,
And see the storm ashore.

DRYDEN.

ODE XXX.

TO MELPOMENE.

Æægi monumentum ære perennius.

A WORK outlasting brass, and higher
Than regal pyramid's proud spire,
I have absolv'd. Which storming windes,
The sea that turrets undermines;
Tract of innumerable daies,
Nor the rout of time can raze.
Totally I shall not die,
And much of me the grave shall fie.
Posterity my name shall boast,
When Rome herself in Rome is lost.
Where like a king loud Aufid reigns
Where Daunus (poor in stream) complains
To neighbouring clowns: I shall be said
The man, that from an humble head
T'a torrent swoln did first inspire
A Roman soul in Grecian lyre.
I labour with deserved praise:
Crown, crown me (willing Muse!) with baies.
SIR R. FANSHAWE.

BOOK IV.

ODE I.

TO VENUS.

Intermissa, Venus, diu.

VENUS, again thou mov'st a war,
Long intermitted, pray thee, pray thee spare !
I am not such, as in the reign
Of the good Cynara I was : refrain
Sour mother of sweet loves ! forbear
To bend a man, now at his fiftieth year
Too stubborn for commands so slack :
Go where youth's soft entreaties call thee back !
More timely, hie thee to the house,
With thy bright swans, of Paulus Maximus :
There jest and feast, make him thine host,
If a fit liver thou dost seek to toast !
For he's both noble, lovely, young,
And for the troubled client, files his tongue :
Child of a hundred arts, and far
Will he display the ensigns of thy war.
And when he, smiling, finds his grace
With thee 'bove all his rival's gifts, take place,
He'll thee a marble statue make,
Beneath a sweet-wood roof, near Alba lake.
There shall thy dainty nostril take
In many a gum, and for thy soft ear's sake,
Shall verse be set to harp and lute,
And Phrygian hautboy, not without the flute.

There twice a day, in sacred lays,
 The youths and tender maids shall sing thy praise :
 And, in the Salian manner, meet
 Thrice 'bout thy altar, with their ivory feet.
 Me now, nor wench, nor wanton boy,
 Delights, nor credulous hope of mutual joy :
 Nor care I now healths to propound,
 Or with fresh flowers to girt my temples round.
 But why, oh why, my Ligurine,
 Flow my thin tears down these pale cheeks of mine ?
 Or why my well-graced words among,
 With an uncomely silence, fails my tongue ?
 Hard-hearted, I dream every night,
 I hold thee fast ! but fled hence, with the light,
 Whether in Mars his field thou be,
 Or Tiber's winding streams, I follow thee.

BEN JONSON.

ODE II.

TO IULUS ANTONIUS (*paraphrase*).

Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari.

PINDAR is imitable by none ;
 The phoenix Pindar is a vast species alone,
 Who're but Dædalus with waxen wings could fly
 And neither sink too low, nor soar too high ?
 What could he who follow'd claim,
 But of vain boldness the unhappy fame,
 And by his fall a sea to name ?
 Pindar's unnavigable song
 Like a swol'n flood from some steep mountain pours
 along.
 The ocean meets with such a voice,
 From his enlarged mouth, as drowns the ocean's noise.

So Pindar does new words and figures roul
Down his impetuous dithyrambique tide,
Which in no channel deigns t' abide,
Which neither banks nor dikes controul.
Whether th' immortal Gods he sings,
In a no less immortal strain,
Or the great acts of God-descended kings,
Who in his numbers still survive and reign,
Each rich embroidered line,
Which their triumphant brows around,
By his sacred hand is bound,
Does all their starry diadems outshine.

Whether at Pisa's race he please
To carve in polisht verse the conquerors images,
Whether the swift, the skilful, or the strong,
Be crowned in his nimble, artful, vigorous song :
Whether some brave young man's untimely fate,
In words worth dying for, he celebrate,
Such mournful and such pleasing words,
As joy to his mother's and his mistress' grief affords :
He bids him live and grow in fame,
Among the stars he sticks his name.
The grave can but the dross of him devour,
So small is death's, so great the poet's power.

Lo, how th' obsequious wind, and swelling ayr
The Theban swan does upwards bear
Into the walks of clouds, where he does play,
And with extended wings opens his liquid way,
Whilst, alas, my timorous Muse
Unambitious tracks pursues ;
Does with weak unballast wings,
About the mossy brooks and springs ;
About the trees new blossom'd heads ;
About the gardens painted beds,

HE on whose birth the lyric Queen
 Of numbers smil'd, shall never grace
 The Isthmian gauntlet, or be seen
 First in the fam'd Olympic race.
 He shall not, after toils of war,
 And humbling haughty monarchs' pride,
 With laurell'd brows, conspicuous far,
 To Jove's Tarpeian Temple ride.
 But him, the streams that warbling flow,
 Rich Tibur's fertile meads along,
 And shady groves, his haunts, shall know
 The master of th' Æolian song.
 The sons of Rome, majestic Rome!
 Have plac'd me in the poets' choir,
 And envy now, or dead or dumb,
 Forbears to blame what they admire.
 Goddess of the sweet-sounding lute!
 Which thy harmonious touch obeys;
 Who can'st the finny race, though mute,
 To cygnets' dying accents raise;

Thy gift it is, that all, with ease,
 Me, prince of Roman lyrics, own;
 That while I live, my numbers please,
 If pleasing be thy gift alone.

BISHOP ATTERBURY.¹

ODE IV.

THE PRAISES OF DRUSUS.

Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem.

AS the wing'd minister of thund'ring Jove,
 To whom he gave his dreadful bolts to bear,
 Faithful assistant of his master's love,
 King of the wand'ring nations of the air,
 When balmy breezes fann'd the vernal sky,
 On doubtful pinions, left his parent nest,
 In slight essays his growing force to try,
 While inborn courage fired his generous breast;
 Then, darting with impetuous fury down,
 The flocks he slaughter'd, an unpractised foe;
 Now his ripe valour, to perfection grown,
 The scaly snake and crested dragon know;
 Or as a lion's youthful progeny,
 Wean'd from his savage dam, and milky food,
 The gazing kid beholds with fearful eye,
 Doom'd first to stain his tender fangs in blood:
 Such Drusus, young in arms, his foes beheld,
 The Alpine Rhæti, long unmatch'd in fight:
 So were their hearts, with abject terror quell'd,
 So sunk their haughty spirit at the sight.

¹ See note to Ode ix., Book iii.

Tamed by a boy, the fierce barbarians find
How guardian prudence guides the youthful flame;
And how great Cæsar's fond paternal mind
Each generous Nero forms to early fame:

A valiant son springs from a valiant sire:
Their race, by mettle, sprightly coursers prove;
Nor can the warlike eagle's active fire
Degenerate, to form the timorous dove.

But education can the genius raise,
And wise instructions native virtue aid;
Nobility, without them, is disgrace,
And honour is, by vice, to shame betray'd.

Let red Metaurus, stain'd with Punic blood,
Let mighty Asdrubal, subdued, confess
How much of empire, and of fame is owed
By thee, O Rome, to the Neronian race.

Of this be witness that auspicious day,
Which after a long, black, tempestuous night,
First smiled on Latium, with a milder ray,
And cheer'd our drooping hearts with dawning light.

Since the dire African, with wasteful ire,
Rode o'er the ravaged towns of Italy;
As through the pine trees flies the raging fire,
Or Eurys o'er the vex'd Sicilian sea.

From this bright era, from this prosperous field,
The Roman glory dates her rising power;
From hence 'twas given, her conquering sword to wield,
Raise her fallen gods, and ruin'd shrines restore.

Thus Hannibal at length despairing spoke:
"Like stags, to ravenous wolves an easy prey,
Our feeble arms a valiant foe provoke,
Whom to elude and 'scape were victory:

A dauntless nation, that from Trojan fires,
Hostile, Ausonia! to thy destined shore,
Her gods, her infant sons, and aged sires,
Through angry seas, and adverse tempests, bore :

As on high Algidus the sturdy oak,
Whose spreading boughs the axe's sharpness feel,
Improves by loss, and, thriving with the stroke,
Draws health and vigour from the wounding steel.

Not Hydra, sprouting from her mangled head,
So tired the baffled force of Hercules;
Nor Thebes, nor Colchis, such a monster bred,
Pregnant of ills and famed for prodigies.

Plunge her in ocean, like the morning sun,
Brighter she rises from the depths below :
To earth, with unavailing ruin, thrown,
Recruits her strength, and foils the wond'ring foe.

No more of victory the joyful fame
Shall from my camp to haughty Carthage fly;
Lost, lost, are all the glories of her name !
With Asdrubal her hopes and fortune die !”

What shall the Claudian valour not perform
Which power divine guards with propitious care ;
Which wisdom steers, through all the dangerous storm,
Through all the rocks, and shoals of doubtful war.

LORD LYTTLETON.¹

¹ George, Lord Lyttleton, 1709-1773.

ODE VI.

TO APOLLO.

Dive, quem proles Niobeæ magnæ.

O THOU, who Niobe's proud tongue
Didst visit on her vaunted young ;
Whose vengeance lustful Tityus struck,
And him that Ilium all but took—
Achilles, sea born Thetis' son—
Second in fight to thee alone :
Though, lord of the tremendous spear,
He shook the Dardan towers with fear ;
Like pine by biting axe cut down,
Or cypress by fierce blasts o'erthrown,
Low in Troy's dust (vast fall !) his head
Beneath thy conquering arm was laid.
He would not, caged in Pallas' horse,
Base counterfeit, with midnight force
Have burst on unsuspecting Troy,
And Priam's halls of fatal joy :
But gaunt and grim in open day
Seized, crush'd, alas ! his tender prey,
And doom'd in Grecian flames to die
The embryo buds of infancy ;
Had not dread Jove, o'ercome by thee
And Venus, issued his decree
That happier, by Æneas plann'd,
Elsewhere another Troy should stand.
Thou who did teach Thalia's lyre,
Bright God, its strains of living fire,
Who lavest in Xanthus' stream thy hair,
O make the Daunian muse thy care !

The glow, the art, the name of bard
 On me Apollo has conferr'd.
 Ye high-born virgins, fair and young,
 Ye boys of noblest lineage sprung
 (Object of Dian's fond delight,
 Whose bow arrests the lynx's flight,
 Careful the Lesbian measure keep,
 As o'er the chords my fingers sweep :
 And solemn sing Latona's son
 Night's torch ; who gives the plenteous year,
 And wheels the months in prone career.
 Married thou'lt say : " That pious sound,"
 When time has rolled the century round,
 " I chaunted on high festal day,
 And Horace taught the tuneful lay."

WRANGHAM.

ODE VII.

TO TORQUATUS.

Diffugere nives : redeunt jam gramina campis.

All worldly pleasures fade.

THE winter with his griesly stormes ne lenger dare
 abyde,
 The plesante grasse, with lusty greene, the earth hath
 newly dide,
 The trees have leaves, ye bowes don spred, new changed
 is ye yere,
 The water brokes are cleane sonke down, the pleasant
 bankes appere,
 The spring is come, the goodly nimphes now daunce in
 every place,
 Thus hath the yere most pleasantly of late ychange
 his face.

Hope for no immortalitie, for welth will weare away,
As we may learne by every yere, yea houres of every
day.
For Zepharus doth mollifye the colde and blustering
windes :
The Somer's drought doth take away ye Spryng out of
our minds,
And yet the Somer cannot last, but once must step
asyde,
Then Autumn thinkes to kepe hys place, but Autumn
cannot bide.
For when he hath brought forth his fruits and stuff
ye barns with corn,
The Winter eates and empties all, and thus is Autumn
worne :
Then hory frostes possesse the place, then tempestes
work much harm,
Then rage of stormes done make al colde which Somer
made so warm.
Wherefore let no man put his trust in that, that will
decay,
For slipper welth will not continue, plesure will weare
away.
For when that we have lost our lyfe, and lye under a
stone,
What are we then, we are but earth, then is our pleasure
gone.
No man can tell what God Almighty of every wight
doth cast,
No man can say to-day I live, till morne my lyfe shall
last.
For when thou shalt before the judge stand to receive
thy dome,
What sentence Minos doth pronounce, that must of thee
become.

Then shall not noble stock and blud redeme thee from
his handes,
Nor surged talke with eloquence shall loose thee from
his bandes.

Nor yet thy life uprightly led, can help thee out of hell,
For who descendeth downe so depe, must there abyde
and dwell.

Diana could not thence deliver chaste Hypolitus,
Nor Theseus could not call to life his frende Perithous.

From Tottel's Miscellany, "Uncertain Authors."

THE SAME.

THE snow, dissolved, no more is seen,
The fields and woods, behold, are green ;
The changing year renews the plain ;
The rivers know their banks again ;
The sprightly nymph and naked grace
The mazy dance together trace ;
The changing year's successive plan
Proclaims mortality to man ;
Rough Winter's blasts to Spring give way :
Spring yields to Summer's sovereign ray ;
Then Summer sinks in Autumn's reign ;
And Winter chills the world again.
Her losses soon the Moon supplies ;
But wretched man when once he lies
Where Priam and his sons are laid,
Is nought but ashes and a shade.
Who knows if Jove who counts our score
Will rouse us in a morning more ?
What with your friend you nobly share
At least you rescue from your heir.

Not you, Torquatus, boast of Rome,
 When Minos once has fixed your doom,
 Or eloquence, or splendid birth,
 Or virtue, shall replace on earth.
 Hippolytus, unjustly slain,
 Diana calls to life in vain ;
 Nor can the might of Theseus rend
 The chains of hell that hold his friend.

DR. JOHNSON.

ODE VIII.¹

TO MARTIUS CENSORINUS.

Donarem pateras grataque commodus.

MY friends I would accommodate
 With goblets, Grecian tripods, plate
 Of Corinth brass ; and Censorine,
 The worst of these should not be thine :
 That is to say, if I were rich
 In those same antique pieces which
 Parrhasius and Scopas fame ;
 He skill'd to paint, in stone to frame
 This, now a God, a mortal now.
 But I have not the means ; nor thou
 A mind, or purse, that wants such knacks.
 Verse thou dost love. Thou shalt not lack
 For verse. And hear me what 'tis worth.
 Not in 'scrib'd marbles planted forth
 To publick view, which give new breath
 To great and good men after death :

¹ Akenside pursues the argument of this ode in his "Ode on the Use of Poetry."

Not the swift flight of Hannibal,
 And his threats turn'd to his own wall;
 Not perjur'd Carthage wrapt in flame,
 By which young Scipio brought a name
 From conquer'd Affrick; speak his praise
 So loud, as the Pierian layes.
 Nor, were books silenc't couldst thou gain
 The guerdon of thy vertuous pain.
 What had become of Ilia's child
 She bare to Mars, had darkness veil'd
 The merits of our Romulus?
 From Stygian waters Æacus,
 Vertue and fav'ring verse assoiles,
 And consecrates to the blest isles.
 A man that hath deserv'd t' have praise,
 The Muse embalms. She keeps Heav'ns keys.
 Thus Hercules (his labours past)
 With Jupiter takes wisht repast:
 The sons of Leda stars are made,
 And give the sinking sea-man aid;
 Good Bacchus, crownèd with vine leaves,
 His drooping votaries relieves.

SIR R. FANSHAWE.

ODE IX.

TO LOLLIUS (*paraphrased*).

Ne forte credas interitura, quæ.

V ERSES immortal (as my bays) I sing,
 When suited to my trembling string:
 When by strange art both voice and lyre agree
 To make one pleasant harmony.

All poets are by their blind captain led,
(For none e'er had the sacrilegious pride
To tear the well-placed laurel from his aged head.)

Yet Pindar's rolling dithyrambic tide
Hath still this praise, that none presume to fly
Like him, but flag too low, or soar too high.

Still does Stesichorus his tongue
Sing sweeter than the bird which on it hung.

Anacreon ne'er too old can grow,
Love from every verse does flow :
Still Sappho's strings do seem to move,
Instructing all her sex to love.

Golden rings of flowing hair
More than Helen did ensnare ;
Others a prince's grandeur did admire,
And wond'ring melted to desire.
Not only skilful Teucer knew
To direct arrows from the bending yew.

Troy more than once did fall,
Though hireling Gods rebuilt its nodding wall.
Was Sthenelus the only valiant he,
A subject fit for lasting poetry ?
Was Hector that prodigious man alone,
Who, to save others lives, expos'd his own ?
Was only he so brave to dare his fate,
And be the pillar of a tott'ring state ?

No, others buried in oblivion lie,
As silent as their grave,
Because no charitable poet gave
The well-deserved immortality.

Virtue with sloth, and cowards with the brave,
Are levell'd in the impartial grave,

If they no poet have.
But I will lay my music by
And bid the mournful strings in silence lie :

Unless my songs begin and end with you,
 To whom my strings, to whom my songs are due.
 No pride does with your rising honours grow,
 You meekly look on suppliant crowds below.
 Should Fortune change your happy state,
 You could admire, yet envy not, the great.
 Your equal hand holds an unbiass'd scale,
 Where no rich vices, gilded baits, prevail.
 You with a generous honesty despise
 What all the meaner world so dearly prize,
 Nor does your virtue disappear
 With the small circle of one short-lived year.
 Others, like comets, visit and away;
 Your lustre, great as theirs, finds no decay,
 But with the constant sun makes an eternal day.

We barbarously call those bless'd
 Who are of largest tenements possess'd,
 Whilst swelling coffers break their owners rest.
 More truly happy those, who can
 Govern the little empire, man :
 Bridle their passions and direct their will
 Through all the glitt'ring paths of charming ill ;
 Who spend their treasure freely, as 'twas given
 By the large bounty of indulgent Heaven ;
 Who in a fix'd unalterable state,
 Smile at the doubtful tide of Fate,
 And scorn alike her friendship and her hate,
 Who poison less than falsehood fear,
 Loth to purchase life so dear ;
 But kindly for their friend embrace cold death,
 And seal their country's love with their departing breath.

GEORGE STEPNEY.¹

¹ "In his original poems now and then a happy line may perhaps be found, and now and then a short composition may give pleasure."
 —Dr. JOHNSON.

THE SAME.

WHILE with the Grecian bard I vie,
And raptured tune the social string,
Think not the song shall ever die,
Which, with no vulgar art, I sing.
Though born where Aufid rolls his sounding stream
In lands far distant from poetic fame.

What though the Muse her Homer thrones
High above all th' immortal choir,
Nor Pindar's rapture she disowns,
Nor hides the plaintive Cæan lyre?
Alcæus strikes the tyrant's soul with dread,
Nor yet is grave Stesichorus unread.

Whatever old Anacreon sung,
(However tender was his lay)
In spite of time is ever young,
Nor Sappho's amorous flames decay;
Her living songs preserve their charming art,
Her love still breathes the passions of her heart.

Helen was not the only fair
By an unhappy passion fired,
Who, the lewd ringlets of the hair
Of an adulterous beau admired;
Court arts, gold lace, and equipage have charms
To tempt weak woman to a stranger's arms.

Nor, first, from Teucer's vengeful bow
The feather'd death unerring flew,
Nor was the Greek the single foe
Whose rage ill-fated Ilion knew:
Greece had with heroes fill'd th' embattled plain
Worthy the Muse in her sublimest strain.

Nor Hector first transported heard,
 With fierce delight, the war's alarms,
 Nor brave Deiphobus appeared
 Amid the tented field in arms,
 With glorious ardour prodigal of life,
 To guard a darling son, and faithful wife.

Before great Agamemnon reign'd,
 Reign'd kings as great as he, and brave,
 Whose huge ambition's now contain'd
 In the small compass of a grave;
 In endless night they sleep, unwept, unknown,
 No bard had they to make all time their own.¹

In earth, if it forgotten lies,
 What is the valour of the brave?
 What difference, when the coward dies,
 And sinks in silence to his grave?
 Nor, Lollius, will I not thy praise proclaim,
 But from oblivion vindicate thy fame.

Nor shall its livid power conceal
 Thy toils—how glorious to the state!
 How constant to the public weal
 Through all the doubtful turns of fate!
 Thy steady soul, by long experience found
 Erect, alike when fortune smiled, or frown'd.

Villains, in public rapine bold,
 Lollius, the just avenger, dread,
 Who never by the charms of gold,
 Shining seducer! was misled;

¹ "Many by valour have deserved renown
 Ere Agamemnon, yet lie all oppressed
 Under long night, unwept for and unknown:
 For with no sacred poet were they blest."

Beyond thy year such virtue shall extend,
And death alone thy consulate shall end.

Perpetual magistrate is he
Who keeps strict justice full in sight :
With scorn rejects th' offender's fee,
Nor weighs convenience against right ;
Who bids the crowd at awful distance gaze,
And virtue's arms victoriously displays.

Not he, of wealth immense possess'd,
Tasteless, who piles his massy gold,
Among the number of the bless'd
Should have his glorious name enroll'd :
He better claims the glorious name who knows,
With wisdom, to enjoy what Heaven bestows :

Who knows the wrongs of want to bear,
Even in its lowest, last extreme :
Yet can with conscious virtue fear
Far worse than death, a deed of shame :
Undaunted, for his country or his friend
To sacrifice his life—Oh glorious end !

DR. FRANCIS.

ODE X.

TO LIGURINE.

O crudelis adhuc, et Veneris muneribus potens.

C RUEL and fair ! when this soft down
(Thy youth's bloom) shall to bristles grow ;
And these fair curls thy shoulders crown,
Shall shed or cover'd be with snow ;

When those bright roses that adorn
 Thy cheeks shall wither quite away,
 And in the glass (now made time's scorn)
 Thou shalt thy changed face survey :

Then, ah, then ! (sighing) thou'lt deplore
 Thy ill-spent youth ; and wish, in vain,
 Why had I not those thoughts before ?
 Or come not my first looks again.

SIR E. SHERBURNE.¹

THE SAME.

'TIS true (proud boy !) thy beauty may presume,
 Thank Venus for 't, but when thy cheekes shall
 plume,

When manly downe shall shade thy childish pride,
 And when thy locks (which dangle on each side
 Of thy white shoulders) shall no more remain ;
 When thy vermilion cheeks (which do disdain
 The glorious colour of the purple rose)
 Begin to fade, and Ligurinus lose
 His lovely face, being rudely stuck with haire,
 (Hard-hearted boy !) then wilt thou say with teares,
 (When, looking for thy fair self in a glass,
 Thou find'st another there) Ah me ! alas !
 What do I now perceive ? Why had not I
 These thoughts when I was lovely smooth ? or why
 To these my thoughts which I now entertaine
 Doe not my cheeks grow slik and young again ?

SIR JOHN MENNIS.

From "*Musarum Deliciæ: Wit restored*," 1658.

¹ Translator of the "*Medea* (1648) and *Troades* (1679) of Seneca," and author of many other original poems and translations.

ODE XI.

TO PHILLIS.

Est mihi nonum superantis annum.

SWEET Phillis, leave thy quiet home,
For lo! the ides of April come!

Then hasten to my bower;
A cask of rich Albanian wine,
In nine years' mellowness is mine,
To glad the festal hour.

My garden herbs, in fragrance warm,
Our various chaplets wait to form;

My tender ivies grow,
That, twining in thy amber hair,
Add jocund spirit to thine air,
And whiteness to thy brow.

My walls with silver vessels shine;
Chaste vervain decks the modest shrine,

That longs with crimson stains
To see its foliage sprinkled o'er,
When the devoted lamb shall pour
The treasure of his veins.

The household girls, and menial boy,
From room to room assiduous fly,

And busy hands extend;
Our numerous fires are quivering bright
And, rolling from their pointed height,
The dusky wreaths ascend.

Convivial rites, in mystic state,
Thou, lovely nymph, shall celebrate,
And give the day to mirth

That this love-chosen month divides ;
Since honor'd rose its blooming ides
By dear Mæcenus' birth.

Oh ! not to me, my natal star
So sacred seems ;—the Nymph prepare,
To grace its smiling dawn !
A wealthier maid, in pleasing chains
Illustrious Telephus detains,
From humble thee withdrawn.

When pride would daring hopes create,
Of Phaeton recall the fate,
Consum'd in his career !
Let rash Bellerophon, who tried
The fiery Pegasus to guide,
Awake thy prudent fear !

Thus warn'd, the better interest know,
And cease those charming eyes to throw
On youths of high degree !
Come then, of all my loves the last,
For, every other passion past,
I only burn for thee !

Come, and with tuneful voice rehearse
The measures of thy poet's verse
And charm the list'ning throng !
Believe me, fairest, all our cares
Will soften at the melting airs
That deck the lyric song.

ANNA SEWARD.¹

¹ Poetess, died 1809. Her works were published with a biographical sketch by Sir Walter Scott in 1810.

ODE XII

TO VIRGIL.

Jam teris comites, quæ mare temperant.

COMPANIONS of the Spring, that lull the sea,
Now the soft airs of Thrace the sails impel :
Now nor meads are frozen, nor rivers swell,
Loud with the snows of winter, down the lea.

Her nest she puts, that Itys weeping cries,
The hapless bird, of the Cecropian name
The sad reproach for ever, that ill she came
T' avenge barbarian king's impieties.

Laid on the tender grass, at listless ease,
The shepherds of fat flocks their music rear,
And charm the God to whom the herd is dear,
Whom the dark hills of his Arcadia please.

The season hath brought thirst : but if you think
To quaff the generous wine at Cales press'd,
O Virgil, by the noble youth caress'd,
Then purchase with sweet nard the pleasing drink.

Of nard a little onyx shall prepare,
A cask, which in Sulpician barns is laid,
Rich to produce new hope, and full of aid
To wash away the bitterness of care.

These joys if you delight in, quickly come
With merchandize of price : I have no thought
To steep you in my laughing cups for nought,
As the rich man in his abundant home.

But loving dreams of wealth, that poor deceit ;
Mindful of the dark fires, whilst yet you may,
Mix a short folly with your studious day :
To trifle as the fool in place is sweet.

LORD THURLOW.¹

ODE XIII.

TO LYCE.

Audivere, Lyce, Di mea vota, Di.

MY prayers are heard, O Lyce, now
They're heard ; years write thee aged, yet thou,
Youthful and green in will,
Putt'st in for handsome still,
And shameless dost intrude among
The sports and feastings of the young.

There, thaw'd with wine, thy ragged throat
To Cupid shakes some feeble note,
To move unwilling fires,
And rouse our lodged desires,
When he still wakes in Chia's face,
Chia, that's fresh, and sings with grace.

For he, (choice god) doth in his flight
Skip sapless oaks, and will not light
Upon thy cheek or brow,
Because deep wrinkles now,
Gray hairs, and teeth decay'd and worn,
Present thee foul, and fit for scorn.

¹ The Lord Chancellor was author of numerous poems, see article by Thomas Moore in vol. xxxi. of the "Edinburgh Review."

Neither thy Coan purple's lay,
Nor that thy jewel's native day
 Can make thee backwards live,
 And those lost years retrieve,
Which winged time unto our known
And public annals once hath thrown.

Whither is now that softness flown ?
Whither that blush, that motion gone ?
 Alas, what now in thee
 Is left of that she—
That she that loves did breathe and deal ?
That Horace from himself did steal ?

Thou wert awhile the cried-up face
Of taking arts, and catching grace,
 My Cynara being dead ;
 But my fair Cynara's thread
Fates broke, intending thine to draw
Till thou contest with the aged daw ;

That those young lovers once thy prey,
Thy zealous eager servants, may
 Make thee their common sport,
 And to thy house resort
To see a torch that proudly burn'd
Now unto colder ashes turn'd.

W. CARTWRIGHT.¹

¹ Poet and dramatist, died 1643. "My son Cartwright," said Ben Jonson, "writes like a man."

ODE XV.

THE PRAISES OF AUGUSTUS.

Phœbus volentem prœlia me loqui.

MY Muse by Phebus was rebuk'd of late,
For singing warres, and vanquish'd cities' fate :
Like those, who in the Tyrrhen ocean's rage,
Doe little sayles advance. (Cæsar !) thy age
Affoordeth plenteous fruits unto the fields,
And to Jove's Capitoll our ensignes yeelds,
From Parthian pillars snatch'd, and after jarres,
Hath closed Janus' temple free from warres ;
Confusion hath with order rectified,
And wand'ring libertie in fetters ty'd ;
Hath antique arts recall'd : by which 'tis knowne
Hesperia's strength and Latine name hath growne.
Imperiall pomp hath spread, and glory wonne,
Stretcht from the rising to the setting sunne.
While Cæsar is our guardian, civil warre,
Nor violence our peacefull rest shall marre.
Not anger, which swords sharpeneth, and confounds
Cities, unhappy made with mutuall wounds.
Not they for thirst, that drinke in Ister deepe,
Shall once refuse the Julian lawes to keepe.
Not Seres, faithlesse Persians, nor the Getes,
Nor those which near to Tanais have their seats.
And we on holy eves and holy dayes,
Amongst free cups to merry Bacchus prayse :
With wife and children, standing in our sight,
(First Gods invoking with religious rite)

Will gladly (as our grandsires did) rehearse,
(And tuning Lydian pipe to various verse,)
Heroique captaines, Troy, Anchises gone,
And brave Æneas, Cytherea's son.

SIR THOMAS HAWKINS.

THE EPODES.

EPODE II.

Beatus ille qui procul negotiis.

HOW happy in his low degree,
How rich, in humble poverty, is he,
Who leads a quiet country life;
Discharg'd of business, void of strife,
And from the griping scrivener free!
Thus, ere the seeds of vice were sown,
Liv'd men in better ages born
Who plough'd, with oxen of their own,
Their small paternal field of corn.
Nor trumpets summon him to war,
Nor drums disturb his morning sleep,
Nor knows he merchant's gainful care,
Nor fears the dangers of the deep.
The clamours of contentious law,
And court and state he wisely shuns,
Nor brib'd with hopes, nor dar'd with awe,
To servile salutations runs;
But either to the clasping vine
Does the supporting poplar wed,
Or with his pruning hook disjoin
Unbearing branches from their head,
And grafts more happy in their stead;
Or climbing to a hilly steep,
He views his buds in vales afar,
Or shears his overburden'd sheep,

Or mead for cooling drink prepares
Of virgin honey in the jars,
Or, in the now declining year,
When beauteous Autumn rears his head,
He joys to pull the ripen'd pear,
And clust'ring grapes with purple spread.
Sometimes beneath an aged oak,
Or on the matted grass he lies :
No God of Sleep he need invoke ;
The stream that o'er the pebbles flies
With gentle slumber crowns his eyes.
The wind, that whistles through the sprays,
Maintains the concert of the song ;
And hidden birds with native lays,
The golden sleep prolong.
But when the blast of winter blows,
And hoary frost invests the year,
Into the naked woods he goes,
And seeks the tusky boar to rear,
With well-mouth'd hounds and pointed spear.
Or spreads his subtle nets from sight,
With twinkling glasses, to betray
The larks that in the meshes light,
Or makes the fearful bear his prey.
Amidst his harmless, easy joys,
No anxious care invades his health,
Nor love his peace of mind destroys,
Nor wicked avarice of wealth.
But, if a chaste and pleasing wife,
To ease the business of his life,
Divides with him her household care,
Such as the Sabine matrons were,
Such as the swift Apulian's bride,
Sunburnt and swarthy though she be
Will fire for winter nights provide,

And—without noise—will oversee
His children and his family :
And order all things till he come,
Sweaty and overlabor'd home ;
If she in pens his flock will fold,
And then produce her dairy store
With wine to drive away the cold,
And unbought dainties for the poor ;
Not oysters of the Lucrine lake
My sober appetite would wish,
Nor turbot, or the foreign fish
That rolling tempests overtake,
And hither waft the costly dish.
Not heathpoult, or the rarer bird,
Which Phasis or Ionia yields
More pleasing morsels would afford
Than the fat olives of my fields ;
Than shards or mallows for the pot,
That keep the loosened body sound,
Or than the lamb, that falls by lot
To the just guardian of my ground.
Amidst these feasts of happy swains,
The jolly shepherd smiles to see
His flock returning from the plains ;
The farmer is as pleas'd as he,
To view his oxen sweating smoke,
Bear on their necks the loosen'd yoke :
To look upon his menial crew,
That sit around his cheerful hearth,
And bodies spent in toil renew
With wholesome food and country mirth.
This Alphius said within himself ;
Resolv'd to leave the wicked town,
And live retir'd upon his own,
He call'd his money in ;

But the prevailing love of pelf
 Soon split him on the former shelf—
 He put it out again.

DRYDEN.

EPODE III.

TO MÆCENAS.

Parentis olim si quis impia manu.

WHOE'ER the wretch, whose impious deed
 Has robb'd his aged sire of breath,
 May garlick, (curst destructive weed!)
 More fell than hemlock, be his death.

Ah, whence these tortures that arise?
 Has then some viper's pois'nous blood,
 Mixt with these herbs, deceiv'd mine eyes?
 Or fell Canidia touch'd my food?

Soon as, by Jason's beauty charm'd,
 Medea felt love's gentle flame,
 With this obnoxious drug she arm'd
 Her chief, the fiery bulls to tame;

By presents stain'd, with this she pour'd
 Swift vengeance on the rival fair,
 Then, borne by wingèd dragons, soar'd
 Triumphant through the realms of air.

No vapour e'er so deadly dwelt
 On parch'd Apulia's sandy plains:
 Not even the gift Alcides felt
 Rag'd o'er his limbs with fiercer pains.

Shouldst thou such nauseous food desire,
 My pleasant friend ! I ask but this,
 May thy lov'd girl afar retire,
 Shun thy embrace, and loathe thy kiss.
 W. BOSCAWEN.

EPODE VII.

TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE.

Quo, quo scelesti ruitis ? aut cur dexteris.

WHERE do ye rush, ye impious trains ?
 Why gleams afar the late-sheath'd sword ?
 Is it believ'd that Roman veins
 Their crimson tides have sparely poured ?
 Is not our scorn of safety, health, and ease,
 Shewn by devastated climes, and blood-stain'd seas ?
 Those scowling brows, those lifted spears,
 Bend they against the threat'ning towers
 Proud Carthage emulously rears ?
 Or Britain's still unconquer'd shores ?
 That her fierce sons, yet free from hostile sway,
 May pass in chains along our Sacred Way ?
 No !—but that warring Parthia's curse
 May quickly blast these far-famed walls ;
 Accomplish'd when, with direful force,
 By her own strength, the city falls ;
 When foes no more her might resistless feel,
 But Roman bosoms bleed by Roman steel.
 O ! worse than wolves, or lions fierce,
 Who ne'er, like you, assault their kind !
 By what wild frenzy would ye pierce
 Each other's breast, in fury blind ?—

Silent, and pale ye stand, with conscious sighs,
Your struck soul louring in your down-cast eyes !

The blood our rising walls that stain'd,
Shed by the ruthless fratricide,
High Heaven's avenging power ordain'd
Should spread the rage of discord wide,
Bid kindred blood in dread profusion flow
Thro' darken'd years of expiatory woe.

ANNA SEWARD.

EPODE XIII.

TO HIS FRIENDS (*paraphrased*).

Horrida tempestas cælum contrazit, et imbres.

BIG with black clouds, the welkin pours
A tempest all around ;
Aloft loud blust'ring Boreas roars,
Rough rolling waves rush on the shores,
Reluctant groves resound.

Let us, my friends, th' occasion seize
Surrounding storms bestow ;
Whilst vig'rous nerves brace up our knees,
And it becomes us to release
From wrinkling cares the brow.

Choice wines produce, with locks and bars,
Now kept the ninth October ;
Leave fruitless fears about the wars,
Dull politics and state affairs
To wretches that are sober,

With rich perfumes our locks imbu'd,
 Our instruments high strung;
 Perplexing cares that would intrude,
 Let wine's, let music's charms exclude.
 'Twas thus sage Chiron sung :

Brave mortal ! Thetis' matchless son,
 (Grand theme for future story,)
 You to the Trojan plains must on,
 Where Simois and Scamander run,
 There purchase endless glory.

Yet thence the cruel fates ordain,
 (And firm in their decree)
 You never must recross the main,
 Triumphant with your warlike train,
 No more your country see.

But there, whate'er befall, rely
 On this unchanging truth,
 "From wine and music sorrows fly."
 To wine and music then apply,
 And snatch the joys of youth.
"Gentleman's Magazine," Oct., 1754.

EPODE XIV.

TO MÆCENAS.

Mollis inertia cur tantam diffuderit imis.

HOW such a fit of lethargy
 My senses have possess'd,
 As if a dose of opium
 Had bury'd me in rest !

With often asking what's the cause,
 You weary me your friend ;
 The satyres which I promis'd you,
 I cannot bring to end.

So poor Anacreon, as they say,
 Bewitch'd by powerful love,
 Complain'd him often of his wound,
 In melancholy grove.

The mistress that you court, my friend,
 'Tis fit you should adore ;
 I, like a fool, am Phrygia's slave,
 Yet know she is a ——

TOM BROWN.¹

EPODE XV.

TO NEÆRA.

Nox erat, et cælo fulgebat luna sereno.

'TWAS in the silent hour of night,
 The moon diffus'd a silver light,
 The planets glitt'ring in the skies
 Were conscious of our mutual joys :
 When soft you swore, O faithless you !
 " I will be ever, ever true."
 Closer round oaks than ivies twine,
 Were lock'd thy circling arms in mine :
 While storms annoy the tender sheep,
 While winter blasts the ocean sweep,
 While winds the dancing sunbeams move,
 So long you swore should be your love.

¹ Tom Brown, "of facetious memory," died 1704.

Perjur'd Neæra, false as hell !
Yet fair, and ah ! belov'd too well !
Can I endure thy heav'nly charms
Should bless a rival's happier arms ?
No, sure my spirit is too great
Tamely to bear thy base deceit ;
Let me then seek a nymph more true,
More worthy of my flame than you,
Nor think thy charms my breast shall move,
Inflam'd with hate, as once with love.
Thou, happy man ! whoe'er thou art,
The fancy'd master of her heart,
Who can so great a conquest boast,
Exulting in the spoils I've lost ;
Tho' thou art rich as heart's desire,
Tho' sage Minerva thee inspire,
In thee tho' all perfections join,
A matchless form, a soul divine ;
Yet shalt thou mourn to find, that she
As faithless proves as once to me ;
Then will I, laughing in my turn,
Give hate for hate, and scorn for scorn.

"Gentleman's Magazine," Oct., 1753.

THE SAME.

'T WAS night—the moon upon her sapphire throne,
High o'er the waning stars serenely shone,
When thou, false nymph, determin'd to profane
Them, and each power that rules the earth, and main,
As thy soft snowy arms about me twin'd,
Close as round oaks the clasping ivies wind,
Swore, while the gaunt wolf shall infest the lea,
And red Orion vex the wintry sea,

While gales shall fan Apollo's floating locks,
That shed their golden light o'er hills and rocks,
So long thy breast should burn with purest fires,
With mutual hopes, and with unchang'd desires.
Perjur'd Næra ! thou shalt one day prove
The worth, the vengeance of my slighted love ;
For O ! if manhood steels, if honour warms,
Horace shall fly, shall scorn thy faithless charms ;
Seek some bright maid, whose soul for him shall glow,
Nor art, nor pride, nor wandering wishes know.
Then shouldst thou languish, sigh, and weep once more,
And with new vows his injur'd heart implore,
Nor sighs, nor vows, nor tears shall he regard,
Cold as the snow and as the marble hard.
And thou, triumphant youth, so gay, so vain,
Proud of my fate, exulting in my pain,
Tho' on thy hills the plenteous herd should feed,
And rich Pactolus roll along thy mead ;
For thee tho' science ope the varied store,
And beauty on thy form its graces pour,
Ere long shalt thou, while wrongs like these degrade,
Droop with my woes, and with my rage upbraid ;
See on a rival's brow thy garlands worn,
And, with her falsehood, bear my jocund scorn.

ANNA SEWARD.

PART II.
IMITATIONS AND PARODIES.

IMITATIONS AND PARODIES.

AN HORATIAN ODE UPON CROMWELL'S RETURN FROM IRELAND.

THE forward youth that would appeare
Must now forsake his Muses deare,
Nor in the shadows sing
His numbers languishing :

'Tis time to leave the books in dust
And oyle th' unused armours rust ;
Removing from the wall
The corselett of the hall.

So restlesse Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace,
But through adventurous warre
Urgèd his active starre ;

And, like the three-forked lightning first
Breaking the clouds where it was nurst,
Did thorough his own side
His fiery way divide.

(For 'tis all one to courage high
The emulous, or enemy :
And with such, to enclose
Is more than to oppose :)

Then burning through the aire he went
And palaces and temples rent ;
And Cæsar's head at last
Did through his laurels blast.

'Tis madness to resist or blame
The face of angry heaven's flame ;
And if we would speak true
Much to the man is due,

Who, from his private gardens, where
He lived reservèd and austere
(As if his highest plott
To plant the bergamott :)

Could by industrious valour clime
To ruin the great work of time,
And cast the kingdoms old
Into another mold ;

Though Justice against Fate complaine,
And plead the antient rights in vaine.
But those do hold or breake,
As men are strong or weake ;

Nature, that hateth emptinesse,
Allows of penetration lesse
And therefore must make roome
Where greater spirits come.

What field of all the Civil Warre
Where his were not the deepest scarre ?
And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art,

Where, twining subtile fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope
That Charles himself might chase
To Caresbrook's narrow case

That thence the royal actor borne
The tragic scaffold might adorne;
While round the armèd bands
Did clap their bludy hands.

He nothing common did or mean,
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did trye;

Nor called the gods, with vulgar spight,
To vindicate his helplesse right;
But bowed his comely head
Downe, as upon a bed.

This was that memorable houre
Which first assured the forcèd power:
So when they did designe
The Capitol's first line,

A bleeding head, where they begun
Did fright the architects to run;
And yet in that the State
Foresaw its happy fate!

And now the Irish are asham'd
To see themselves in one year tam'd:
So much one man can doe
That does both act and know.

They can affirm his praises best
And have, though overcome, confest
How good he is, how just
And fit for highest trust.

Nor yet grown stiffer with command,
But still in the Republick's hand—
How fit he is to sway
That can so well obey!

He to the Commons' feet presents
A kingdom for his first year's rents,
And (what he may) forbears
His fame to make it theirs ;

And has his sword and spoils ungirt
To lay them at the publick's skirt :
So when the falcon high
Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having killed, no more doth search
But on the next green bough to perch,
Where, when he first does lure
The faulkner has her sure.

—What may not then our Isle presume,
While Victory his crest does plume ?
What may not others feare,
If thus he crowns each yeare ?

As Cæsar, he, ere long, to Gaul,
To Italy, an Hannibal,
And to all States not free
Shall clymactérick be.

The Pict no shelter now shall find
Within his party-colour'd mind,
But, from his valour, sad,
Shrink underneath the plad—

Happy, if in the tufted brake,
The English hunter him mistake
Nor lay his hounds in neere
The Caledonian deer.

But thou, the Warr's and Fortune's sonne,
March indefatigably on ;
And for the last effect,
Still keep the sword erect :

Besides the force it has to fright
 The spirits of the shady night.
 The same arts that did gain
 A pow'r must it maintain.

ANDREW MARVEL.¹

THE FIRST ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK IMITATED.

TO JOHN MILLER, Esq.

MILLER, whom fair Ierne bore
 To grace Britannia's happier shore,
 Whose genius guides, whose counsel guards
 The labours of Bathonian bards,²
 Survey mankind, and each you'll view
 His various path of joy pursue.
 There are in phaetons who smoke ye,
 Collecting dust enough to choke ye,
 With elbows square and nodding heads,
 And long-tail'd scrambling quadrupeds,
 Whip round the post—turn sharp—cut neat—
 Despise—and frighten all they meet:
 Or studious of the Olympic races,
 Keep *half* a running horse at Scrace's,³

¹ "The Horatian ode is one of the least known, but among the greatest that the English language possesses. In its whole treatment it reminds us of the highest to which the greatest Latin artist in lyrical poetry did, when at his best, attain. To one unacquainted with Horace, this ode, not perhaps so perfect as his are in form, and with occasional obscurities of expression which Horace would not have left, will give a truer notion of the kind of greatness which he achieved than, so far as I know, could from any other poem in the language be obtained."—ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

² Mrs. Miller had established a poetical coterie at her villa at Batheaston.

³ The Bath riding-school.

Hedging, and odds, and bets their theme.—
By which some knowing ones, I deem,
With zones about their necks have vaulted
Tow'rd's heaven, above their peers exalted.
The alderman, who pants to grace
The golden chain, the sword, and mace ;
The griping hunks, whose barns contain
Full many a year's well-hoarded grain.
Yet anxious to increase his store,
Grubs his paternal fields for more,
Would ne'er the boist'rous waves be tost on,
In search of dear bought palms at Boston,
Though all the treasures were consign'd them,
Her hapless exiles leave behind them,
In stoutest bark would ne'er sustain
The horrors of th' Atlantic main.

Secure from wars, and dangerous seas,
Colonel Jaghire enjoys his ease,
Buys lands, and beeves with Indian gold,
Which some poor English squire has sold ;
King, Lords, and Commons he defies,
" The town is all my own," he cries,
" That cursed climate I've been hurt in
" And nabob-making grows uncertain—
" This snug retreat I'm safe from harm in,—
" How sweet that wood ! that lawn how charming !"
But ah ! his passion soon returns,
With restless flames his bosom burns ;
His bark he rigs, resolv'd once more
The distant Ganges to explore,
Rather than on his native ground
To starve—on fourscore thousand pound.

Oft will you meet old General Drone :
A character at Bath well known ;
The Rooms and Coffee-house he haunts,

Drinks sometimes tea, and sometimes Nantz :
Complaining of the gripes and vapours,
He'll ask "what news there's in the papers ;"
Then cry, "such measures we're pursuing
This nation's on the brink of ruin ;"—
But urge him to explain her wrongs,—
Down fall the poker and the tongs ;
He hums, and haws, and recommends—a—
—Prescription for the—influenza ;—
In Summer, lounging at Spring Garden,
In Winter, every door bombarding,
With morning visits duly paid
Down from the Crescent to Parade,
His head he'll in the Pump Room poke
To catch some stale unmeaning joke,
With news and nonsense for the day,
To drive his irksome hours away.

Pierc'd with the fife's, and trumpet's voice,
Britannia's warlike youth rejoice ;
The blended sounds transport their ear,
While trembling, anxious mothers fear
These heroes should desert—their quarters
To Scotland to entice their daughters.

The northern blast, and driving rains
Sir Hardy Thickset well sustains ;
Whether the hind, or wily fox
His fleet hounds urge o'er vales and rocks,
He drives the chase with perseverance,
Nor heeds his tender wife's endearance,
At night returning to console her—
With feats of Bowman and of Jowler.

For me—the verdant ivy guerdon
(Which you, Sir, have my brows confer'd on)
With many an artless rhyme I jingle,
Gives me with loftier bards to mingle ;

Me, to enjoy thy cool cascade,
 Thy nodding grove, and checker'd shade,
 And view the smiling nymphs advance,
 To join with thee the festive dance,
 Content if sweet *Enterpe* deign
 To hear my humble pipe complain ;
 Or when beside the winter fire,
 With careless hand I sweep the lyre,
 The gay fantastic *Polyhymny*
 Visit the corner of my chimney,
 Inspiring notes of joy and mirth,
 That please and perish in their birth :
 But if thy fair, thy matchless dame
 Approve my verse and stamp my fame,
 In concert with well-judging * * * * *
 Assign to me her myrtle sprigs,
 And lead me through th' *Aonian* path
 To join the vocal swans of Bath,
 Not *Madge*¹ in all her glory drest,
 Shall rear so high her tow'ring crest,
 I'll soar above all vulgar eyes,
 And bear my plumage to the skies.

CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY.²

IMITATION OF ODE I, BOOK I.

TO JOHN BULL, Esq.

DREAD sir ! half human, half divine,
 Descended from a lengthen'd line
 Of heroes famed in story—

¹ The heroine of the author's poem of "The Election Ball."

² The witty author of the "New Bath Guide." "So much wit," wrote Horace Walpole, "so much humour, fun and poetry never met together before."

Of ocean undisputed lord ;
Of Europe and her recreant horde,
The "riddle, jest, and glory."

What various sports attract your sons ;
Some to Hyde Park escape from duns,
In curricule or tandem :
In dusty clouds envelop'd quite,
Like Jove, who, from Olympus' height,
Hurls thunderbolts at random.

One draws his gold from Lombard Street,
Amongst the Lords to buy a seat,
The Lord knows why or wherefore ;
Another, give him rural sports,
And crowded cities, splendid courts,
He not a jot will care for.

The merchant, baulk'd by Boreas, vents
His idle anger and laments
Some luckless speculation :
Of ease, and Clapham Common, talks
But soon on Gresham's murmuring walks
Resumes his daily station.

This makes the jolly God his theme,
In claret drowns Aurora's beam,
And riots with the friskers :
That, a dragoon, delights in arms,
And thoughtless of mamma's alarms,
Sports high-heel'd boots and whiskers.

The hunter quits his bed at five,
The fox or timorous deer to drive
Down precipices horrid,
And carries home, returning late,
A trophy for his amorous mate,
The antlers on his forehead.

Me toil and ease alternate share,
 Books, and the converse of the fair,
 (To see is to adore 'em ;)
 With these and London for my home,
 I envy not the joys of Rome,
 The Circus or the Forum !

If you, great sir, will deign to vote
 For Horace, in his London coat,
 Nor check my classic fury ;
 Great Magog of the lyric train,
 I'll mount to kiss the Muse's twain,
 Who face the Gods of Drury.

*From "Horace in London," by James and
 Horace Smith.¹*

AD REGEM CAROLUM.

Parodia Carm. 2, Lib. 1.

JAM satis pestis, satis atque diri
 Fulminis misit Pater, et rubenti
 Dexterâ nostras jaculatus arces
 Terruit urbem.

Terruit cives, grave ne rediret
 Pristinum sæclum nova monstra questum
 Omne cum pestis egit altos
 Visere montes ;

¹ The imitations of the first two books of Odes by James and Horace Smith, the authors of the ever popular "Rejected Addresses," were written originally without any regard to regularity of succession, and many of them made a first appearance in the pages of a monthly publication. They were collected and published as a whole in 1813 under the title of "Horace in London."

Cum scholæ latis genus hæsit agris,
 Nota quæ sedes fuerat bubulcis,
 Cum togâ abjectâ pavidus reliquit
 Oppida doctus.

Vidimus Chamum fluvium retortis
 Litore a dextro violenter undis
 Ire plorantem monumenta pestis
 Tempa que clausa ;

Granta dum semet nimium querenti
 Miscet uxori, vagus et sinistra
 Labitur ripa, Jove comprobante
 Tristior amnis.

Audiit cœlos acuisse ferrum,
 Quo graves Turcæ melius perirent ;
 Audiit mortes vitio parentum
 Rara Juventus.

Quem vocet Divûm populus ruentis
 Imperi rebus ? prece qua fatigent
 Doctior cœtus minus audientes
 Carmina cœlos ?

Cui dabit partes luis expiandæ
 Jupiter, tandem venias, precamur,
 Nube candentes humeros amictus
 Auxiliator.

Sive tu mavis, Erycina nostra
 Quam Jocus circumvolat et Cupido,
 Tuque neglectum genus et nepotes
 Auxeris ipsa.

Sola tam longam remove pestem,
 Quam juvat luctus faciesque tristis,
 Prolis optatâ reparare mole
 Sola potesque.

We saw the muddied Camus vehement,
With waves driven backward on Midsummer Plain.

Rush, mourning many a plague-built monument
And shut-up college fane.

While Granta with his much-complaining mate
Is huddled close, and on the thither shore,
As Jove looks on indifferent to their fate,
Glides chafing more and more.

The scatter'd youth are told how angry Heaven
Whetteth this sword, more meet for heathen Turks;
Are told of hapless crowds to slaughter driven
By their own father's works.

What god, I marvel, will the people cite
To prop their falling state? How many times
Must our thrice-learnèd crowds the gods invite
To listen to their rhymes?

To whom will Jupiter assign the task
To expiate our blot? Come then, we pray,
Hiding thy shoulders in a cloudy mask,
Be thou our help this day.

Or wouldst thou rather, Erycina fair,
Round whom young Sport and Cupid gambol free,
Help thy neglected race, and watch with care
Thine own posterity?

Thou only may'st remove this Plague malign,
Whom nothing but sad looks and grief delight;
Thou only canst repair our failing line,
And fairer hopes excite.

Whether some little Charles, his father's grace
With happy imitation wear anew,
Or the sweet image of Maria's face
Blush with a maiden hue,—

Late be thy journey to the lucent star,
Long may'st thou tarry here in English clime;
Nor any wind pernicious waft thee far,
Sick of thy people's crime.

Here rather triumph largely, and aspire
To be thy people's father as their king;
That from the death-invaded race, O sire,
A second stock may spring.

ANDREW MARVEL.¹

IMITATION, ODE IV., BOOK I.

BRIGHTON.

NOW fruitful Autumn lifts his sun-burnt head,
The slighted Park few cambric muslins whiten,
The dry machines revisit Ocean's bed,
And Horace quits awhile the town for Brighton.

The cit foregoes his box at Turnham Green,
To pick up health and shells with Amphitrite,
Pleasure's frail daughters trip along the Steyne,
Led by the dame the Greeks call Aphrodite.

Phœbus the tanner, plies his fiery trade,
The graceful nymphs ascend Judea's ponies,
Scale the West Cliff, or visit the Parade,
While poor Papa in town a patient drone is.

Loose trousers snatch the wreath from pantaloons;
Nankeen of late were worn the sultry weather in;
But now, (so will the Prince's Light Dragoons,)
White jean have triumph'd o'er their Indian brethren.

¹ This ode appeared originally in "*Musa Cantabrigiensis*" (1637).

Here with choice food earth smiles and ocean yawns,
 Intent alike to please the London glutton,
 This, for our breakfast proffers shrimps and prawns,
 That, for our dinner South-down lambs and mutton.

Yet here, as elsewhere, death impartial reigns,
 Visits alike the cot and the Pavilion,
 And for a bribe with equal scorn disdains
 My half a crown, and Baring's half a million.

Alas ! how short the span of human pride !
 Time flies, and hope's romantic schemes are undone ;
 Cosweller's coach, that carries four inside,
 Waits to take back the unwilling bard to London.

Ye circulating novelists, adieu !
 Long envious cords my black portmanteau tighten ;
 Billiards, begone ! avaunt illegal loo !
 Farewell old Ocean's bauble, glittering Brighton !

Long shalt thou laugh thine enemies to scorn,
 Proud as Phenicia, queen of watering places ;
 Boys yet unbreech'd, and virgins yet unborn,
 On thy bleak down shall tan their blooming faces.
 JAMES AND HORACE SMITH.

IMITATION OF ODE V., BOOK I.

WHAT mean those amorous curls of jet ?
 For what heart-ravisht maid
 Dost thou thy hair in order set,
 Thy wanton tresses braid ?
 And thy vast store of beauties open lay,
 That the deluded fancy leads astray.

For pitty hide thy starry eyes,
 Whose languishments destroy,
 And look not on the slave that dies
 With an excess of joy.
 Defend thy coral lips, thy amber breath ;
 To taste these sweets lets in a certain death.

Forbear, fond charming youth, forbear,
 The words of melting love :
 Thy eyes thy language well may spare,
 One dart enough can move :
 And she that hears thy voice, and sees thy eyes,
 With too much pleasure, too much softness dies.

Cease, cease, with sighs to warm my soul
 Or press me with thy hand :
 Who can the kindling fire controul,
 The tender force withstand ?
 Thy sighs and touches like wing'd lightning fly
 And are the god of love's artillery.

APHRA BEHN.

IMITATION OF THE SAME ODE.

WHAT gentle youth, my lovely fair one, say
 With sweets perfum'd now courts thee to the
 bow'r,
 Where glows, with lustre red, the rose of May
 To form thy couch, in love's enchanting hour ?
 By zephyrs wav'd, why does thy loose hair sweep,
 In simple curls around thy polish'd brow ?
 The wretch that loves thee now, too soon shall weep
 Thy faithless beauty, and thy broken vow.

Tho' soft the beams of thy delusive eyes,
 As the smooth surface of th' untroubled stream,
 Yet, ah ! too soon th' extatic vision flies,
 Flies like the fairy paintings of a dream.

Unhappy youth ! O, shun the warm embrace,
 Nor trust too much affection's flattering smile ;
 Dark poison lurks beneath that charming face,
 Those melting eyes but languish to beguile.
 Thank heav'n, I've broke the sweet but galling chain,
 Worse than the horrors of the stormy main.

CHATTERTON.¹

ODE TO THE DIRECTOR MERLIN.

ODE V., BOOK I.

WHO now from Naples, Rome, or Berlin,
 Creeps to thy blood-stain'd den, O Merlin,
 With diplomatic gold ? to whom
 Dost thou give audience *en costume* ?

King Citizen ! how sure each state
 That bribes thy love, shall feel thy hate ;
 Shall see the Democratic storm
 Her commerce, law, and arts deform.

How credulous, to hope the bribe
 Could purchase peace from Merlin's tribe !
 Whom, faithless as the waves or wind,
 No oaths restrain, no treaties bind.

For us—beneath yon sacred roof,
 The naval flags and arms of proof

¹ Chatterton, who was ignorant of Latin, paraphrased this and Ode XIX. of same book from Watson's prose translation.

By British valour nobly bought,
Show how true safety must be sought !

LORD MORPETH.

From "The Anti-Jacobin," No. 29, May 28, 1798.

THE JILT.

ODE V., BOOK I.

SAY, Lucy, what enamour'd spark
Now sports thee through the gazing Park
In new barouche or tandem ;
And as infatuation leads,
Permits his reason and his steeds
To run their course at random ?

Fond youth, those braids of ebon hair,
Which to a face already fair
Impart a lustre fairer ;
Those locks which now invite to love,
Soon unconfin'd and false shall prove,
And changeful as the wearer.

Unpractised in a woman's guile,
Thou think'st, perchance, her halcyon smile
Portends unruffled quiet ;
That, ever charming, fond and mild,
No wanton thoughts, or passions wild,
Within her soul can riot.

Alas ! how often shalt thou mourn,
(If nymphs like her, so soon forsworn,
Be worth a moment's trouble).
How quickly own, with sad surprise,
The paradise that bless'd thine eyes
Was painted on a bubble.

In her accommodating creed
 A lord will always supersede
 A commoner's embraces :
 His lordship's love contents the fair
 Until enabled to ensnare
 A nobler prize—his grace's !

Unhappy are the youths who gaze,
 Who feel her beauty's maddening blaze,
 And trust to what she utters.
 For me, by sad experience wise,
 At rosy cheeks or sparkling eyes,
 My heart no longer flutters.

Chamber'd in Albany, I view
 On every side a jovial crew
 Of Benedictine neighbours.
 I sip my coffee, read the news,
 I own no mistress but the Muse,
 And she repays my labours.

And should some brat her love bespeak,
 (Though illegitimate and weak
 As these unpolish'd verses :)
 A father's joy shall still be mine
 Without the fear of parish fine,
 Bills, beadles, quacks, or nurses.

JAMES AND HORACE SMITH.

WALTER SCOTT.

ODE VI., BOOK I.

O CHIVALRY, thy gallant reign,
 In prancing epic ballad strain,
 Let Walter Scott indite,

Chaunting the deeds inspir'd by thee,
When red-cross knights arm'd cap-a-pee,
Rode at the ring full gallantly,
Or triumph'd in the fight,

For me, I strive not, by my fay,
To imitate the Minstrel's lay,
Tracing the Palmer on his way,
Through Scottish bourn and brake:
Unform'd for hero's deeds I shun
The strain of lordly Marmion,
Or Lady of the Lake.

My modest Muse, unskill'd in flights
Of Caledonia's border knights,
Forbears their glory to rehearse
In peaceful unassuming verse.
Who can describe with honours due
Of Northern clans the endless crew,
Creating endless war?
Unnumber'd Macs, of accent rude,
The Gordon, Home, and Huntly brood,
Græmes, Fosters, Fenwicks, who pursued
The amorous Lochinvar.

Whether or not I feel love's pain,
I love the light accustom'd strain.
I sing no feast in hall so gay,
Save that upon my Lord Mayor's day;
Record no arrow's fatal flight,
Save Cupid's, feather'd with delight,
And shoot alone my bloodless darts,
From beauty's eyes to lover's hearts.

JAMES AND HORACE SMITH.

IMITATION OF ODE IX., BOOK I.

I.

BLESS me ! 'tis cold ; how chill the air !
How naked does the world appear !
But see (big with the offspring of the north)
The teeming clouds bring forth ;
A show'r of soft and fleecy rain
Falls, to new-clothe the Earth again.
Behold the mountain-tops around,
As if with fur of Ermine crown'd ;
And, lo ! how by degrees
The universal mantle hides the trees
In hoary flakes which downward fly,
As if it were the Autumn of the sky !
Trembling the groves sustain the weight, and bow
Like aged limbs ; which feebly go
Beneath a venerable head of snow.

II.

Diffusive cold does the whole earth invade,
Like a disease thro' all its veins 'tis spread,
And each late living stream is numb'd and dead.
Let's melt the frozen hours, make warm the air ;
Let cheerful fires Sol's feeble beams repair :
Fill the large bowl with sparkling wine ;
Let's drink till our own faces shine,
Till we like suns appear
To light and warm the hemisphere.
Wine can dispense to all both light and heat,
They are with wine incorporate ;
That pow'rful juice, with which no cold dares mix,
Which still is fluid, and no frost can fix,
Let that but in abundance flow,
And let it storm and thunder, hail and snow ;

'Tis Heav'n's concern ; and let it be
The care of Heav'n still for me.
These winds, which rend the oaks and plough the seas,
Great Jove can, if he please,
With one commanding nod, appease.

III.

Seek not to know to-morrow's doom ;
That is not ours which is to come.
The present moment's all our store ;
The next should Heav'n allow,
Then this will be no more :
So all our life is but one instant now.
Look on each day you've past
To be a mighty treasure won,
And lay each moment out in haste ;
We're sure to live too fast,
And cannot live too soon.
Youth does a thousand pleasures bring,
Which from decrepit age will fly.
The flow'rs that flourish in the Spring,
In Winter's cold embraces die.

IV.

Now Love, that everlasting boy ! invites
To revel while you may in soft delights :
Now the kind nymph yields all her charms,
Nor yields in vain to youthful arms.
Slowly she promises at night to meet,
But eagerly prevents the hour with swifter feet :
To gloomy groves and obscure shades she flies,
There veils the bright confession of her eyes :
Unwillingly she stays,
Would more unwillingly depart,

And in soft sighs conveys
 The whispers of her heart.
 Still she invites, and still denies,
 And vows she'll leave you if you're rude,
 Then from her ravisher she flies,
 But flies to be pursu'd;
 If from his sight she does herself convey,
 With a feign'd laugh she will herself betray,
 And cunningly instruct him in the way.

CONGREVE.

WINTER.

ODE IX., BOOK I.

SEE Richmond is clad in a mantle of snow :
 The woods that o'ershadow'd the hill
 Now bend with their load, while the river below
 In musical murmurs forgetting to flow,
 Stands mournfully frozen and still.
 Who cares for the winter ? My sunbeams shall shine
 Serene from a register stove ;
 With two or three jolly companions to dine,
 And two or three bottles of generous wine,
 The rest I relinquish to Jove.
 The oak bows its head in the hurricane's swell,
 Condemn'd in its glory to fall ;
 The marigold dies unperceiv'd in the dell,
 Unable alike to retard or impel
 The crisis assign'd to us all.
 Then banish to-morrow, its hopes and its fears,
 To-day is the prize we have won ;
 Ere surly old age in its wrinkles appears,
 With laughter and love in your juvenile years
 Make sure of the days as they run.

The park and the playhouse my presence shall greet,
 The opera yield its delight ;
 Catalani may charm me, but oh ! far more sweet
 The musical voice of Laurette when we meet
 In tête-à-tête concert at night.

False looks of denial in vain would she fling,
 In vain to some corner begone ;
 And if in our kisses I snatch off her ring,
 It is, to my fancy, a much better thing,
 Than a kiss after putting one on !

JAMES AND HORACE SMITH.

IMITATION, ODE XI., BOOK I.

DEAR Silvia let's no farther strive
 To know how long we have to live ;
 Let busy gown-men search to know
 Their fates above, while we
 Contemplate beauty's greater power below
 Whose only smiles give immortality ;
 But who seeks fortune in a star
 Aims at a distance much too far,
 She's more inconstant than they are.
 What though this year must be our last,
 Faster than time our joys let's haste ;
 Nor think of ills to come, or past.
 Give me but love and wine I'll ne'er
 Complain my destiny's severe.
 Since life bears so uncertain date
 With pleasure we'll attend our fate,
 And cheerfully go meet it at the gate.
 The brave and witty know no fear or sorrow,
 Let us enjoy to-day, we'll dye to-morrow.

APHRA BEHN.

THE SAME.

FORBEAR, my friend ! with idle schemes,
 To search into the maze of fate ;
 Your horoscopes are airy dreams,
 Your coffee-tossing all a cheat !

What adds it to our real peace,
 To know life's accidents or date ?
 The knowledge would our pains increase,
 And make us more unfortunate.

Wisely conceal'd in endless night,
 Has Heav'n wrapp'd up its dark decrees ;
 The view, too strong for human sight,
 Might else destroy our present ease ;

Then gladly use the courting hour,
 Enjoy, and make it all your own !
 And pull with haste the fairest flow'r,
 Ere Time's quick hand have cut it down.

Cheerful fill up the genial bowl
 And crown it with some lovely toast !
 Till the rich cordial warm your soul,
 And every thought in joy be lost.

The fleeting moments of delight,
 Improve with an uncommon care !
 For now they urge their destin'd flight,
 And now are mix'd with vulgar air !

Still, let me taste my share of bliss,
 Pure and unmix'd with care and sorrow !
 No more my friend, in life I wish,
 'Tis all a jest to trust to-morrow.

SAMUEL BOYSE.

A CONSOLATORY ADDRESS TO HIS GUN-
BOATS, BY CITIZEN MUSKEIN.

ODE XIV., BOOK I.

O GENTLE gun-boats, whom the Seine
Discharged from Havre to the main ;
Now leaky, creaking, blood-bespatter'd,
With rudders broken, canvas shatter'd—
O tempt the treacherous sea no more,
But gallantly regain the shore.
Scarce could our guardian Goddess, Reason,
Ensure your timbers through the season :
Though built of wood from famed Marseilles,
Well mann'd from galleys, and from jails ;
Though with Lepaux's, and Rewbell's aid,
By Pleville's skill your keel was laid ;
Though lovely Stael, and lovelier Stone,¹
Have work'd their fingers to the bone,
And cut their petticoats to rags
To make your bright Three-coloured Flags ;
Yet sacrilegious grape and ball
Deform the works of Stone and Stael,
And trembling, without food or breeches,
Our sailors curse the painted ——²

¹ " Stone—better known by the name of Williams."—Note, " Anti-Jacobin."

Helen Maria Williams was pre-eminent among the violent female partisans of the French Revolution. For some years she wrote that portion of the " New Annual Register" that relates to France. She lived for many years under the protection of Mr. John Stone.

² " We decline printing this rhyme at length, from obvious reasons of delicacy : at the same time it is so accurate a translation of *pietis puppibus*, that we know not how to suppress it without doing the utmost injustice to the general spirit of the poem."—Note, " Anti-Jacobin."

Children of Muskein's anxious care,
 Source of my hope and my despair,
 Gun-boats—unless you mean hereafter
 To furnish food for British laughter—
 Sweet gun-boats, with your gallant crew,
 Tempt not the rocks of Saint Marcou;
 Beware the Badger's bloody pennant,
 And that d—d invalid lieutenant!

LORD MORPETH.

From "The Anti-Jacobin," No. 27, May 14, 1798.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEWERS.

ODE XVI., BOOK I.

O RIGOROUS sons of a clime more severe,
 If Horace in London offend,
 Unbought let him perish, unread disappear,
 But, ah! do not hasten his end.

Not whisker'd Geramb who veracity braves
 In boasting of princely delights,
 Not Rowland, when thumping the cushion he raves
 Of Beelzebub's capering sprites,

Are mad as the martyr, inviting the whips
 Of poesy's merciless reign;
 Who like Mrs. Brownrigg her 'prentices strips,
 Then kills them with famine and pain.

'Tis said when the box of Pandore flew ope,
 A treasure was found underneath:
 It seem'd to the vulgar a figure of Hope,
 To poets a laureat wreath.

'Twas this ignis fatuus tempting to roam,
 That lighted poor Burns to his fate :
 That bade him abandon his plough and his home
 To starve amid cities and state.

Me too, has the treacherous phantom inspir'd
 In moments of youthful delight ;
 With lyric presumption my bosom has fir'd
 To imitate Horace's might.

Repentant, henceforth I will write like a dunce
 In prose all the rest of my life,
 If you, dread dissectors, will spare me this once,
 The smart of your critical knife.

JAMES AND HORACE SMITH.

THE WELCH COTTAGE.

To Laura.

ODE XVII., BOOK I.

THE wood-nymphs crown'd with vernal flow'rs,
 Who roam thro' Tempe's classic bow'rs
 And sport in gambols antic ;
 If e'er they quit their native vales,
 Will find around my cot in Wales,
 A region more romantic.

Green pastures girt with pendant rock,
 Along whose steep my snowy flock
 Adventurously wanders ;
 Impending shrubs and flowers that gleam,
 Reflected in the crystal stream,
 Which thro' the scene meanders ;

In sylvan beauty charm the eyes,
While no ungracious sounds arise
 Of misery or anger ;
The song of birds, the insects' hum
Are never broken by the drum,
 Or trumpet's brazen clangor.

If sleeping echo starts to mark
The matin carols of the lark
 Or sounds of early labour ;
Again she seeks her calm retreat,
Till evening calls her to repeat
 The shepherd's pipe and tabor.

Whene'er I woo the Muse serene,
Her magic smile illumines the scene,
 And brighter tints discloses.
But e'en the Muse's chaplet fades,
Unless the hand of Cupid braids
 Her myrtles with his roses.

Haste, then, my Laura, to my bower,
And let us give the fleeting hour
 To plenty, love, and pleasure :
Where wanton boughs in arbour wreath,
I to thy melting harp will breathe
 My amatory measure.

Let not the town your soul enthrall,
The crowded rout and midnight ball,
 Those penalties of fashion :
If nature still have power to please,
Oh ! hither fly to health and ease,
 And crown a poet's passion.

No jealous fears shall curb your mind,
Here shall no spirit be confin'd
 By prejudiced opinion.

My Laura here a Queen shall be,
From all control and bondage free,
Save Cupid's soft dominion.

JAMES AND HORACE SMITH.

AN IMITATION OF ODE XIX., BOOK I.

YES! I am caught, my melting soul
To Venus bends without control,
I pour th' impassioned sigh.
Ye Gods! what throbs my bosom move,
Responsive to the glance of love,
That beams in Stella's eye.

O how divinely fair that face,
And what a sweet resistless grace
On every feature dwells!
And, on those features, all the while,
The softness of each frequent smile
Her sweet good nature tells.

O Love! I'm thine, no more I sing
Heroic deeds—the sounding string
Forgets its wonted strain:
For aught but love, the lyre's unstrung,
Love melts and trembles on my tongue
And thrills in every vein.

Invoking the propitious skies,
The green-sod altar let us rise;
Let holy incense smoke.
And if we pour the sparkling wine,
Sweet gentle peace may still be mine;
This dreadful chain be broke.

CHATTERTON.

PLEASING PETULANCE.

ODE XIX., BOOK I.

DAME VENUS, who lives but to vex,
And Bacchus, the dealer in wine,
Unite with the love of the sex,
To harass this poor head of mine.
Sweet Ellen's the cause of my woe,
'Tis madness her charms to behold,
Her bosom's as white as the snow,
And the heart it enshrines is as cold.

Her petulant frowns have more grace,
Than others to smiles can impart,
The roses that bloom in her face
Have planted their thorns in my heart.
Fair Venus, who sprang from the sea,
Despising the haunts of renown,
Leaves Brighton, to frolic with me,
And spend the whole winter in town.

I sang of the heroes of Spain,
Who fight in the Parthian mode,
The goddess grew sick at my strain,
And handed to Vulcan my ode :
"Forbear," she exclaim'd, "silly elf,
With haughty Bellona to rove,
Leave Spain to take care of herself.—
Thy song is of Ellen and love."

Come, Love, bring the Graces along,
That Ellen may melt at my woes,
Let fluent Rousseau gild my tongue,
And Chesterfield turn out my toes.

Ah no ! I must wield other arms,
Sweet Ellen, to reign in thy heart,
When Love owes to Nature his charms,
How vain are the lessons of art.

JAMES AND HORACE SMITH.

A POET'S INVITATION.

ODE XX., BOOK I.

IF you come to dine with me,
Dainties must not be your care ;
Harmless pleasure, social glee,
And the poet's frugal fare :

These I give, and should my lord
Me to visit humbly deign,
Port is all I can afford,
He must bring the bright champagne.

Cool beneath a spreading vine,
Jovial Horace, thirsty chap, he
Quaff'd his rich Falernian wine,
With Mæcenas snug and happy.—

We, in lodgings near the skies,
Of Apollo humbler scions,
Banquet amidst London cries,
And the bray of Kent Street lions.

GEORGE DANIEL.¹

¹ Author of "The Modern Dunciad," "Virgil in London," &c.

IMITATION, ODE XXII., BOOK I.

Printed before Mrs. Phillips' Poems.

VIRTUE (dear friend,) needs no defence,
No arms but its own innocence ;
Quivers and bows, and poison'd darts,
Are only us'd by guilty hearts.

An honest mind safely alone
May travel thro' the burning zone ;
Or thro' the deepest Scythian snows,
Or where the fam'd Hydaspes flows.

While rul'd by a resistless fire,
Our great Orinda I admire,
The hungry wolves that see me stray
Unarm'd and single, run away.

Set me in the remotest place
That ever Neptune did embrace,
When there, her image fills my breast,
Helicon is not half so blest.

Leave me upon some Libyan plain,
So she my fancy entertain,
And when the thirsty monsters meet,
They'll all pay homage at my feet.

The magic of Orinda's name
Not only can their fierceness tame,
But if that mighty word I once rehearse,
They seem submissively to roar in verse.

ROSCOMMON.

CUPID'S INVITATION.

ODE XXIII., BOOK I.

AS the poet doom'd to linger,
Phillips, in thy shop's retreat,
Cash for copyright to finger,
Eyes with dread the neighbouring Fleet,

Turns with idle terror pale, if
Busy crowds his speed molest,
Thinks each passenger a bailiff,
Every jostle an arrest;

Thus, dear Chloe, thus you fly me,
Prithee bid these fears adieu;
How ungenerous to deny me
What I ne'er denied to you.

I'm no ruthless Blue Beard, daily
Killing wives, again to wed;
I'm no giant Mrs. Bayley,
Grinding bones to make my bread.

Love at eighteen is a duty,
Yield thee, sweet, to Cupid's chain;
To confine a full-grown beauty,
Mothers' apron strings are vain!

JAMES AND HORACE SMITH.

AN ODE.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE WILLIAM,
EARL OF BATH.

ODE XXV., BOOK I.

GREAT Earl of Bath, your reign is o'er;
The Tories trust your word no more,
The Whigs no longer fear you;
Your gates are seldom now unbarr'd,
No crowd of coaches fills your yard,
And scarce a soul comes near you.

Few now aspire to your good graces,
Scarce any sue to you for places,
Or come with their petition,
To tell how well they have deserv'd,
How long, how steadily they starv'd
For you in opposition.

Expect to see that tribe no more,
Since all mankind perceive that pow'r
Is lodg'd in others' hands:
Sooner to Carteret now they'll go,
Or ev'n (though that's excessive low,)
To Wilmington or Sandys.

With your obedient wife retire,
And sitting silent by the fire,
A sullen *tête-à-tête*,
Think over all you've done or said,
And curse the hour that you were made
Unprofitably great.

With vapours there, and spleen o'ercast
Reflect on all your actions past,
With sorrow and contrition;

And there enjoy the thoughts that rise
 From disappointed avarice,
 From frustrated ambition.

There soon you'll loudly, but in vain,
 Of your deserting friends complain,
 That visit you no more ;
 But in this country 'tis a truth,
 As known as that love follows youth,
 That friendship follows pow'r.

Such is the calm of your retreat !
 You through the dregs of life must sweat
 Beneath this heavy load ;
 And I'll attend you, as I've done,
 Only to help reflection on,
 With now and then an ode.

SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

*From "The New Foundling Hospital for Wit."*¹

THE STRAW BONNET.

ODE XXVI., BOOK I.

BELOV'D by the Muse, I leave care till to-morrow,
 And cull pleasure's roses while yet in their
 bloom ;

The winds that blow round me shall dissipate sorrow,
 And bear the blue devils to Pharaoh's red tomb.

Thy Emperor, Gaul, may astonish the nations,
 While Neptune forbids him to Britain to roam,

¹ This ode, selected from numerous other political parodies by the same author, was written on the change of ministry in 1742, when Pulteney was created Earl of Bath, with a seat in the cabinet, but not holding any office.

He's free to sow discord in German plantations,
Then marry, the better to reap it at home.

Ye Muses, who bathe in clear fountains, and dwell in
The regions of rhyme with Apollo above,
Oh ! aid me to sing of my favourite Ellen,
And warble in chorus the accents of love.

Come, weave me a chaplet to deck her straw bonnet,
Tho' small the applause that your labour secures ;
For sure, if there's faith in my sight or my sonnet,
Her roses and lilies are brighter than yours.

JAMES AND HORACE SMITH.

IMITATION, ODE XXVII., BOOK I.

FIE friends ! were glasses made for fighting,
And not your hearts and heads to lighten ?
Quit, quit, for shame, the savage fashion,
Nor fall in such a mighty passion.

"Pistols and balls for six !" what sport !
How distant from, "Fresh lights and port !"
Get rid of this ungodly rancour,
And bring your elbows to an anchor.

What though your stuff is plaguy heady,
I'll try to hold one bumper steady,
Let Ned but say what wench's eyes
Gave him the wound, of which he dies.

You won't ? then, dammee if I drink !
A proper question thus to blink !
Come, come, for whomsoe'er you feel
Those pains, you always sin genteel.
And were your girl the dirtiest drab—
(You know I never was a blab,)

Out with it ; whisper soft and low ;—
 What ! is it she ? the filthy frow.
 You've got a roaring sea to tame,
 Boy, worthy of a better flame !
 What Lapland witch, what cunning man,
 Can free you of this harridan ?
 St. George himself, who slew the dragon
 Would idly waste his strength this hag on.

POBSON.

THE BUMPER TOAST.

ODE XXVII., BOOK I.

A WAY with dull politics ! prythee let's talk
 Of something to set all the club in a titter ;
 The aim of convivial meetings we baulk,
 When thus we our sweetest enjoyments embitter.
 Fill, fill up a bumper, be merry and wise,
 And check these dissensions before they too far get ;
 Say, Colonel, what pretty girl's arrowy eyes
 Have chosen your heart for their amorous target.
 Refuse ! then the bottle no farther shall pass :
 Nay, hang it, this chilling reserve is a folly ;
 I'm sure it's no cherry cheek'd nursery lass,
 No three per cent dowdy, no demirep Dolly.
 Come, whisper ! my ear is as safe as the Bank,
 Where all that goes in is for ever impounded.
 What, Lucy ! adzooks ! then your prize is a blank :
 With imps in blue jackets for life you're surrounded.
 Mrs. Clarke's costly freaks she will presently beat,
 And if you don't quit the extravagant wench,
 You'll soon quit the Army to starve in the Fleet,
 Or change your own seat for his Majesty's Bench.

JAMES AND HORACE SMITH.

LUCRETIUS AND DR. BUSBY.

ODE XXVIII., BOOK I.

LUCRETIUS, tho' thy numbers could embrace,
 (Thus Busby spoke,) the secret plans of Fate,
 Lay bare the haunts of matter, form, and space,
 And all creation in the song create;

O'er thy dead stanzas now Arachne weaves
 Her web to hide thee from a buzzing crowd;
 Dishonourable dust o'erspreads thy leaves,
 And Hermes wraps thee in oblivion's shroud.

To whom, Lucretius—fugitive and fleet,
 Religious dogmas yield to age's tooth;
 Like the loose sand beneath Achilles' feet,
 They melt and crumble at the touch of Truth.

Each mystic zealot, heavenward points the way,
 Heav'n mocks alike the artist and the art:
 Where is thy solar system, Tycho Brahe?
 Where now thy eddying vortices, Des Cartes?

Some dreaming seers with angels converse hold,
 Some teaz'd by Satan, Faith's palladium guard.
 Paine, Priestley, sleep in Transatlantic mould,
 And Godwin slumbers in Saint Paul's Churchyard.

One night o'ershadows systems old and new,
 Death to the fatal ferry all consigns,
 And not a head amid the sapient crew,
 But whispers *tête-à-tête* with Proserpine's.

Me, too, death summons to my kindred soil,
 Philosophy's new lamp out-dazzles mine:
 Out-dazzles! no! dipp'd in thy midnight oil,
 My glimmering taper yet again may shine.

Arouse thee, rhymster, bid thy boy rehearse :
 And, whilst around thy drowsy audience nod,
 Lest the pale urchin mar thy labour'd verse,
 Wield o'er his trembling head thy grandsire's rod.

So may Apollo, in Queen Ann Street West,
 Full o'er thy Muse his warbling choir uncage,
 Names fill thy index, Plutus fill thy chest,
 And dedication smooth thy hot-press'd page.

Hah ! doubt'st thou, recreant ? does thy lazy wit
 To snatch from Lethe's pit my verse refuse ?
 Then may new Drury's widely yawning pit
 O'erwhelm thy urchin, and engulf thy Muse.

That threat prevails, thou sweep'st thy classic chords ;
 Laud we the Gods ! Lucretius now is free ;
 Come affluent Commoners, come pursy Lords,
 Down with your dust to shake the dust from me !

JAMES AND HORACE SMITH.¹

IMITATION, ODE XXX., BOOK I.

AS Bella dress'd the other day,
 My lyre upon her toilet lay ;
 Here said the wanton, prithee sing,
 And try if Venus you can bring.
 My voice I raise, my fingers play,
 (For lovers always must obey.)

¹ Busby's "Lucretius" was fair game for all the wits and satirists of that period. Lord Byron remarks about it in his "Journal," Nov. 16, 1813: "— is an adept in the text of the original, (which I like too;) and when that booby Bus. sent her his translating prospectus, she subscribed: but, the devil prompting him to add a specimen, she transmitted him a subsequent answer, saying, that 'after perusing it, her conscience would not permit her to allow her name to remain on the list of subscribers.'"

The lyre I from its sleep awoke,
 While thus the Goddess I invoke :
 Queen of love ! and queen of joy !
 Hither, hither, hither, fly !
 Sweet perfumes their odours raise,
 Here a sister Goddess stays :
 O come and with thee bring along
 Of little loves a smiling throng ;
 O with thee bring the Graces too !
 And if once more thy bard may sue,
 Let wit the little Cupid guide,
 Wit and love should be ally'd.
 They come not, said the smiling fair,
 Yes, yes, they are already here ;
 In that resplendent mirror view
 Love's Goddess and the Graces too.

AUTHOR OF "THE DUEL," 1731.

IMITATION, ODE XXXI., BOOK I.

WHAT does the poet's modest wish require ?
 What boon does he of gracious Heav'n desire ?
 Not the large crops of Esham's goodly soil,
 Which tire the mower's and the reaper's toil ;
 Not the soft flocks, on hilly Cotswold fed,
 Nor Leinster fields with living fleeces clad :
 He does not ask the grounds, where gentle Thames
 Or Severn spread their fat'ning streams,
 Where they with wanton windings play,
 And eat their widen'd banks insensibly away :
 He does not ask the wealth of Lombard street
 Which consciences and souls are pawn'd to get.
 Nor those exhaustless mines of gold,
 Which Guinea and Peru in their rich bosoms hold.

Let those that live in the Canary Isles,
On which indulgent Nature ever smiles,
Take pleasure in their plenteous vintages,
And from the juicy grape its racy liquor press :
Let wealthy merchants when they dine,
Run over their costly names of wine,
Their chests of Florence and their Mont Alchine,
Their Mantz, Champagns, Chablees, Frontiniacks tell,
Their aums of Hock, of Backrag and Mosell :
He envies not their luxury,
Which they with so much pains and danger buy :
For which so many storms and wrecks they bear,
For which they pass the streights so oft each year,
And 'scape so narrowly the bondage of Argier.

He wants no Cyprus birds, nor ortolans,
Nor dainties fetch'd from far to please his sense,
Cheap wholsom herbs content his frugal board,
The food of unfaln innocence,
Which the meanst village garden does afford :
Grant him, kind Heav'n, the sum of his desires,
What Nature, not what Luxury requires :
He only does a competency claim,
And, when he has it, wit to use the same :
Grant him sound health, impair'd by no disease,
Nor by his own excess :
Let him in strength of mind and body live,
But not his reason, nor his sense survive :
His age, (if age he e'er must live to see,)
Let it from want, contempt and care be free,
But not from mirth, and the delights of poetry :
Grant him but this, he's amply satisf'd,
And scorns whatever Fate can give beside.

JOHN OLDHAM.

TO HIS LYRE.

ODE XXXII., BOOK I.

IF e'er with thee we fool'd away,
 Vacant beneath the shade, a day,
 Still kind to our desire;
 A Scottish song we now implore,
 To live this year, and some few more,
 Come then my Scottish lyre.

First strung by Stewart's cunning hand,
 Who rul'd fair Scotia's happy land,
 A long and wide domain:
 Who bold in war, yet whether he
 Reliev'd his wave-beat ship from sea,
 Or camp'd upon the plain,

The joys of wine, and Muses young,
 Soft beauty, and her page he sung,
 That still to her adheres:
 Margaret, author of his sighs,
 Adorn'd with comely coal-black eyes,
 And comely coal-black hairs.

O thou, the Grace of song and love,
 Exalted to the feasts above,
 The feast's supreme delight;
 Sweet balm to heal our cares below,
 Gracious on me thy aid bestow,
 If thee I seek aright.

WILLIAM HAMILTON OF BANGOUR.¹

¹ Author of "The Braes of Yarrow."

THE COMIC MUSE.

ODE XXXII., BOOK I.

SWEET Muse! beneath Apollo's ray,
If ever I, your charms adoring,
Begot a jocund roundelay,
The noisy gods thought worth encoring—

Come now, and with your archest smile,
Inspire, sweet maid, a comic ditty,
Something in Colman's humorous style,
And just about one third as witty.

By either sister lov'd, caress'd,
He, gay deceiver, picks and chuses ;
To serve two masters is no jest,
But he contrives to serve two Muses.

Now he pourtrays the man of pelf,
Unmov'd by Yarico's disaster ;
And now the Latin-quoting elf,
Still cringing to the wealthiest master.

To Afric's sultry plain convey'd,
To paint the ardent Moor's distresses,
He toys with Sutta, dingy maid,
With eyes as sable as her tresses.

From grave to gay he loves to fly,
Whilst I with you alone would tarry ;
A constant Colonel Standard I,
And he a volatile Sir Harry.

O pride of Phœbus ! heavenly fair !
Rare visitant at great men's tables,
Whose smiles can make old-fashion'd care,
Doff for awhile his suit of sables.

Enroll me on your jovial staff,
Sworn foe to sentimental sadness,
And I will live to love and laugh,
And wake the lyre to you and gladness.
JAMES AND HORACE SMITH.

IMITATION, ODE XXXIII., BOOK I.

GRIEVE not too much, my friend, to find
Your Chloe faithless or unkind ;
No more in mournful strains express
An undeserving boy's success.
Clarinda, high in beauty's charms,
For Damon spreads her eager arms ;
While heedless of her flame, he dies
By Cælia's less bewitching eyes.
But wolves to kids shall harmless prove,
Ere she repay his love with love.
To brazen yokes thus Venus binds
Ill-coupled forms, and jarring minds,
And, gayly cruel, laughs to see
The restless lovers disagree.
Me when Cleora fondly woo'd,
A meaner mistress I pursu'd,
Unpitying as the waves that roar
Against Calabria's crooked shore.
" *Gentleman's Magazine*," April, 1739.

IMITATION, ODE XXXIV., BOOK I.

A MIST a herd of learned fools,
I traced old Epicurus' rules,
Thro' all the mazes of the schools,
And seldom deign'd to pray :

But now no more his schemes prevail ;
I veer to catch a diff'rent gale,
And to Religion's harbour sail,
As Reason points the way.

Array'd in all the pomp of war,
The God ascends his burning car ;
Quiver the lightnings from afar,
And the big clouds divide :
Involv'd in horrid gloom, he flies,
Impetuous, down the passive skies,
Whilst round his throne loud tempests rise,
And fires before him glide.

Heaven shrinks beneath his rolling wheels
His thunder shakes th' eternal hills,
And the vast flood her bed reveals
To shun th' approaching God ;
Ev'n the deep vaults of Hell below,
Where streams of endless torment flow,
Tremble, while horrid lightnings glow,
Thro' all the dark abode.

Almighty God ! Eternal king !
Who can thy matchless glories sing ?
From thee the fates of nations spring,
And tyrants own thy sway ;
Whose pow'r can pull the lofty down,
Exalt the peasant to a throne,
And place the deeds of hands unknown
Amid the blaze of day.
" *Gentleman's Magazine,*" January, 1742.

ODE TO ANARCHY.

BY A JACOBIN.

ODE XXXV., BOOK I.

GODDESS, whose dire terrific power
Spreads from thy much loved Gallia's plains,
Where'er her blood-stain'd ensigns lower,
Where'er fell Rapine stalks, or barb'rous Discord
reigns!

Thou, who canst lift to fortune's height
The wretch by truth and virtue scorn'd,
And crush with insolent delight,
All whom true merit raised, or noble birth adorn'd!

Thee, oft the murd'rous band implores,
Swift darting on its hapless prey;
Thee, wafted from fierce Afric's shores,
The Corsair chief invokes to speed him on his way.

Thee, the wild Indian tribes revere;
Thy charms the roving Arab owns;
Thee, kings, thee tranquil nations fear,
The bane of social bliss, the foe to peaceful thrones.

For soon as thy loud trumpet calls
To deadly rage, to fierce alarms,
Just Order's goodly fabric falls,
Whilst the mad people cries, "to arms, to arms!"

With thee, Proscription, child of strife,
With death's choice implements is seen;
Her murd'rer's gun, assassin's knife,
And "last not least in love," her darling Guillotine.

Fond hope is thine,—the hope of spoil,
And faith,—such faith as ruffians keep:
They prosper thy destructive toil,
That makes the widow mourn, the helpless orphan
weep.

Then false and hollow friends retire,
Nor yield one sigh to soothe despair;
Whilst crowds triumphant vice admire,
Whilst harlots shine in robes that deck'd the great and
fair.

Guard our famed chief to Britain's strand!
Britain, our last, our deadliest foe:
Oh, guard his brave associate band!
A band to slaughter train'd, and "nurs'd in scenes of
woe."

What shame, alas! one little Isle
Should dare its native laws maintain?
At Gallia's threats serenely smile,
And, scorning her dread power, triumphant rule the
main.

For this have guiltless victims died,
In crowds at thy ensanguined shrine!
For this has recreant Gallia's pride
O'erturn'd religion's fanes, and braved the wrath divine!

What throne, what altar, have we spared
To spread thy power, thy joys impart?
Ah then, our faithful toils reward!
And let each falchion pierce some loyal Briton's heart.

LORD MORFETH.

"*Anti-Jacobin*," No. 9, January 8th, 1798.

TO FORTUNE.

ODE XXXV., BOOK I.

GODDESS! by grateful gulls ador'd,
 Whose wand can make a clown a lord,
 And lords to coachmen humble :
 Whose Midas touch our gold supplies,
 Then bids our wealth in paper rise,
 Rise ? Zounds ! I should say tumble !

Thee barking Fire Assurance baits ;
 With face as brazen as her plates
 She in thy lobby lingers :
 But fire, alas ! to smoke will turn,
 And sharers, though no houses burn,
 Are sure to burn their fingers.

In troubled water others fish,
 Locks, docks, canals, their utmost wish ;
 They're welcome if they love it :
 They who on water money lend,
 Can seldom manage in the end,
 To keep their heads above it.

Who sinks in earth but sinks in cash ;
 'Tis to make nothing but a smash,
 Do nothing, but undoing :
 New bridges halt amid the flood,
 New roads desert us in the mud,
 And turn out "roads to ruin."

The knavish crew in bubbles skill'd,
 Next, high in air, their castles build,
 But air too mocks their trouble ;
 Balloons to earth too quickly slope,
 And Winsor's gas, like Windsor soap,
 When blown, appears a bubble.

Oh Fortune ! in thy giddy march,
Kick down, (and welcome,) Highgate Arch,
But be content with one ill,
When from the gallery ruin nods,
Oh ! whisper silence to the gods,
And spare the Muses Tunnel !¹

Grim bankruptcy thy path besets
With one great seal and three gazettes
Suspendent from her shoulders :
Diggers and miners swell her train,
Who having bored the earth in vain,
Now bore the poor shareholders.

While vulgar dupes compell'd to pay,
Decoy'd too far to fly away,
Are caught and pluck'd like tame ducks,
Their pools of fancied wealth are lakes,
Wherein their cash makes ducks and drakes,
Till they themselves are lame ducks.

Farces like those to send adrift,
Blind Goddess, give my farce a lift,
And bid me touch the Spanish :
Too weak to brave the critic's scorn,
So shall it serve the weak to warn,
And quack imposters banish.

Those rampant "minions of their breed"
Too long from Ketch's halter freed,
Pursue their slippery courses.
Gorged with their asinine repast,
Oh ! grant they may devour at last
Themselves, like Duncan's horses.

JAMES AND HORACE SMITH.

¹ A ridiculous farce which met with undeserved favour, and is now deservedly forgotten.

IMITATION, ODE XXXVIII., BOOK I.

DEAR Jenny, to confess my mind,
I never yet could bear,
To see the lovely maid I priz'd
By ev'ry greasy prig disguis'd,
With powder and false hair.

Be cleanliness thy morning care,
Nor covet Art's attire ;
In native elegance compleat,
You look as fair, and kiss as sweet,
As love and I desire.

From "The New Foundling Hospital for Wit."

THE BILL OF FARE.

ODE XXXVIII., BOOK I.

HERE, waiter, I'll dine in this box,
I've look'd at your long bill of fare;
A Pythagorean it shocks
To view all the rarities there.

I'm not overburden'd with cash,
Roast beef is the dinner for me ;
Then why should I eat calipash,
Or why should I eat calipee ?

Your trifle's no trifle, I ween,
To customers prudent as I am ;
Your peas in December are green,
But I'm not so green as to buy 'em.

With ven'son I seldom am fed—
 Go bring me the sirloin, you ninny;
 Who dines at a guinea a head,
 Will ne'er by his head get a guinea.
 JAMES AND HORACE SMITH.

IMITATION, ODE IV., BOOK II.

The Lord Griffin to the Earl of Scarsdale.

DO not, most fragrant Earl, disclaim
 Thy bright, thy reputable flame
 To Bracegirdle the brown;
 But publicly espouse the dame,
 And say G— d— the town.

Full many heroes, fierce and keen,
 With drabs have deeply smitten been,
 Although right good commanders;
 Some who with you have Hounslow seen,
 And some who've been in Flanders.

Did not base Greber's Peg inflame
 The sober Earl of Nottingham,
 Of sober sire descended?
 That, careless of his soul and fame,
 To playhouses he nightly came,
 And left church undefended.

The monarch who of France is hight,
 Who rules the roast with matchless might,
 Since William went to Heaven;
 Loves Maintenon, his lady bright,
 Who was but Scarron's leaving

Though thy dear's father kept an inn,
 At grisly head of Saracen,
 For carriers at Northampton ;
 Yet she might come of gentler kin,
 Than e'er that father dreamt on.

Of proffers large her choice had she,
 Of jewels, plate and land in fee,
 Which she with scorn rejected ;
 And can a nymph so virtuous, be
 Of base-born blood suspected ?

Her dimple cheek, and roguish eye,
 Her slender waist, and taper thigh,
 I always thought provoking ;
 But faith, tho' I talk waggishly,
 I mean no more than joking.

Then be not jealous, friend, for why ?
 My lady Marchioness is nigh,
 To see I ne'er shall hurt ye ;
 Besides, you know full well that I
 Am turn'd of five and forty.

N. ROWE.

IMITATION, ODE V., BOOK II.

On a fair gentlewoman scarce marriageable.

WHY should passion lead thee blind,
 'Cause thy Lydia proves unkind ?
 She is too young to know delight,
 And is not plum'd for Cupid's flight :
 She cannot yet, in height of pleasure,
 Pay her love with equal measure ;
 But, like a rose new blown, doth feed
 The eye alone, but yields no seed.

She is but yet in her Spring,
 And bears no fruit till Cupid bring
 A hotter season with his fire,
 Which soon will ripen her desire :
 Autumn will shortly come and greet her,
 Making her taste and colour sweeter ;
 And then her ripeness will be such,
 That she will fall e'en with a touch.

WM. HERBERT, THIRD EARL OF PEMBROKE.

THE UNFLEDGED MUSE.

ODE V., BOOK II.

YOUR Muse is too young for the trade,
 Forbear the poor soul to caress :
 The tender, the delicate maid
 Will die with the weight of the press.

Still let her on Pegasus stray,
 But pace in a canter at most,
 The meads of La Belle Assemblée,
 The Ladies' Museum and Post.

To critical batteries blind,
 How many a volunteer Muse,
 Her magazines leaving behind,
 Has met with her death in reviews.

Then weigh well the pros and the cons,
 Shew nought of the goose but its quill ;
 Get tribute from critical dons,
 And then teach the Spanish at will.

Then gallop, or canter, or trot,
 Your Muse will the labour endure :

Fight cap-a-pied heroes with Scott,
Woo sensitive beauty with Moore ;

Then rhyming, or prosing, or soft,
Or rugged, your thoughts you may blab ;
Write egotist essays with Loft,
Or workhouse heroics with Crabbe.

While booksellers kindle your urn,
And puff your funereal fires,
Your flames shall continue to burn,
Long after your fuel expires.

JAMES AND HORACE SMITH.

IMITATION, ODE VI., BOOK II.

BEVIL, that with your friend would roam
Far from your England's happier home,
Should e'er the Fates that friend detain
In gayer France, or graver Spain ;

Know, all my wish is to retreat,
When age shall quench my youthful heat,
In Kentish shades sweet peace to find,
And leave the sons of care behind.

But should this pleasing hope be vain,
May I fair Windsor's seat attain,
Where Leddon's gentle waters glide,
And flocks adorn its flowery side.

Sweet groves, I love your silent shades,—
Your russet lawns, and op'ning glades,
With fam'd Italia's plains may vie
Your fertile fields and healthful sky.

Here, let our eve of life be spent;
Here friend shall live with friend content:
Here in cold earth my limbs be laid,
And here, thy generous tear be paid.

SIR JAMES MARRIOTT.

THE CLASSIC VILLA.

ODE VI., BOOK II.

MUSE, at whose gate I've oft times knock'd,
In fancy's dream thy charms caressing;
Whose maid my dignity has shock'd,
As oft, by answering, Sir, she's dressing.

O'er my last lay thy gold dust shake,
A guinea for each line I spin is
The lowest farthing I can take;
The whole will cost three thousand guineas.

Then let me write from youth to age,
And when the critics dub me Crassus,
With a low bow I'll quit the stage,
And sport a villa near Parnassus.

Safe from adversity's attacks,
There let me quaff from Phœbus' chalice,
In a snug house, like trusty Mac's,
Adjoining to my sovereign's palace.

But if the envious fates refuse,
And dub my tuneful swan a raven,
Pack thy portmanteau, injured Muse,
And seek with me Britannia's haven.

A lane near Cripplegate extends,
Grub Street 'tis call'd, the London Pindus,

Where, but that bards are seldom friends,
Bards might shake hands from adverse windows.

There Thyrsis tunes his oaten reed,
(Nought oaten else to make him merry,)
There grave Virginia smokes her weed,
And Juniper distils his berry.

All loftier tenants I discard,
I soar to catch Apollo's favour;
The attic floor shall prop the bard,
And attic salt his porridge savour,

And when from poet's goal I reach,
With body lean and tunic shabby,
Chaunt, widow'd Muse, my dying speech,
And shroud my ashes in the Abbey.

JAMES AND HORACE SMITH.

TO NELLY O'BRIEN.

ODE VIII., BOOK II.

I WOULD believe you once again,
Were you a tooth or nail the worse
For every oath you take in vain,
And every violated curse:

Tho' you bid Jasus fire your bones,
Confound yourself and all your kin,
Blast those bright eyes, like precious stones,
Damn Helen's limbs and Leda's skin.

False and forsworn a thousand times,
O'Brien's still the public toast,
Still grows more lovely for her crimes,
Godby's intrigue and Welche's boast.

Thy perjury and subtle arts
Venus and Cupid smiling view ;
Fell Love that whets with blood his darts,
On whetstone of infernal blue.

For thee our youth shoot up and grow ;
Each day adds captives to thy store ;
Nor can the old exhausted beau
Forbear to hanker at the door.

Mothers and Misers fear thee still ;
Young beauteous brides are in alarms,
Lest thy maturer charms and skill
Should draw their husbands to thy arms.
JOHN HALL STEVENSON.¹

ODE TO LORD MOIRA.

ODE VIII., BOOK II.

I F on your head some vengeance fell,
Moira, for every tale you tell,
The listening Lords to cozen ;
If but one whisker lost its hue,
Changed (like Moll Coggin's tail) to blue,
I'd hear them by the dozen.

But still, howe'er you draw your bow,
Your charms improve, your triumphs grow,
New grace adorns your figure ;
More stiff your boots, more black your stock,
Your hat assumes a prouder cock,
Like Pistol's (if 'twere bigger).

¹ Author of "Crazy Tales."

Tell then your stories, strange and new,
 Your Father's fame shall vouch them true ;
 So shall the Dublin papers :
 Swear by the stars that saw the sight,
 That infant thousands die each night,
 While troops blow out their tapers.¹

Shuckburgh shall cheer you with a smile,
 Macpherson simpering all the while,
 With Bastard and with Bruin :
 And fierce Nicholl, who wields at will
 The emphatic stick or powerful quill,
 To prove his country's ruin.

Each day new followers crowd your board,
 And lean expectants hail my lord,
 With adoration fervent :
 Old Thurlow, though he swore by G——
 No more to own a master's nod,
 Is still your humble servant.

Old Pulteney too your influence feels,
 And asks from you the Exchequer seals,
 To tax and save the nation :
 Tooke trembles lest your potent charms
 Should lure Charles Fox from his fond arms,
 To your Administration.

G. ELLIS.²

"Anti-Jacobin," No. 11, Jan. 22.

¹ Referring to Lord Moira's complaints against the Government agents for cruelty to the Irish rebels.

² This ode refers to negotiations opened by a Third Party in the House of Commons with Lord Moira with a view to effect a change of ministry.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

ODE IX., BOOK II.

NOT for ever bleak November,
Chills the gayly dancing hours ;
Rolling time, dear girl, remember,
Decks the bright parterre with flowers.

Ice the Serpentine may cover,
Oaks their leafless boughs display ;
What care I ? the winter over,
Soon shall follow laughing May.

Why shouldst thou, all joy denying,
Still in tears thy kerchief steep ?
Pale Aurora hears thy sighing,
Setting Phœbus sees thee weep.

Clad in bombazeen and cam'let,
Gertrude wept a monarch dead :
See her soon, forgetting Hamlet,
Take his brother to her bed.

Dido, torn from poor Sichæus,
Thus repining sought relief :
" Anna ! don't you think Æneas
Might contrive to heal my grief ? "

Thy good man in sleep reposes :
Soon thou wilt another choose :
Widows' weeds all turn to roses,
When a comely suitor woos.

Give the hours to joyous greeting,
Vulgar sorrows far above ;
Youth and beauty, O how fleeting !
O, how fleeting, woman's love !

Let us sing the song you relish,
 Who at Brighton bears the bell,
 Walking Barclay, racing Mellish,
 Fun, and vive la bagatelle!

Tears from Pluto's dark dominion
 Cannot now thy husband keep,
 If they could, 'tis my opinion
 Those bright eyes would cease to weep.
 JAMES AND HORACE SMITH.

IMITATION, ODE X., BOOK II.

AMID the vale the slender shrubbe is hid from all
 mishap,
 When taller tree that standes aloft, is rent with thunder
 clappe;
 The turret tops which touch the clouds are beat with
 every blast,
 Soon shivered are their stones with storme and quickly
 overcast:
 Best bodyed tree in all the worlde for timber beame is
 found,
 And to the axe the sturdiest oak doth yeelde and fall
 to ground:
 The highest hill doth soonest feele the flash of lightnings
 flame,
 And soone decays the pompe and pryde of high re-
 nowned name.
 Of all the heard the huntsman seekes by proof as doth
 appeare,
 With double forked arrowhead to wound the greatest
 deare.

The haughtiest head of all the drove enjoys the
shortest life,
And stains the slaughter house with blood, at prick of
butcher's knife.
Thus what thing highest place attaines is soonest over-
throwne,
Whatever fortune sets aloft she threats to throw it
downe:
And though no force resist thy power, and seeke thee
to confound,
Yet doth the praise of weighty thinges declayne itselfe
to ground.
For restlesse tipe of rowling wheele example hath it
tride,
To heavy burden yeelde it must full soone and slippe
asyde,
What vailles the rich his bed of downe, that sighes for
sleeples thought;
What time on couch of flock the poore sleepes sound
and feareth nought;
At homely boord his quiet foode, his drinks in treene be
tane,
When oft the proud in cuppes of gold, with wine receive
their bane.
The bed, the boord, the dread in doubt, with trayne to
be opprest,
When fortune frownes, their power must yeelde as wyre
unto the wrest.
Whoso thou be that sits alow, and tread the valley's
path,
Thou needes not feare the thunder bolts of mighty Jove
his wrath.
If Icarus had not presumed too high to take his flight,
He had not yet been drowned in seas that now Icarion
hight;

If Phæton had not enterprised to guide his father's
seate,
His fires had not inflamed the world nor beene de-
stroyed with heate;
But who climes above the meane, there is no hope of
stay,
The higher up, the sooner downe, and nearer his decay.
Then you that here in pompe are plaste, to guide the
golden mace,
Let crowne and scepter both obey the meane of virtue's
race.
For neither shall renowned virtue see the pitte of hell,
Nor yet in tombe of marble stone she shall abide to
dwell:
And in that tombe full bravely dect, when that she shall
depart,
God send her rest, and all thinges well according to
desart.
But from sepulcher flies she hence beyond the skies
above,
And glistering in the blissful starres she raignes with
mighty Jove.

JASPER HEYWOOD.

From "The Paradise of dainty devices," ed. 1580.

EPISTLE

From Paul Foley to Nicholas Fazakerly by

A PERSON OF HONOUR.

ODE XI., BOOK II.

NEVER, dear Faz, torment thy brain,
With idle fears of France or Spain,
Or any thing that's foreign :
What can Bavaria do to us ?
What Prussia's monarch, or the Russ ?
Or ev'n Prince Charles of Lorrain ?

Let us be cheerful while we can,
And lengthen out the short-liv'd span,
Enjoying ev'ry hour.
The moon itself we see decay ;
Beauty's the worse for ev'ry day,
And so's the sweetest flow'r.

How oft, dear Faz, have we been told
That Paul and Faz are both grown old,
By young and wanton lasses :
Then since our time is now so short,
Let us enjoy the only sport
Of tossing off our glasses.

From White's we'll move th' expensive scene,
And steal away to Richmond Green ;
There free from noise or riot,
Polly each morn shall fill our tea,
Spread bread and butter, and then we
Each night get drunk in quiet.

Unless perchance Earl Leicester comes,
As noisy as a dozen drums,
And makes a horrid pother :
Else might we quiet sit and quaff,
And gently chat and gayly laugh
At this, and that, and t'other.

Bristow shall settle what's to pay,
Adjust accounts by algebra,
I'll always order dinner ;
Bristow, tho' solemn, yet is sly,
And leers at Poll with roguish eye,
To make the girl a sinner.

Powell, (d'ye hear ?) let's have the ham,
Some chickens, and a chine of lamb ;
And what else—let's see—look ye,
Bristow must have his damn'd bouilli ;
Bath fattens on his fricassée ;
I'll have my water-suchy.

When dinner comes, we'll drink about,
(No matter who is in or out,)
Till wine or sleep o'ertake us ;
Each man may nod, or nap, or wink ;
And when it is our turn to drink,
Our neighbour then shall wake us.

Thus let us live in soft retreat,
Nor envy nor despise the great,
Submit to pay our taxes :
With peace or war be well content,
Till eas'd by a good Parliament,
Till Scrope his hand relaxes.

Never enquire about the Rhine,
But fill your glass and drink your wine,
Hope things may mend in Flanders.

The Dutch, we know, are good allies ;
 So are they all with subsidies ;
 And we have choice commanders.

Then here's the King ; God bless his Grace !
 Tho' neither you nor I have place,
 He has many a sage adviser,
 And yet no treason's sure in this,
 Let who will take the pray'r amiss ;
 God send them all much wiser.¹

WM. PULTENEY, EARL OF BATH.²

HIS AGE.

*Dedicated to his peculiar friend, Mr. John Wickes,
 under the name of "Posthumus."*

ODES XIV., XVIII., BOOK II.; AND ODE VII., BOOK IV.

A H Posthumus ! our years hence flye
 And leave no sound : nor piety,
 Or prayers, or vow,
 Can keep the wrinkle from the brow :
 But we must on,
 As Fate does lead or draw us. None,
 None, Posthumus, could e'er decline
 The doom of cruell Proserpine.

The pleasing wife, the house, the ground,
 Must all be left : no one plant found
 To follow thee,
 Save, only, the curst cypresse tree.

¹ Paul Foley and Nicholas Fazakerly were well-known members of the old Club at White's.

² This ode has also been attributed to Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.

A merry mind
Looks forward, scornes what's left behind :
Let's live, my Wickes, then while we may !
And here enjoy our holiday.

W've seen the past best times, and these
Will nere return, we see the seas,
And moons to wain ;
But they fill up their ebbs again :
But vanisht man
Like to a lilly-lost, nere can,
Nere can repullulate, or bring
His dayes to see a second Spring.

But on we must, and thither tend,
Where Anchus and rich Tullus blend
Their sacred seed :
Thus has infernall Jove decreed ;
We must be made,
Ere long a song, ere long a shade :
Why then, since life to us is short,
Let's make it full up by our sport.

Crown we our heads with roses then,
And 'noint with Tirian balme ; for when
We two are dead,
The world with us is buried.
Then live we free,
As is the air, and let us be
Our own fair wind and mark each one
Day with the white and luckie stone.

We are not poore ; although we have
No roof of cedar, nor our brave
Baix, nor keep
Account of such a flock of sheep ;

When with the reume,
The cough, the ptisick, I consume
Unto an almost nothing ; then
The ages fled I'le call agen :

And with a teare compare these last
Lame, and bad times, with those are past,
While Baucis by,
My old leane wife, shall kisse it dry :
And so we'l sit
By th' fire, foretelling snow and slit,
And weather by our aches, growne
Now old enough to be our own.

True calenders, as Pusse's eare
Washt oer's to tell what change is neare :
Then to asswage

The gripings of the clime by age ;
I'll call my young

Iulus to sing such a song
I made upon my Julia's brest ;
And of her blush at such a feast.

Then shall he read that flowre of mine
Enclos'd within a christall shrine :
A primrose next ;

A piece, then of a higher text ;
For to beget

In me a more transcendant heate,
Than that insinuating fire,
Which crept into each agèd sire,

When the fair Hellen, from her eyes,
Shot forth her loving sorceries :
At which I'le reare
Mine agèd limbs above my chaire ;

And hearing it,
Flutter and crow, as in a fit
Of fresh concupiscence, and cry,
No lust there's like to poetry.

Thus frantick-crazie man (God wot)
I'll call to mind things half forgot :
And oft between,
Repeat the times that I have seen !
Thus ripe with tears,
And twisting my Iulus hairs ;
Doting, I'll weep and say (in truth,)
Baucis, these were my sins of youth.

Then next I'll cause my hopefull lad,
(If a wild apple can be had)
To crown the hearth,
(Larr thus conspiring with our mirth,)
Then to infuse
Our browner ale into the cruse :
Which sweetly spic't, we'll first carouse
Unto the genius of the house.

Then the next health to friends of mine,
(Loving the brave Burgundian wine,)
High sons of pith,
Whose fortunes I have frolickt with :
Such as co'd well
Bear up the magick bough, and spel
And dancing 'bout the mystick thyrsse,
Give up the just applause to verse.

To those, and then agen to thee,
We'll drink, my Wickes, untill we be
Plump as the cherry,
Though not so fresh, yet full as merry

As the cricket:
The untam'd heifer, or the pricket,
Untill our tongues shall tell our ears,
W' are younger by a score of years.

Thus, till we see the fire lesse shine
From th' embers than the kitling's eyne,
We'll still sit up.

Sphering about the wassail cup
To all those times,
Which gave me honour for my rhimes :
The cole once spent, we'l then to bed,
Farre more than night-bewearied.

HERRICK.

TO THE REV. MR. LANGHORNE.

ODE XIV., BOOK II.

WITH how impetuous a career
Runs out of sight the rapid year !
Believe me, Langhorne, tho' we pray,
Like my good grandame, thrice a day,
Old age and coughs, and aches and agues,
In spite of piety will plague us.
Time, out of mem'ry has been mad,
And gallops over good and bad.
Tityus and Geryon triple fold,
The Broughton and the Slack of old,
Felt both alack ! a fatal day ;—
And are we half as hard as they ?
Assiduous Charon, quick as thought,
With ling'ring culls will cram the boat,
Nor will he bend or bate the least,
To Dick the squire, or you the priest.

What tho' you 'scape the wind and rain,
Nor teaze for gold the fretful main,
Ne'er be by grace or sense forsook,
To cut a purse, or make a book ;
You soon must quit your cure, to be
With Sisyphus and Company.

Ah ! then at last the love-struck swain
Shall cease of Sylvia to complain !
You'll—won't you, think on many a day
That you and I have laugh'd away,
Of many a smiling social scene,
Of many a gambol on the green ;
And look confoundedly askew
On sooty cypress and dull yew ?
Indeed if grapes or barley grow,
Or snipe or woodcock fly below,
The sight some small relief may be ;
But not a single trout you'll see.
"To fish, (you'll cry,) in such a flood !
O cursed Coccytean mud !
Was it for this I wore my eyes
In forming artificial flies ?
Was it for this, that better far
I threw my line than J——y C——r ?"
When you are dead, and fair and clear
Our common sheets of song appear,
Your son will think they serve to shew
Your brains and mine were but so-so,
He'll see how you have slily stole
From Seed and South your sermons whole ;
He'll wonder how you could for shame,
Then shake his head, and do the same.

"Gentleman's Magazine," April, 1762.

IMITATION, ODE XIV., BOOK II.

HOW quickly fades the vital flow'r!
 Alas my friend! each silent hour
 Steals unperceiv'd away:
 The early joys of blooming youth,
 Sweet innocence, and dove-ey'd truth,
 Are destin'd to decay.

Can zeal drear Pluto's wrath restrain?
 No! tho' an hourly victim stain
 His hallow'd shrine with blood,
 Fate will recall her doom for none;
 The sceptred king must leave his throne,
 To pass the Stygian flood.

In vain, my Parnell, wrapt in ease,
 We shun the merchant-marring seas:
 In vain we fly from wars;
 In vain we shun th' autumnal blast,
 (The slow Cocytus must be pass'd:)
 How needless are our cares!

Our house, our land, our shadowy grove,
 The very mistress of our love,
 Ah me! we soon must leave.
 Of all our trees, the hated boughs
 Of cypress shall alone diffuse
 Their fragrance o'er our grave.

To others shall we then resign
 The num'rous casks of sparkling wine,
 Which, frugal, now we store;

With them, a more deserving heir,
 (Is this our labour, this our care?)
 Shall stain the stucco floor.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.¹

(*At fourteen years of age.*)

EPIGRAM.

WHAT Horace says is,
 Eheu fugaces,
 Anni labuntur, Postume, Postume !
 Years glide away and are lost to me, lost to me.
 Now when the folks in the dance sport their merry toes,
 Taglionis, and Elslers, Duvernays, and Ceritos,
 Sighing, I murmur, O mihi preteritos.

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.²

¹ The great Oriental scholar.

² In Barham's humorous Correspondence is published the following Horatian epistle, addressed to his friend, Dr. Hume :

"Diffugere nives, redeunt jam gramina campis ;
 The snows are fled, the grass now scarcely damp is ;
 Solvitur acris Hyems, gratà vice veris ;
 Stern Winter's gone, the grateful Spring time near is ;
 Ubi Gentium Hume ?
 Is he up in his room ?
 Vel antro sub grato
 Ating potato ?
 In agris est vix
 A making of bricks ?
 Cur non venit ad urbem,
 Now there's nothing to disturb him.
 Usque ad Londinum,
 Churchyard que Paulinum ?
 Nil mihi rescribas, sed venias ipse,
 Quadrigà vel omnibus, sobrius vel tipse."

TO LORD BATHURST.

ODE XV., BOOK II.

ALREADY your extensive down
O'er all the neighb'ring land has grown,
And laid whole forests waste:
And now we see th' encroaching lake
Almost as large a compass take;
And all to found a taste.
Misguided emulation now,
The fertile empire of the plough
To barren show devotes;
Or vainly strives some marsh to drain,
To counterfeit thy wholesome plain,
Or richest meadow floats.
Now flow'rs dispos'd in various groups,
Dislodge those honours of your soups,
The tasteful rich legumes:
And raised in mounts, or, sunk in dells,
From artless tufts, or labour'd shells,
Dispense their strong perfumes.
How would your friend Sir Godfrey fret!
And Pope, in plaintive strains regret
The days of his Queen Anne?
Before you sunk the first ha-ha;
And ruling all by forest law,
This wasting taste began.
The monarch, worthy Britain's crown,
Sought not in private fields renown:
And none by her example,
Did castles for their porter rear,
A Chinese pagode for their deer,
Or for their horse a temple.

The turf her humble subjects made
 Their lowly seat, beneath the shade
 Of beeches, oaks or birches :
 And to their pious queen they gave
 Whate'er their patriot thrift could save,
 For building fifty churches.

RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE.¹

NEW BUILDINGS.

ODE XV., BOOK II.

SAINT George's Fields are fields no more,
 The trowel supersedes the plough ;
 Huge inundated swamps of yore,
 Are changed to civic villas now.
 The builder's plank, the mason's hod,
 Wide, and more wide extending still,
 Usurp the violated sod,
 From Lambeth Marsh to Balaam Hill.
 Pert poplars, yew trees, water tubs,
 No more at Clapham meet the eye,
 But velvet lawns, Acacian shrubs,
 With perfume greet the passer by.
 Thy carpets, Persia, deck our floors,
 Chintz curtains shade the polish'd pane :
 Verandas guard the darken'd door,
 Where dunning Phoebus knocks in vain.
 Not thus acquir'd was Gresham's hoard,
 Who founded London's mart of trade ;
 Not such thy life, Grimalkin's lord,
 Who Bow's recalling peal obey'd.

¹ Poet and miscellaneous writer, who wrote among other forgotten works, an "Account of the War in India, 1750-1760." He died 1802.

In Mark or Mincing Lane confin'd,
 In cheerful toil they pass'd the hours ;
 'Twas theirs to leave their wealth behind ;
 To lavish, while we live, is ours.

They gave no treats to thankless kings ;
 Many their gains, their wants were few ;
 They built no house with spacious wings,
 To give their riches pinions too.

Yet sometimes, leaving in the lurch
 Sons, to luxurious folly prone,
 Their funds rebuilt the parish church—
 Oh ! pious waste, to us unknown.

We from our circle never roam,
 Nor ape our sires' eccentric sins ;
 Our charity begins at home,
 And mostly ends where it begins.
 JAMES AND HORACE SMITH.

TO THE HON. PHILIP YORKE.

After the General Election in 1747.

ODE XVI., BOOK II.

FOR quiet, Yorke, the sailor cries
 When gathering storms obscure the skies,
 The stars no more appearing ;
 The candidate for quiet prays,
 Sick of the bumpers and huzzas
 Of blest electioneering.

Who thinks that from the Speaker's chair
 The Sergeant's mace can keep off care,
 Is wondrously mistaken :

Alas ! he is not half so bless'd,
As those who've liberty to rest,
And dine on beans and bacon.

Why should we then to London run,
And quit our cheerful country sun,
For business, dirt and smoke ?
Can we, by changing place and air,
Ourselves get rid of, or our care ?
In troth 'tis all a joke.

Care climbs proud ships of mightiest force,
And mounts behind the General's horse,
Outstrips hussars and pandours ;
Far swifter than the bounding hind,
Swifter than clouds before the wind,
Or Cope before th' Highlanders.

A man, when once he's safely close,
Should laugh at all his threat'ning foes,
Nor think of future evil :
Each good has its attendant ill ;
A seat is no bad thing, but still
Elections are the devil.

Its gifts, with hand impartial, Heav'n
Divides : to Orford it was given
To die in full-blown glory ;
To Bath indeed a longer date,
But then with unrelenting hate,
Pursu'd by Whig and Tory.

The Gods to you with bounteous hand
Have granted seats, and parks, and land ;
Brocades and silks you wear ;
With claret and ragouts you treat ;
Six neighing steeds with nimble feet
Whirl on your gilded car.

To me they've given a small retreat
 Good port and mutton, best of meat,
 With broad cloth on my shoulders,
 A soul that scorns a dirty job,
 Loves a good rhyme, and hates a snob,
 I mean who an't freeholders.
SOAME JENTNS.¹

ODE ADDRESSED TO JOHN SHORE, ESQ.,

Afterwards Lord Teignmouth.

ODE XVI., BOOK II.

FOR ease the harass'd seaman prays,
 When equinoctial tempests raise
 The Cape's surrounding wave ;
 When hanging o'er the reef he hears
 The cracking mast, and sees or fears,
 Beneath his wat'ry grave.

For ease the slow Mahratta spoils,
 And hardier Sic erratic toils,
 While both their ease forego ;
 For ease which neither gold can buy,
 Nor robes, nor gems, which oft belie
 The cover'd heart, bestow.

For neither gold, nor gems combined,
 Can heal the foul or suffering mind.
 Lo ! where their owner lies,
 Perch'd on his couch Distemper breathes ;
 And Care, like smoke, in turbid wreaths,
 Round the gay ceiling flies.

¹ This ode has also been attributed to Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.

Too long, alas ! he lived, to hate
His envied lot ; and died too late
From life's oppression freed.

An early death was Elliott's doom,¹
I saw his opening virtues bloom,
And manly sense unfold,
Too soon to fade ! I bade the stone
Record his name 'midst hordes unknown,
Unknowing what it told.

To thee perhaps the Fates may give
(I wish they may, in health to live,)
Herds, flocks, and fruitful fields ;
Thy vacant hours in mirth to shine :
With these, the muse already thine,
Her present bounties yields.

For me, O Shore ! I only claim
To merit, not to seek for fame ;
The good and just to please :
A state above the fear of want ;
Domestic love, Heaven's choicest grant,
Health, leisure, peace and ease.
WARREN HASTINGS.²

WIT ON THE WING.

To George Colman the Younger.

ODE XVI., BOOK II.

THE youth from his indentures freed,
Who mounts astride the winged steed,
The Muses' hunt to follow ;

¹ Mr. Elliott died on his way to Nagpore, Oct. 1778.

² Written on his passage from Bengal to England in 1785.

With terror eyes the yawning pit,
And for a modicum of wit
 Petitions great Apollo.

For wit, the quarto-building wight
Invokes the Gods; the jilt in spite
 Eludes the man of letters.

Wit thro' the wire wove margin glides,
And all the gilded pomp derides
 Of red morocco fetters.

Vain is the smart portfolio set,
The costly inkstand, black as jet,
 The desk of polish'd level;
The well shorn pens to use at will;—
'Tis no great task to cut a quill,
 To cut a joke's the devil!

Happy, for rural business fit,
Who merely tills his mother wit,
 In humble life he settles;
Unskill'd in repartee to shine,
He ne'er exclaims, "descend ye Nine!"
 But when he plays at skittles.

They who neglect their proper home,
To dig for ore in Greece or Rome,
 Are poor Quixotic Vandals;
'Twas well enough in needy Goths,
But why should we, like foolish moths,
 Buzz round the Roman candles?

Care swarms in rivers, roads and bogs,
It's plagues spring up like Pharaoh's frogs,
 Too numerous to bury;
It roams through London streets at large,
And now bestrides a Lord Mayor's barge,
 And now a Vauxhall wherry.

The man who no vertigo feels,
When borne aloft on Fortune's wheels,
 But at their motion titters ;
Pitying the sons of care and strife,
Enjoys the present sweets of life,
 Nor heeds its future bitters.

Poor Tobin died, alas ! too soon
Ere with chaste ray his Honey Moon
 Had shone to glad the nation ;
Others, I will not mention who,
For many a year may (*entre nous*,)
 Outlive their own damnation.

Who creep in prose, or soar in rhyme,
Alike must bow the knee to Time,
 From Massinger to Murphy ;
And all who flit on Lethe's brink,
Too weak to swim, alas ! must sink,
 From Davenant to Durfey.

Your rival Muses, like two wives,
Assail your pate, and while each strives
 To win you to her quarrel,
Like Garrick painted by Sir Jos,
You stand between them, at a loss
 On which to weave the laurel.

My Muse is of the ostrich sort,
Her eggs of fortune's gale the sport,
 She in the sand conceals 'em ;
By no intrusive wanderer found,
Till watchman Phœbus walks his round
 And with his lamp reveals 'em.

But should the God's revealing ray,
Destroy her fragile web to-day,
 She'll spin again to-morrow ;

These trifles ne'er her mind annoy,
 Who never knew a parent's joy,
 Ne'er felt a parent's sorrow.
 JAMES AND HORACE SMITH.

COBBETT.

ODE XIX., BOOK II.

W HERE halts the Richmond coach to bait,
 With ears erect and mouth dilate,
 (Believe it, future ages !)
 I saw the naiads quit the Thames,
 Fishers their nets, and boys their games
 To dive in Cobbett's pages.

Cobbett, huzza ! I burn ! I rave !
 Laws, locks, and Lincoln gaol I brave ;
 Spare, anarch lov'd yet dreaded,
 The bard who hails you tumult's god,
 And lauds your pen, like Hermes' rod,
 Gall-tipp'd and serpent headed.

With yours, his own, and Horne Tooke's tongues,
 The baronet's exhaustless lungs,
 The dog of hell outwarble ;
 While you his Gorgon vipers wield,
 Back on your master turn the shield,
 And change his heart to marble.

The cat-o'-nine tails you abuse,
 And Billingsgate each classic muse ;
 Henceforth another cue get,
 The assailant now the Nine assail,
 Each Muse contributing a tail,
 To whip you into Newgate.

When Jacobins, in reason's trance,
 Ruled, mob on mob, devoted France,
 Reacting on reaction;
 You battled, tooth and nail for law,
 And hid beneath the lion's paw,
 The cloven foot of faction.

Hail, Botley Bifrons! sinuous eel!
 How shall the Muse your course reveal?
 In what Pindarics word it?
 Round like a weather-cock you flit,
 As interest veers, now puffing Pitt,
 And now inflating Burdett.

E'en Windham, chivalrous no more,
 In your hot water dipp'd his oar,
 And let your torrent turn him;
 He hymn'd your worth, your virtues sung,
 And licked, with metaphysic tongue,
 The foot ordain'd to spurn him.

JAMES AND HORACE SMITH.

A BIT OF AN ODE TO MR. FOX.¹

ODE XX., BOOK II.

ON grey goose quills sublime I'll soar,
 To metaphors unreach'd before,
 That scare the vulgar reader:
 With style well form'd from Burke's best books—
 From rules of grammar (e'en Horne Tooke's)
 A bold and free seceder.

¹ This ode was written in satirical reference to the "Part of a Letter to Mr. Fox," by Robert Adair. The reference in the fourth stanza is to the charge of Charles Fox having sent Adair to St.

I whom, dear Fox, you condescend
 To call your Honourable Friend,
 Shall live for everlasting :
 That Stygian gallery I'll quit,
 Where Printers crowd me as I sit
 Half dead with rage and fasting.
 I feel! the growing down descends,
 Like goose-skin, to my fingers' ends—
 Each nail becomes a feather :
 My cropp'd head waves with sudden plumes,
 Which erst (like Bedford's, or his groom's)
 Unpowder'd, braved the weather.
 I mount, I mount into the sky,
 "Sweet bird" to Petersburg I'll fly :
 Or, if you bid, to Paris ;
 Fresh missions of the *Fox* and *Goose*
 Successful treaties may produce ;
 Though Pitt in all miscarries.
 Scotch, English, Irish Whigs shall read
 The pamphlets, letters, odes I breed,
 Charm'd with each bright endeavour :
Alarmists tremble at my strain,
 E'en Pitt, made candid by champaign,
 Shall hail Adair "the *clever*."

Petersburg to counteract the measures of Pitt's Government, first broached in Burke's letter on the conduct of the minority.

Note, "Anti-Jacobin."—"The following ode was dropped into the letter-box in our publisher's window. From its title we were led to imagine there was some mistake in the business, and that it was meant to have been conveyed to Mr. Wright's neighbour, Mr. Debrett, whom we recollect to have been the publisher of the 'Half of a Letter' to the same gentleman, which occasioned so much noise (of horse laughing) in the world. Our politics certainly do not entitle us to the honourable distinction of being made the channel for communicating such a production to the public. But, for our parts, as we are not at war with genius, on whatever side we find it, we are happy to give this poem the earliest place in our paper."

Though criticism assail my name,
 And luckless blunders blot my fame,
 O! make no needless bustle;
 As vain and idle it would be
 To waste one pitying thought on me,
 As to "unplumb a Russell."¹

ELLIS, OR J. H. FRERE.

"*Anti-Jacobin*," No. 12, Jan. 29.

TO THE WIFE OF THE CAPTAIN OF A MERCHANTMAN.

ODE VII., BOOK III.

WHY for your husband do you mourn,
 And why despair of his return?
 Why, Molly, all this whining?

¹ Note, "Anti-Jacobin."—"In the 'Part of a Letter' which was published by Mr. Robert Adair, in answer to Mr. Burke's 'Letter to the D. of B,' nothing is so remarkable as the studious imitation of Mr. Burke's style. . . . But imitators are liable to be led strangely astray. Mr. Burke, in one of his publications, had talked of the French '*unplumbing* the dead in order to destroy the living,'—by which he intended, without doubt, not metaphorically, but literally, '*stripping the dead of their leaden coffins, and then making them* (not the dead, but the coffins) *into bullets*,'—a circumstance perfectly notorious at the time the book was written.

"But this does not satisfy our Author. He determines to retort Mr. Burke's own words upon him; and unfortunately 'reaching at a metaphor,' where Mr. Burke only intended a fact, he falls into the little mistake of transmuting by a stroke of his pen the illustrious head of the house of Russell into a metal, to which it is not for us to say how near or how remote his affinity may possibly have been. He writes thus:—'If Mr. Burke had been content with "unplumbing" a dead Russell, and hewing *him* (observe—not the coffin—but *him*, the old dead Russell himself) into grape and canister to sweep down the whole generation of his descendants, &c., &c.'

The next spring winds shall bring the youth
Glowing with love, and full of truth,
For absence leave repining.

His ship with the rich freight she bears,
Shall safe arrive at Wapping Stairs,
And he with fond embraces,
Shall clasp you eager in his arms,
With joy shall wonder at your charms,
Each moment find new graces.

Tho' now upon the Guinea coast
Ev'n now in thought of thee he's lost,
And while on thee he's thinking,
He breathes a melancholy sigh,
Letting the glass of punch go by,
Forgets his turn of drinking.

In vain his mates his grief would move,
And bid him take another love,
And think no more of Molly ;
That constant truth, and faithful vows,
Made by a sailor to his spouse,
Were all a jest and folly.

In vain, in vain, he hears no more
Than rocks when winds and waters roar :
'Tis madness all and folly ;
True as his needle to his pole,
His constant heart and faithful soul
Remain still fix'd on Polly.

Ah ! Polly then with equal love
Thy plighted faith and passion prove,
Show how much honour's in you
With all his art, with all his care,
The captain of the man of war
Does all he can to win you.

Tho' none can sing a merrier song,
To none more pleasing guiles belong,
 Ah ! listen not, but fly him ;
And tho' he vows, and mourns his pains,
And calls thee cruel, and complains,
 Still more and more deny him.
 " Gentleman's Magazine," June, 1738.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN GOD AND THE SOUL.

ODE IX., BOOK III.

Soul.

WHILST my soul's eye beheld no light
 But what stream'd from thy gracious sight,
To me the world's greatest king
Seem'd but some little vulgar thing.

God. Whilst thou prov'dst pure ; and that in thee
I could glass all my Deity :
How glad did I from Heaven depart
To find a lodging in thy heart !

Soul. Now Fame and Greatness bear the sway,
('Tis they that hold my prison's key :)
For whom my soul would die, might she
Leave them her immortalitie.

God. I and some few pure souls conspire,
And burn both in a mutual fire,
For whom I'd die once more, ere they
Should miss of Heaven's eternal day.

Soul. But Lord ! what if I turn again,
And with an adamant chain,
Lock me to thee ? What if I chase
The world away to give thee place ?

God. Then though these souls in whom I joy
 Are seraphim, thou but a toy,
 A foolish toy, yet once more I
 Would with thee live, and for thee die.

From "Reliquiæ Wottonianæ."

IMITATION, ODE IX., BOOK III.

Tonson.

WHILE at my house in Fleet Street once you lay,
 How merrily, dear Sir, time pass'd away !
 While I partook your wine, your wit and mirth,
 I was the happiest creature on God's yearth.¹

Congreve. While in your early days of reputation,
 You for blue garters had not such a passion ;
 While yet you did not use, (as now your trade is,)
 To drink with noble lords, and toast their ladies ;
 Thou, Jacob Tonson, wert, to my conceiving,
 The chearfullest, best, honest fellow living.

Tonson. I'm in with Captain Vanbrugh at the
 present,
 A most sweet-natur'd gentleman, and pleasant ;
 He writes your comedies, draws schemes and models,
 And builds Duke's houses upon very odd hills :
 For him, so much I dote on him, that I,
 If I was sure to go to Heaven, would die.

Congreve. Temple² and Delaval are now my party,
 Men that are *tam Mercurio* both *quàm Marte* ;
 And tho' for them I scarce shall go to Heaven,
 Yet I can drink with them six nights in seven.

¹ The elder Tonson's pronunciation.

² Sir Richard Temple, afterwards Lord Cobham.

Tonson. What if from Van's dear arms I should
 retire,
 And once more warm my bunnians at your fire ;
 If I to Bow Street should invite you home,
 And set a bed up in my dining room,
 Tell me, dear Mr. Congreve, would you come ?

Congreve. Tho' the gay sailor and the gentle knight
 Were ten times more my joy and heart's delight ;
 Tho' civil persons they, you ruder were,
 And had more humours than a dancing bear ;
 Yet for your sake I'd bid 'em both adieu,
 And live and die, dear Cob, with only you.

N. ROWE.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A CERTAIN PER-
 SONAGE AND HIS MINISTER.

ODE IX., BOOK III.

King.

WHILE heedless of your birth and name,
 For pow'r you bartered future fame,
 On that auspicious day.
 Of kings I reign'd supremely blest :
 Not Hastings rul'd the plunder'd East
 With more despotic sway.

Pitt. When only on my favoured head
 Your smiles their royal influence shed,
 Then was the son of Chatham
 The nation's pride, the public care,
 Pitt and Prerogative their pray'r,
 While we, Sir, both laugh'd at 'em.

King. Jenky, I own, divides my heart,
 Skill'd in each deep and secret art
 To keep my Commons down :
 His views his principles are mine ;
 For these I'd willingly resign
 My kingdom and my crown.

Pitt. As much as for the public weal,
 My anxious bosom burns with zeal
 For pious parson Wyv—ll ;
 For him I'll fret, and fume and spout,
 Go every length—except go out,
 For that's to me the Devil !

King. What if our sinking cause to save,
 We both our jealous strife should waive
 And act our former farce on :
 If I to Jenky were more stern,
 Would you then, generously turn
 Your back upon the parson ?

Pitt. Tho' to support his patriot plan
 I'm pledg'd as Minister and Man,
 This storm I hope to weather ;
 And since your Royal will is so,
 Reforms and the Reformers too
 May all be damn'd together !

*" Criticisms on the Rolliad," 1785.*¹

¹ A series of political satires in the form of a pretended review of an imaginary epic poem, the first of which, published in a London newspaper in 1784, was devoted to a criticism on Colonel (afterwards Lord) Rolle. Among the authors were Dr. Lawrence, General Fitzpatrick, R. Tickell, Joseph Richardson, Lord John Townsend, George Ellis, Sir R. Adair, General Burgoyne, Hare, Reid, Bate Dudley, Brummel, Boscawen, Pearce, and the Bishop of Ossory.

ON THE RETURN OF THE PRINCE REGENT
TO BRIGHTON.

ODE XIV., BOOK III.

HARK ! the merry bugles sound,
Ev'ry heart to lighten :
Beat the drums, His Highness comes,
The Prince returns to Brighton !

Now for fêtes and routs a score,
Prom'nades, balls outridings ;
Bloomfield in a chaise and four,
Proclaim the joyful tidings.

Crowds of gazers walk the Steyne,
Prim mammas and misses ;
Such were seen, when Greece again
Beheld her lost Ulysses :

Doctor T——¹ a motion makes—
Let ev'ry beau and belle come,
And join his pranks, a vote of thanks,
To bid His Highness welcome !

Pierce a cask of gen'rous wine,
Claret, port or sherry ;
Drink his health in 'bumpers nine,
'Fore George, we will be merry !

Bacchus gay shall rule the day,
Unless our rev'rend vicar,
A rosy Put, has pierc'd the butt,
And drank up all the liquor.

¹ Tierney.

Call Fitzherbert, ancient fair !
From her Cytherean border,
Bid the sybil bind her hair,
And put her charms in order :
Jersey to the feast invite,
For such a painted beldam,
At fifty six, on this side Styx,
We surely see but seldom.
Margate, boast thy lofty pier,
Thy cliff and castle, Dover ;
Bath, thy fashionable cheer,
And many a Bond Street rover !
Brighton, highly-favour'd spot !
Shall still outshine the million ;
Happy since she boasts a Prince,
To grace her long pavilion.
Arthur, valor's fav'rite son,
Bold, intrepid, brave, he
Cudgels Frenchmen till they run,
And makes them cry " peccavi !"
Col'nel Bloomfield, stout and tall,
(Was e'er a hero prouder ?)
Though his head escape the ball,
It does not miss the powder.
May old age, a tyrant fell !
That fills the bones with dryness,
Vanquish'd by some magic spell,
Politely pass your Highness.
Long may Britain own your sway ;
While we, of merry sort all,
Shall wish our Prince, as Horace gay,
And, like his strains, immortal.

GEORGE DANIEL.

TO A FADED BEAUTY.

ODE XV., BOOK III.

DEAR Chloris, at an age like thine
To dance, coquet, and dress so fine,
And ape such youthful airs,
Might shock a taste not over nice,
So prithee take a friend's advice,
Repent, and say thy pray'rs.

Give o'er thy light fantastic tricks,
For coquetry at fifty six
Credulity disarms !
Forswear the company of beaux,
Nor thus to ridicule expose
The winter of thy charms.

No beauty hast thou left to boast
Though twenty years a reigning toast,
By coxcombs pledg'd aloud ;
Retreat in time, give others room,
No nostrum can restore thy bloom ;
Haste, Chloris ! nor defraud the tomb,
Death courts thee for a shroud.

What sprightly Phœbe, frank and free,
So well becomes, sits ill on thee
Thou folly's doting tool ;
Leave off thy pert affected prate,
Thy childish lisp, thy mincing gait,
And blush that vanity, so late,
Should make thee play the fool.

Ah ! roll no more the leering eye
At ev'ry fop that flutters by,
Thy ogling days are past :

And mark the moral of my strain,
That beauty, though she proudly reign,
Must be dethron'd at last.

GEORGE DANIEL.

SONG.

Dedicated to the Right Hon. Wm. Pulteney.

ODE XXL, BOOK III.

PIERCE the cask, o'erspread with mould,
Let the mellow wine have vent ;
Generous grown, by growing old,
Source of joy, and sweet content.

Various are th' effects of wine,
Its furious rage, kind Heaven, avert ;
To softer mirth let it incline,
And all the force of wit exert.

Wise Socrates in days of yore,
This way would unbend his soul ;
And Cato, tho' of temper sour,
Was often pleasant o'er a bowl.

Warm'd by wine, all bounds o'ershot,
Slavish cow'rds from fear can break ;
Bribes, places, pensions, quite forgot,
Ev'n courtiers then, the truth can speak.

Spread the tables, heap the fire,
To full delight for once give way,
Let wine our lengthen'd joys inspire,
'Till Phœbus brings us back the day.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE DUEL."

TO BACCHUS.

A Canticle.

ODE XXV., BOOK III.

W HITHER dost thou whorry me,
 Bacchus, being full of thee?
 This way, that way, that way, this.
 Here and there a fresh love is.
 That doth like me, this doth please;
 Thus a thousand mistresses
 I have now; yet I alone,
 Having all, injoy not one.

HERRICK.

ODE.¹

ODE XXV., BOOK III.

W HITHER, O Bacchus, in thy train,
 Dost thou transport thy votary's brain
 With sudden inspiration?
 Where dost thou bid me quaff my wine,
 And toast new measures to combine
 The Great and Little Nation?

¹ This ode, written in the character of Charles Howard, eleventh Duke of Norfolk, refers to his famous toast, "Our Sovereign's health, the Majesty of the People," proposed by him at a banquet at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, on Charles Fox's birthday, 24th January, 1798. For this toast he was deprived of all his offices.

Note, "Anti-Jacobin."—"We are indebted for the following imitation of one of the most beautiful odes of Horace to an unknown hand. All that we can say is, that it came to us in a blank cover, sealed with a ducal coronet, and that it appears evidently to be the production of a mind not more classical than convivial."

Say, in what tavern I shall raise
 My nightly voice in Charley's praise,
 And dream of future glories,
 When Fox, with salutary sway,
 (Terror the order of the day)
 Shall reign o'er King and Tories?

My nightly feelings must have way!
 A toast I'll give—a thing I'll say,
 As yet unsaid by any,—
 "Our Sov'reign Lord!"—let those who doubt
 My honest meaning, hear me out—
 "His Majesty—the Many!"

Plain folks may be surprised and stare
 As much surprised as Bob Adair
 At Russia's wooden houses;
 And Russian snows that lie so thick;
 And Russian boors¹ that daily kick,
 With barbarous foot, their spouses.

What joy, when drunk, at midnight hour,
 To stroll through Covent Garden bower,
 Its various charms exploring;
 And, midst its shrubs and vacant stalls,
 And proud Piazzas crumbling walls,
 Hear trulls and watchmen snoring!

¹ Note, "Anti Jacobin."

"Et nive candidum
 Thracen, ac pede barbaro
 Lustratem Rhodopen.

There appears to be some little mistake in the translator here. Rhodope is not, as he seems to imagine, the name of a woman, but of a mountain, and not in Russia. Possibly, however, the translator may have been misled by the inaccuracy of the traveller here alluded to."

Parent of wine, and gin, and beer,
 The nymphs of Billingsgate you cheer;
 Naiads robust and hearty;
 As Brooks's chairmen fit to wield
 Their stout oak bludgeons in the field,
 To aid our virtuous party.

Mortals! no common voice you hear!
 Militia Colonel, Premier Peer,
 Lieutenant of a County!
 I speak high things! yet, God of wine,
 For thee, I fear not to resign
 These gifts of Royal bounty.

GEORGE CANNING.

"*Anti-Jacobin*," No. 18, March 12, 1798.

IMITATION, ODE I., BOOK IV.

A GAIN! new tumults in my breast?
 Ah, spare me, Venus! let me, let me rest!
 I am not now, alas! the man
 As in the gentle reign of my Queen Anne.
 Ah! sound no more thy soft alarms,
 Nor circle sober fifty with thy charms!
 Mother too fierce of dear desires!
 Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires.
 To number five direct your doves,
 There spread round Murray all your blooming loves;
 Noble and young, who strikes the heart
 With every sprightly, every decent part;
 Equal, the injured to defend,
 To charm the mistress, or to fix the friend.
 He, with a hundred arts refined,
 Shall stretch thy conquests over half the kind:

To him each rival shall submit,
Make but his riches equal to his wit.
Then shall thy form the marble grace,
(Thy Grecian form,) and Chloe lend the face;
His house, embosom'd in the grove,
Sacred to social life and social love,
Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,
Where Thames reflects the visionary scene;
Thither the silver sounding lyres
Shall call the smiling Loves and young Desires;
There every Grace and Muse shall throng,
Exalt the dance, or animate the song;
There youths and nymphs, in concert gay
Shall hail the rising, close the parting day.
With me, alas! those joys are o'er;
For me the vernal garlands bloom no more.
Adieu! fond hope of mutual fire,
The still believing, still renew'd desire;
Adieu! the heart-expanding bowl,
And all the kind deceivers of the soul!
But why? ah, tell me, ah, too dear!
Steals down my cheek the involuntary tear?
Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,
Stop, or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee?
Thee, dress'd in Fancy's airy beam,
Absent I follow through the extended dream:
Now, now I cease, I clasp thy charms,
And now you burst (ah, cruel!) from my arms!
And swiftly shoot along the Mall,
Or softly glide by the Canal;
Now shown by Cynthia's silver ray,
And now on rolling waters snatch'd away.

POPE.

IMITATION, ODE II., BOOK IV.

TO DR. BENTLEY.

HE that would great in science grow,
By whom bright virtue is ador'd,
At first must be content to know
An humble roof, an homely board.

With want and rigid college laws
Let him, inur'd betimes, comply;
Firm to religion's sacred cause,
The learned combat let him try;

Let him her envied praises tell,
And all his eloquence disclose,
The fierce endeavours to repel
And still the tumult of her foes.

Him early form'd, and season'd young,
Subtle opposers soon will fear,
And tremble at his artful tongue,
Like Parthians at the Roman spear.

Grim Death, th' inevitable lot,
Which fools and cowards strive to fly,
Is with a noble pleasure sought
By him who dares for truth to die.

With purest lustre of her own
Exalted virtue ever shines,
Nor, as the vulgar smile or frown,
Advances now, and now declines.

A glorious and immortal prize,
She on her hardy son bestows,

She shews him heaven, and bids him rise,
 Though pain, and toil, and death oppose :
 With lab'ring flight he wings th' obstructed way,
 Leaving both common souls and common clay.

WILLIAM TITLEY.

From "Dodsley's Collection."

TO WILLIAM TITLEY.

Reply.

ODE II., BOOK IV.

WHO strives to mount Parnassus hill,
 And thence poetic laurels bring,
 Must first acquire due force and skill,
 Must fly with swan's or eagle's wing.

Who Nature's treasures would explore,
 Her mysteries and arcana know ;
 Must high as lofty Newton soar,
 Must stoop as delving Woodward low.

Who studies ancient laws and rites,
 Tongues, arts, and arms, and history,
 Must drudge like Selden, days and nights,
 And in the endless labor die.

Who travels in religious jars,
 (Truth mixed with error, shades with rays,)
 Like Whiston, wanting pyx or stars,
 In ocean wide or sinks or strays.

But grant our hero's hope, long toil
 And comprehensive genius crown,
 All sciences, all arts his spoil,
 Yet what reward, or what renown ?

Envy innate in vulgar souls,
 Envy steps in and stops his rise;
 Envy with poison'd tarnish fouls
 His lustre, and his worth decries.

He lives inglorious or in want,
 To college and old books confined;
 Instead of learn'd, he's call'd pedant,
 Dunces advanced, he's left behind:
 Yet left content, a genuine stoic he,
 Great without patron, rich without South Sea.

RICHARD BENTLEY, D.D.¹

IMITATION, ODE III., BOOK IV.

THE youth, whose birth the sisters twain
 Who o'er the sock and buskin reign,
 View with propitious eye;
 Will at their altars always serve,
 Will never from their dictates swerve,
 Their slave will live and die.

Blest in his lot, for other things,
 The pride of wealth, the pow'r of kings,
 He offers up no pray'rs;
 Heroes, unenvying can see,
 Not Prussia's king desires to be,
 Or any king—but theirs.

The rapid steed he'll ne'er bestride
 With lords for wagers proud to ride,
 Newmarket plains adorning;

¹ "The mighty scholiast, whose unweary'd pains
 Made Horace dull, and humbled Maro's strains."—POPE.

At Arthur's he takes no delight,
To pass at dice the sleepless night,
And be undone by morning.

In senates he seeks not to sit,
And hear, amazed, persuasive Pitt
Govern the high debate;
In Westminster's long-sounding hall
He ne'er expects a serjeant's call,
Nor hopes to rival Pratt.

Though ministers can places give
To those who in their creed believe,
No such he puts his trust in;
Content, in tatters though he goes,
Content to want a pair of shoes,
So he but wear the buskin.

Him, if his sire to mercer binds,
He gives the indentures to the winds,
Disdaining to sell camblet;
Away he hies to Drury Lane,
Calls his old father "Royal Dane",
And thinks himself Prince Hamlet.

Where Garrick with judicious art
Charms ev'ry ear, wins ev'ry heart,
And acts like one inspir'd;
There the fond youth puts in his claim,
Aspires to reach his mighty fame,
And be, like him admir'd.

Like him, whose skill upon the stage
Can make the dullest scenes engage,
And thousands come to hear 'em;
He e'en to ——s could spirit give,
Nine tedious nights could make them live,
Without him who could bear 'em.

Full many a youth and many a maid,
 Whose names in playhouse bills display'd,
 Shine proudly through the town;
 Their tragic rage, their comic ease
 Derive from him, and if they please,
 They please from him alone.

R. B.

"Gentleman's Magazine," July, 1762.

TO HUMPHREY FRENCH, ESQ.,

Late Lord Mayor of Dublin, 1731.

ODE IX., BOOK IV.

PATRON of the tuneful throng,
 O! too nice and too severe!
 Think not that my country song
 Shall displease thy honest ear.
 Chosen strains I proudly bring,
 Which the Muses' sacred choir,
 When they gods and heroes sing,
 Dictate to th' harmonious lyre.
 Ancient Homer, princely bard!
 Just precedence still maintains,
 With sacred rapture still are heard
 Theban Pindar's lofty strains,
 Still the old triumphant song,
 Which, when hated tyrants fell,
 Great Alcæus boldly sung,
 Warms, instructs, and pleases well.
 Nor has Time's all darkening shade
 In obscure oblivion press'd
 What Anacreon laugh'd and play'd;
 Gay Anacreon, drunken priest!

Gentle Sappho, love-sick Muse,
 Warms the heart with amorous fire ;
Still her tenderest notes infuse ;
 Melting rapture, soft desire.
Beauteous Helen, young and gay,
 By a painted fopling won,
Went not first, fair nymph, astray,
 Fondly pleased to be undone.
Nor young Teucer's slaughtering bow,
 Nor bold Hector's dreadful sword,
Alone the terrors of the foe,
 Sow'd the field with hostile blood.
Many valiant chiefs of old
 Greatly lived, and died before
Agamemnon, Grecian bold,
 Waged the ten years famous war.
But their names unsung, unwept,
 Unrecorded, lost and gone,
Long in endless night have slept,
 And shall now no more be known.
Virtue, which the poet's care
 Has not well consign'd to fame
Lies, as in the sepulchre,
 Some old king, without a name.
But, O Humphrey, great and free
 While my tuneful songs are read,
Old forgetful Time on thee
 Dark oblivion ne'er shall spread
When the deep cut notes shall fade
 On the mouldering Parian stone,
On the brass no more be read
 The perishing inscription ;
Forgotten all the enemies,
 Envious G—ns cursed spite,
And P.—l's derogating lies,

Lost and sunk in Stygian night;
 Still thy labour and thy care,
 What for Dublin thou hast done,
 In full lustre shall appear,
 And outshine th' unclouded sun.
 Large thy mind, and not untried,
 For Hibernia now doth stand,
 Through the calm or raging tide,
 Safe conducts the ship to land.
 Falsely we call the rich man great,
 He is only so that knows,
 His plentiful or small estate
 Wisely to enjoy and use.
 He in wealth or poverty,
 Fortune's power alike defies;
 And falsehood and dishonesty,
 More than death abhors and flies;
 Flies from death! no, meets it brave,
 When the suffering so severe
 May from dreadful bondage save
 Clients, friends, or country dear.
 This the sovereign man, complete;
 Hero; patriot; glorious; free;
 Rich and wise; and good and great;
 Generous Humphry, thou art he!

SWIFT.

IMITATION, ODE IX., BOOK IV.

THOU' born where Devon's hills arise,
 Where tempests sweep along the skies,
 And spoil the face of day:
 Yet shall this verse in future times,
 Be read with those of happier climes,
 Climes where the Muses stray.

Tho' Milton's brows with bays we twine,
And style him wonderful ! divine !

Th' immortal, and the bard !

Yet Pope with ev'ry grace replete,
In sense and harmony complete

Still claims our just regard.

Still Dryden's nervous numbers charm,
Equal, majestic, full, and warm,

He bears his fire along :

By turns the various verse he tries,
And bids each passion fall or rise.

Just as he shifts the song.

Nor even Waller we disdain,
Nor Cowley's pensive moral strain,

Nor Shakespeare's magic art ;

Shakespeare, like Sophocles, sublime,
Subdues the soul, in spite of time,

And searches ev'ry heart !

Sedley, tho' loose, and light as air,
Still cheers the gay, and fires the fair,

So free his fancy roves !

Behn breathes her love-sighs still around,
Still from her harp the notes resound,

Soft as the down of doves.

Nor gentle Rosamond alone,
Admir'd the tinsel of a throne,

Or felt th' enliv'ning glow :

Nor first the desp'rate Henry made
The pointed pike a palisade,

To stop th' impetuous foe.

Britain had felt the hand of war,
Before she saw the Julian star,

Within her regions rise :

Brave Caractacus did no more,
Than many men had done before,
To win bright honour's prize.

Before bold Boadicea became
Th' avenger of a daughter's fame,
The scourge of lawless lust :
Before great Alfred wore the crown,
Liv'd others of as much renown,
As noble, wise, and just.

But all in sad oblivion sleep ;
No muse had they their worth to weep,
Or to record their lot ;
In vain they fought, in vain they bled ;
Their names unsung, their acts unread,
They died, and are forgot.

Vice fares like virtue in the grave ;
The master there is like the slave ;
No characters remain :
No marks of all the sons of men,
Unless sage history lends her pen,
Or poetry her strain.

Then let me not leave thee to lie
In silence and obscurity,
My patron and my friend !
But let the God of verse inspire
My bosom now with all his fire,
Thy worth to recommend !

With steady head, with tender heart,
With conduct void of fraud or art,
With temper fine and free,
You seem in ev'ry scene the same,
Nor fortune court, nor fortune blame,
But judge as ought to be.

Discerning, uncorrupt, and bold,
Unaw'd by power, unhurt by gold,
That tamer of the mind :
Deceitful av'rice shall no more
Ensnare the rich, or crush the poor,
While you befriend mankind.

Nor yet for once you act aright,
Or steal like meteors, on the sight,
That glare and pass away :
But constant, equal, good and true,
You charm alike at ev'ry view,
And charm alike each day.

Humanity shall boast her son,
Shall tell the triumphs he has won,
The wretched he has blest :
Shall tell how oft the lenient care
Hath sooth'd the terrors of despair,
And set the soul at rest.

Should Fortune from her flowing hand
Increase your wealth, enrich your land,
And pour her gifts profuse :
Absurd 'twould be if we should call
You happy, tho' possess'd of all,
Without a will to use.

He only feels the joy sincere
Who acts with moderation here,
Unsway'd by love or hate ;
Who wisely uses what is giv'n ;
Or bravely bears the will of heav'n ;
Resign'd in ev'ry state.

Who dreads not death so much as shame ;
Who stands unsully'd in his fame ;
Uncheck'd in virtue's race :

Such, such a one is not afraid
To perish in his country's aid,
Or share his friend's disgrace.
From the New Foundling Hospital for Wit.

ODE.¹

ODE X., BOOK IV.

WHILE blooming youth, and gay delight
Sit on thy rosy cheeks confest,
Thou hast, my dear, undoubted right,
To triumph o'er this destin'd breast,
My reason bends to what thy eyes ordain :
For I was born to love, and you to reign.

But would you meanly thus rely
On power, you know I must obey ?
Exert a legal tyranny ;
And do an ill, because you may ?
Still must I thee, as atheists Heaven, adore ;
Not see thy mercy, and yet dread thy power ?

Take heed, my dear, youth flies apace ;
As well as Cupid, Time is blind :
Soon must those glories of thy face
The fate of vulgar beauty find :
The thousand loves, that arm thy potent eye,
Must drop their quivers, flag their wings, and die.

¹ It is rather a reflection perhaps upon Prior's originality to class this charming ode as an imitation of Horace ; still the sentiment of the Ode ad Ligurinum is so clearly apparent in the fourth and fifth stanzas, that I have not thought it unsuitable to give it a place in this collection.—Ed.

Then wilt thou sigh, when in each frown,
A hateful wrinkle more appears ;
And putting peevish humours on,
Seems but the sad effect of years :
Kindness itself too weak a charm will prove,
To raise the feeble fires of aged love.

Forc'd compliments and formal bows
Will show thee just above neglect :
The heat with which thy lover glows,
Will settle into cold respect :
A talking dull platonic I shall turn ;
Learn to be civil, when I cease to burn.

Then shun the ill, and know, my dear,
Kindness and constancy will prove
The only pillars fit to bear
So vast a weight as that of love.
If thou canst wish to make my flames endure,
Thine must be very fierce and very pure.

Haste, Celia, haste, while youth invites,
Obey kind Cupid's present voice :
Fill ev'ry sense with soft delights,
And give thy soul a loose to joys :
Let millions of repeated blisses prove,
That thou all kindness art, and I all love.

Be mine, and only mine ; take care
Thy looks, thy thoughts, thy dreams to guide
To me alone : nor come so far
As liking any youth beside :
What men e'er court thee, fly 'em and believe,
They're serpents all, and thou the tempted Eve.

So shall I court thy dearest truth,
When beauty ceases to engage ;

So thinking on thy charming youth,
 I'll love it o'er again in age :
 So time itself our raptures shall improve,
 While still we wake to joy, and live to love.

M. PRIOR.

IMITATION, ODE X., BOOK IV.

CHLOE, my most tender care,
 Always coy, and always fair,
 Should unwish'd for languor spread
 O'er that beauteous white and red ;
 Should these locks, that sweetly play
 Down these shoulders, fall away,
 And that lovely bloom, that glows
 Fairer than the fairest rose,
 Should it fade, and leave thy face
 Spoil'd of every killing grace ;
 Should your glass the charge betray,
 Thus, my fair, you'd weeping say,
 "Cruel gods ! does beauty fade ?"
 Now warm desires my breast invade ;
 And why, while blooming youth did flow
 Was this heart as cold as snow ?

ALEXANDER CUNNINGHAM.¹

IMITATION, ODE XIII., BOOK IV.

LYCE, at length my vows are heard
 My vows so oft to heaven preferr'd ;
 Welcome thy silver'd hairs !
 In vain thy affectation gay,
 To hide the manifest decay,
 In vain thy youthful airs.

¹ Editor of an edition of "Horace" published at the Hague 1721.

If still thy cheeks preserve a blush,
With heat of wine, not youth, they flush,
Unamiable stain!
If still thou warblest, harsh the note,
When trembling age shakes in the throat
Th' involuntary strain.

Thinkst thou can these my love prolong?
(Ungrateful blush! untuneful song!)
Or rival Hebe's charms?
Hebe melodious, Hebe fair,
For judgment swells the rapt'rous air,
For youth her blushes warms.

The rosy cheek, the forehead smooth,
Those native ornaments of youth,
Once lost, are lost for aye.
No art can smooth, no paint repair
The furrow'd face; no diamond's glare
Give lustre to decay.

What now of all, which once was thine,
Feature, complexion, mien divine,
Remains the sense to charm?
Why now command they not my love?
Once could they—even though Chloe strove
Their empire to disarm.

Chloe!—alas, thou much lov'd name!
Thou, full of beauty, full of fame,
Foundst an untimely urn!
While Lyce, reft of every grace
T'enrich the mind, t'adorn the face,
Still lives, the public scorn.

THOMAS SEWARD, M.A.,¹

From Dodsley's Collection.

¹ Divine and poet. He was the father of Anna Seward the poetess.

IMITATION, EPODE II.

Inscribed to His Grace, the Duke of Dorset.

THE parson's blest, whose living clear
Brings him five hundred pounds a year :
(Old time might tell you, if he would,
When Bishopricks were scarce so good ;
And prove, if Walcott's bill had past,
They'd scarce be half so good at last.)

Snug in his parsonage, at ease,
He chats ; he studies ; or he plays ;
Landlord himself—the glebe's his own ;
He pays no rent ; he fears no dun ;
And if no plough his pastures see,
The parish plows—and why should he ?

Let the drum beat ! the trumpet sound !
His lot is cast in peaceful ground :
Let the winds rage ! the waters roar !
His foot is safely fixed on shore.
From courts, episcopal or lay,
Wisely he keeps his steps away :
Nor envies, in his easy chair,
The twelve month's pride of my Lord May'r.


To other joys his thoughts incline :
Gently he trails the curling vine ;
Marks if yon peach unfruitful spread,
And buds a better in its stead ;
Or, wildly scatter'd thro' the vale,
Hears the cows lowing for the pail ;
Or leaves his plunder'd hive to mourn ;
Or sees his future mutton shorn.

In Autumn, when his orchards shed
Their ripen'd treasures round his head,
How pleas'd the gen'rous pulp he tries;
How well the flowing vat supplies!
The juice of his own grafts refines,
And makes it vie with Gallic wines!
Nectareous juice! that might aspire
To treat his bishop, or his squire!

Beneath an oak, what need he spread
His limbs? or make the grass his bed?
Won't cushions in his arbour plac'd
Invite to study? or to rest?
Friend of his solitude, the dove
Cooes from the depth of yonder grove:
His noisy shores if Liffy beats,
Echo the soften'd sound repeats;
And penn'd, as gentle murmurs creep,
His sermons must invite to sleep.

When frost the struggling earth enchains,
And snow's white mantle spreads the plains;
The leaden death he points aright,
Shortning the giddy woodcock's flight,
The wily fox if hounds pursue,
Or keep the trembling puss in view,
He mounts his grey, in sober sort,
And free from falls, enjoys the sport;
Safe on some spot of rising ground,
His eye surveys the country round;
Catches each double of the chase;
Sees, when her pantings thick encrease;
Then spurs his willing steed, to share
The glory—and secure the hare.

Thus easy, need his passions rove?
Or what has he to do with love?



But, if a chaste and tender wife
(Some Kitty copied to the life;
Just such as she, when Fortune clear
Winds up the bottom of the year;
And hope of plenty takes the part
Of her just, frugal, gen'rous heart,)
When he returns from riding round
Chill'd with the tempest, or half drown'd;
Hastes, with each prating girl and boy,
To meet him with a kiss of joy;
Fans the brisk fire; relieves his toil,—
And gives his guests a welcome smile;
Helps round her unbought—boil'd and roast;
And urges free the temp'rate toast;
Who would not find an higher feast
In one such joint of honest taste,
Than all the pamp'ring pride of books?
And all the masquerade of cooks?
And all the sauces they retail
To mingle death with ev'ry meal?

Not the best dainties of the main;
Not turbot, jellied in champagne;
Not all, the inland game supplies,
Not ortolans, or partridge pies,
Try'd in this scale, would weigh one farthing,
Bought for the club,—and cook'd by Bardin.

Give me a shoulder, or a chine,
That never tasted grass but mine!
Be mine the chickens! and the ham!
The young egg'd fowl! or Christmas lamb!
The plump round pig, as white as snow!
(No matter, whether tyth'd or no),
Sallad and greens, for health and use,
The best my garden can produce!

These, and a pudding for the boys !
Can luxury give equal joys ?
Then when the chaste repast is o'er,
And friendship asks a toast no more ;
Suffic'd, not sated, how sedate
He draws off to his learn'd retreat !
Where the wise rules, by sages shewn
He ponders, or reviews his own !
Some fav'rite author's thread pursues,
Or courts the inoffensive Muse !
Chear'd, or improv'd, his infant-train
Invite him to a softer scene :
And blending innocence with mirth,
He blesses the parental hearth.
His servants from their work retire :
Crowding they close the kitchen fire :
Indulge their jokes, and, as they please,
Softens their industry by ease.

So Shepherd sung, and so sincere,
That what he sung, he'd almost swear.

Mix me, oh ! mix me with this tribe !
Make me the person I describe !
Like Alphius, if my heart's so mean
To barter happiness for gain ;
If e'er new projects I explore ;
Or wander for contentment more ;
If e'er,—unless in some good time,
Unteiz'd by friends, unplagu'd by rhyme.
(To bless six children and a wife,
The comforts, but the cares of life,)
Your Grace in bounty should think fitting
To grant my age a stall to sit in.

REV. SAMUEL SHEPHERD.
1753.

IN PRAISE OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

EPODE II.

HAPPY he, who free from care
Breathes the sweets of country air
Far from town, where traffic drives,
Noisy brats, and scolding wives.

Anxious thoughts, and worldly schemes
Ne'er disturb his pleasing dreams ;
War for him has no alarms,
When ambition calls to arms.

Honest, he abjures the law ;
Splendid courts he never saw ;
Courts, where placemen, night and day,
Flatter first, and then betray.

If, to cheat the ling'ring time,
Goddess Mirth provoke a rhyme,
Full of wit it smoothly runs,
Quaint conceits, and merry puns.

Formal pedants, bred at schools,
Boast of Aristotle's rules ;
Such, let cringing bards obey,
Servile wits, who write for pay.

Nought restrains his Muse of whim,
Critics dull may rail for him ;
Still he rhymes and writes it down,
Let them smile, or let them frown.

If the bounteous Gods afford
Some kind wife to spread his board,
See him blest with, day and night,
Converse sweet, and chaste delight.

Would you once his mind bewitch :
Give him wealth, and make him rich :
Keep him to his low degree
Kings are not so blest as he.

GEORGE DANIEL.

AN ODE AGAINST TOBACCO.

EPODE III.

FOR parricide, that worst of crimes,
Hemlock's cold draught, in ancient times,
Scarce taught the rogue repentance :
But had tobacco then been known,
Its burning juices swallow'd down,
Had prov'd a fitter sentence.

How callous are the lab'ers jaws,
Who this dire weed both smokes and chaws,
And feasts upon the venom !
While I by chance a taste once got,
That so inflam'd my mouth and throat,
I thought all hell was in 'em.

Sure, this vile drug, that serv'd me thus,
The deadly viper's pois'nous juice
Infus'd must have great share in ;
Or else some hag, with midnight wish,
Procur'd it as a special dish
Of Satan's own preparing.

This was the charm Medea taught
Her dear advent'rous Argonaut,
To steal the Golden Fleece with ;
Down bulls and dragons gaping throat
A quid he threw, which, quick as thought,
The brutes were laid at peace with.

Ting'd in tobacco's baleful oil,
 Her presents made her rival broil
 Past Jason's art of quenching :
 And when he swore revenge, the witch
 Mounted aloft astride her switch,
 Pleas'd she had spoil'd his wenching.

Under the blue I'd rather live,
 And the sun's fiercest rays receive,
 How apt soe'er to burn us :
 Nay, Hercules's shirt I'd wear,
 Or any flame much sooner bear,
 Than a pipe's fiery furnace.

My merry lord, if quid or whiff
 You ever taste of this damn'd leaf,
 May you meet what you dread most,
 May Chloe, when with her you lie,
 And press to kiss her, put you by,
 And rather hug the bed post.
 "Gentleman's Magazine," May, 1744.

IMITATION, EPODE XIV.

ASK me no longer, dear Sir John,
 Why your lampoon lies still undone,
 'Fore George my brain's grown addle :
 Nor bid me Pegasus bestride ;
 Why should you ask a sot to ride,
 That cannot keep his saddle ?

This was the poor Anacreon's case,
 When doating on a smooth-chinn'd face,
 He pin'd away his carcase.

To tune his strings the bard essay'd,
The devil a string the bard obey'd
And was not this a hard case?

If you a constant miss have got,
Thank heaven devoutly for your lot,
Such blessings are not common.
While I, condemned to endless pain,
Must tamely drag Belinda's chain,
Yet know she's worse than woman.
TOM BROWN.

THE FALSE ONE.

EPODE XV.

BEHOLD, false maid, yon hornèd light,
Which in Heav'ns arched vault doth range,
And views part of thyself in it,
Yet she but once a month doth change.

The raging sea, th' uncertain air,
Or what does yet more change admit,
Of variation emblems are,
When thou, and only thou, art it.

Philosophers their pains may spare
Perpetual motion where to find;
If such a thing be any where,
'Tis woman, in thy fickle mind!

How oft, incentred in thine arms,
Big with betraying sighs and tears,
Hast thou secur'd me, by thy charms,
From other lovers' natural fears?

Sighs that improv'd the honest flame,
Which made my faithful bosom pant.
And tears so gentle, as might claim
Belief from hearts of adamant.

These were the arts seduc'd my youth,
A captive to thy wanton will :
That with a falsehood, like to truth,
In the same instant cure and kill.

Go, tell the next you will betray,
(I mean that fool usurps my room,)
How for his sake I'm turn'd away ;
To the same fortune he must come.

When I, restoréd to that sense,
Thou hast distemper'd, sound and free,
Shall, with a very just pretence,
Despise and laugh at him and thee.

CHARLES COTTON.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

AN ODE

IMITATED FROM HORACE.

O H ! well may poets make a fuss
In summer time, and sigh " O rus " !
Of London pleasures sick :
My heart is all at pant to rest
In greenwood shades—my eyes detest
This endless meal of brick !

What joy have I in June's return ?
My feet are parch'd, my eyeballs burn,
I scent no flowery gust ;

But faint the flagging zephyr springs,
With dry Macadam on its wings,
And turns me "dust to dust."

My Sun his daily course renews
Due east, but with no eastern dew;
The path is dry and hot!
His setting shows more tamely still,
He sinks behind no purple hill,
But down a chimney's pot!

Oh! but to hear the milkmaid blithe;
Or early mower whet his scythe
The dewy meads among!
My grass is of that sort—alas!
That makes no hay—called sparrow-grass
By folks of vulgar tongue!

Oh! but to smell the woodbine sweet!
I think of cowslip cups—but meet
With very vile rebuffs!
For meadow buds I get a whiff
Of Cheshire cheese,—or only sniff
The turtle made at Cuffs.

How tenderly Rousseau review'd
His periwinkles! mine are strew'd!
My rose blooms on a gown!
I hunt in vain for eglantine,
And find my blue bell on the sign,
That marks the Bell and Crown!

Where are ye, birds! that blithely wing
From tree to tree, and gaily sing
Or mourn in thickets deep?
My cuckoo has some ware to sell,
The watchman is my Philomel,
My blackbird is a sweep!

Where are ye, linnet, lark, and thrush !
 That perch on leafy bough and bush
 And tune the various song ?
 Two hurdy-gurdists, and a poor
 Street Handel grinding at my door,
 Are all my "tuneful throng."

Where are ye, early-purling streams,
 Whose waves reflect the morning beams
 And colours of the skies ?
 My rills are only puddle-drains
 From shambles, or reflect the stains
 Of calimanco dyes !

Sweet are the little brooks that run
 O'er pebbles glancing in the sun,
 Singing in soothing tones :
 Not thus the City streamlets flow ;
 They make no music as they go,
 Though never "off the stones."

Where are ye, pastoral pretty sheep,
 That wont to bleat, and frisk, and leap
 Beside your woolly dams ?
 Alas ! instead of harmless crooks,
 My Corydons use iron hooks,
 And skin, not shear, the lambs.

The pipe whereon, in olden day,
 The Arcadian herdsman used to play
 Sweetly—here soundeth not ;
 But merely breathes unwholesome fumes,
 Meanwhile the City boor consumes
 The rank weed—"piping hot."

All rural things are vilely mock'd,
 On every hand the sense is shocked
 With objects hard to bear :

Shades, vernal shades !—where wine is sold !
And for a turfy bank, behold
 An Ingram's rustic chair !

Where are ye, London meads and bowers,
And gardens redolent of flowers

 Wherein the zephyr wons ?
Alas ! Moor Fields are fields no more :
See Hatton's Garden brick'd all o'er ;
 And that bare wood—St. John's.

No pastoral scenes procure me peace ;
I hold no Leasowes in my lease,
 No cot set round with trees ;
No sheep-white hill my dwelling flanks ;
And Omnium furnishes my banks
 With brokers—not with bees.

Oh ! well may poets make a fuss
In summer time, and sigh " O rus !"
 Of city pleasures sick :
My heart is all at pant to rest
In greenwood shades—my eyes detest
 This endless meal of brick.

THOMAS HOOD.

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